BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1941

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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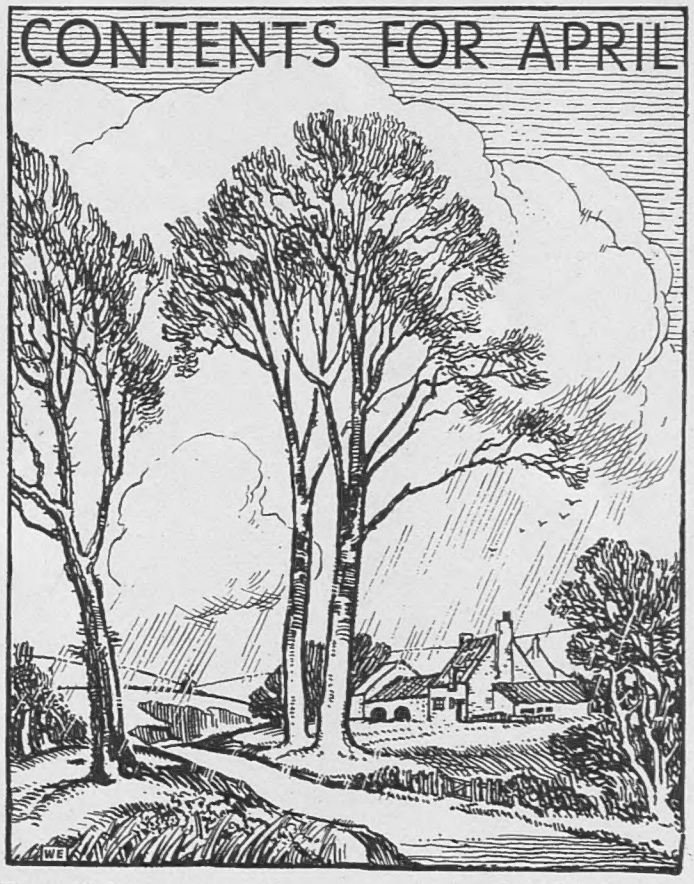

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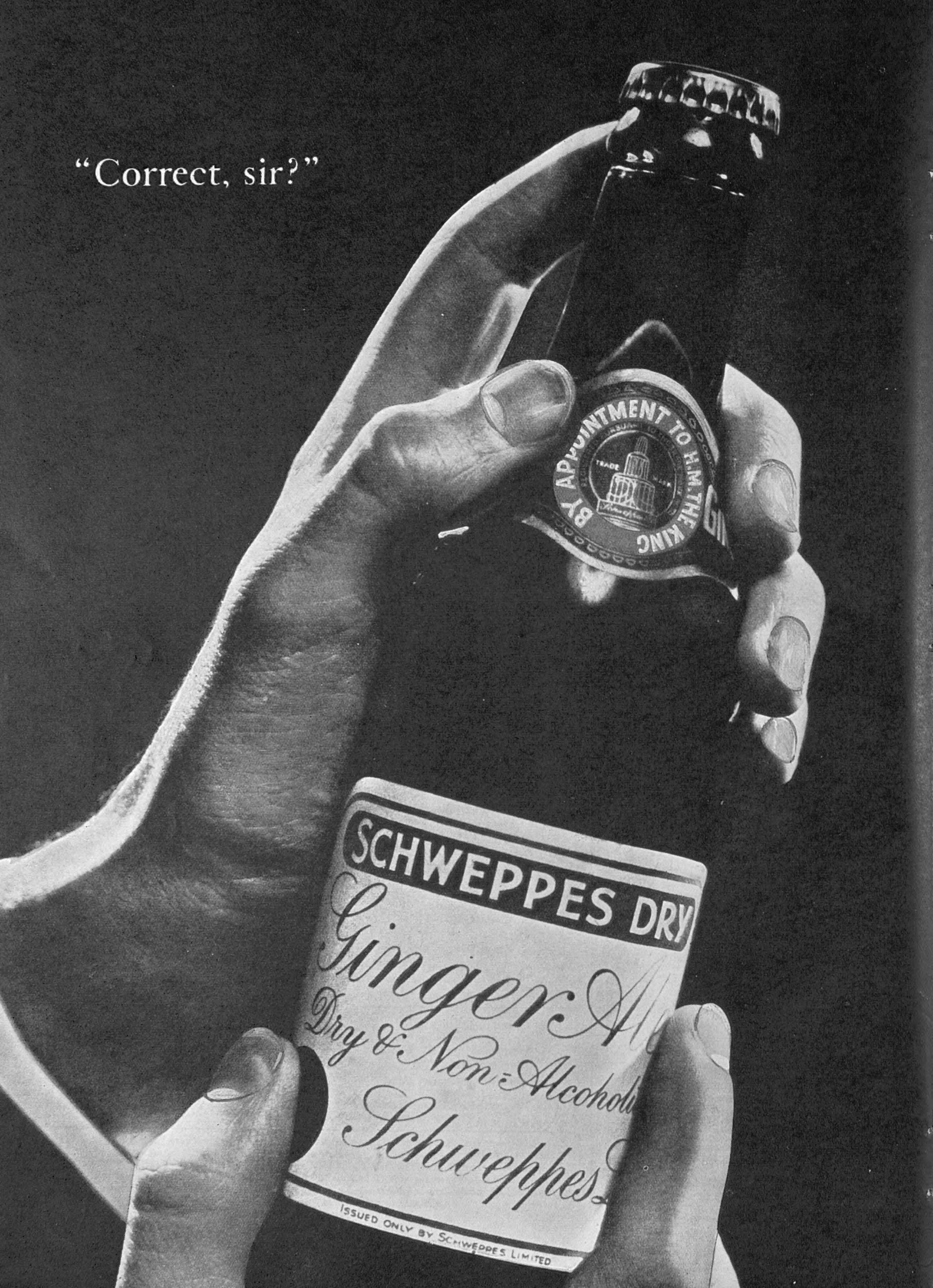
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BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 4

General James Wolfe

THE house had three gables — as it has to-day—and it stands at the foot of the little hill leading up to Westerham Green. A pleasant Elizabethan manor house, had thought Colonel Wolfe. His wife liked it, too, although, when the time came when the infant James was due to arrive, she spent the fateful hours a hundred yards up the street at the vicarage.

James Wolfe grew up in this house, a tall and ungainly boy with red hair and a pointed nose.

He and his brother Edward, and young George Warde from the squire's house at Squerryes Court, played games up and down its back stairs and through its attics.

Since it was a day of military adventure (father Wolfe had served with Marlborough) most of the games were of playing at soldiers. Wolfe was always the leader. He was a boy of ideas and spirit.

Imagine this—that at the age of thirteen he had persuaded his father to take him on as a volunteer with the expedition to Cartagena! But he fell ill, and went back to school again; very properly.

Two years later found him playing "English against French" around the terrace of Squerryes. It was the Christmas holiday of 1741-1742 and he was fifteen. A messenger arrived with a packet. Joy! It was a commission in his father's regiment of Marines. On the spot where the lad stood at this great moment of his life were later inscribed these words:—

Here first was Wolfe with martial ardour fired,
Here first with glory's brightest flame inspired
This spot so sacred will for ever claim
A proud alliance with its hero's name.

But it was not the Marines in which he served. He was an ensign in the 12th Regiment of Foot when George II set out with his army to fight France—the last British sovereign actually to lead his troops into battle.

Maria Theresa's claim to the throne of Austria was plunging Europe into another conflict. Wolfe was stationed at Ghent. The battles of Fontenoy and Dettingen lay ahead.

The General James Wolfe statue on the green at Westerham, Kent.

It was an age of roughness in talk, looseness in morals, corruption in high circles and what to-day would seem gross cruelty.

Wolfe remained a quietly spoken boy, an eager reader of military history and an excellent letter writer. His letters home after the battle of Dettingen are remarkable; he found himself not only the adjutant of his regiment, but at moments of the battle in command of the van. And Dettingen was as much a slaughter as any battle of those days could be.

"His Majesty was in the thick of the fight, and the Duke of Cumberland (his son) behaved as bravely as a man could do," wrote the boy Wolfe a few days afterwards, the surgeon having bled him to relieve the strain he had suffered. "I had several times the honour of speaking with him, and was often afraid of his being dashed to pieces by the cannon balls. He gave his orders with a great deal of calmness. A horse I rode at the first attack was shot in one of the hinder legs, and threw me, so I was obliged all that day and the next to do my duty on foot in a pair of heavy boots."

Then came the '45 Rebellion in Scotland. Wolfe was already a battle-scarred veteran at eighteen. He was present at the tragic battle of Culloden. The Duke of Cumberland rode across the field of slaughter. On the ground a wounded Highlander cursed the conquering duke.

"Wolfe," commanded the duke, "shoot me that insolent scoundrel."

"My commission is at your Highness's disposal," said the hot-blooded Wolfe. "I am not an executioner."

THEN came a few years in Wolfe's life when he was able to enjoy a Europe at peace. He was a young colonel, not handsome, but with a grace of mind. He went to Paris and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He took dancing lessons, but with scant success, as he admitted. He always had a healthy sense of humour about his shortcomings.

When in Paris he was received by Madame de Pompadour in (*Continued on page* 76)

Lord Bessborough, Admiral Muselier (in command of the Free French Navy) and General Spears at a meeting of the "Réunion de Tours les Sympathisants de la cause Française" held at the Savoy

London's Weavers

M. Camille Huysmans, Burgomaster of Antwerp

"LIBERATION is on the way. The only thing is, should it be merely awaited or should one help in achieving it? I hear you reply, without hesitation, with all your heart and strength: 'We must do our part: independence is not a favour that one accepts: it is a dignity that must be won.'"

Thus Belgian Minister Gutt, of Defence and Finance, broadcasting from London to his 8,000,000 compatriots in occupied Belgium. Frequent have been such freedom broadcasts in latter times. If I take M. Gutt's that is because it best gives the new spirit of the most extraordinary combined movement towards freedom that the world has ever known, and of which London has become the capital. That new spirit is *aid yourselves too*, addressed to the Captive States.

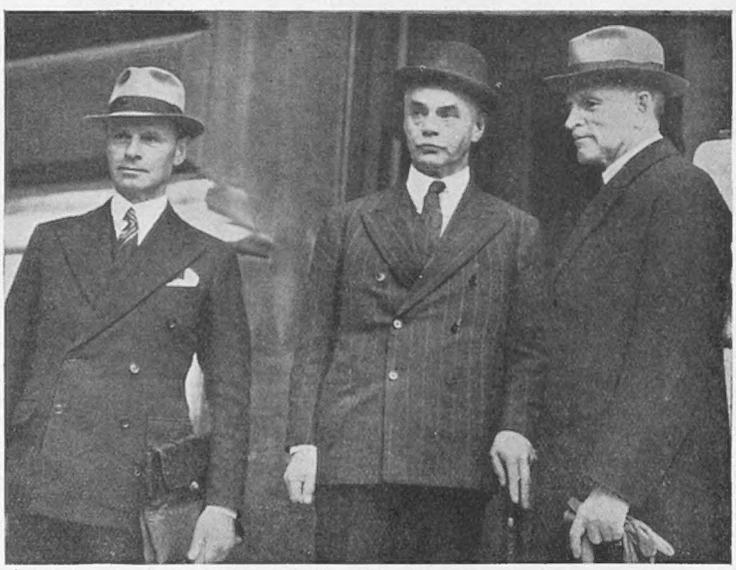
It is as if a giant conspiracy to win back their countries had been set afoot by men—and women—from half a dozen lands. And what a mixture of all ages and conditions, types and religions! The countries in question exist today only in Nazidom's embrace, and the forgers of liberation, drawn together in London to which they repaired (though some were already here) as their capitals were progressively overrun, resort to a unique armoury of stratagems and approaches, propagandist campaigns and methods, plans and demonstrations, secrecies and heroisms, in the furtherance of their one and only aim.

Some are under sentence of death. Others dare not reveal their real names lest vengeance be visited on members of their families still in the homeland. Some have died in the blitz, many have been bombed out. Soldiers and sailors, businessmen and politicians, journalists and kings, actors and diplomats, the fortunes of war cast them on these shores in 1940 and the motto of one and all could be that "Resurgam" figuring on the Tricolour-Union Jack badge of the "Frenchmen in Britain" Association. "I shall rise again." Of all those who have set their hands to the common task, but a solitary case of defaulting has occurred in responsible quarters, and he a very old man wishing to rejoin an ailing wife in occupied territory.

The exiles have naturally been the subject of charges at the hands of Nazi-controlled propaganda—that they are a lot of absconding, self-seeking adventurers with "good riddance" attached to them, has been about the mildest. Even in this country there have been the usual wartime rumours concerning the reliability of this and that prominent one—Prince Starhemberg, now in the Free French Air Force and formerly an opponent of Social Democracy in Austria, has been cited in Parliament. Yet the truth is that the fighters for freedom have so far been singularly free from suspicion or scandal. The great majority are composed of three elements. People who could not stomach the Nazis at any price or had to flee for their lives. Men who found themselves on this side of the sea owing to Dunkirk. And pre-war foreign residents in Britain.

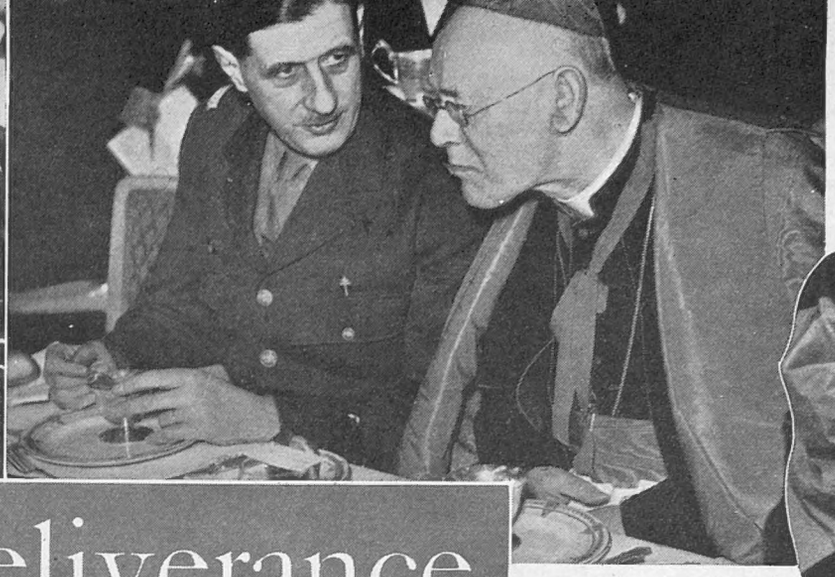
The number of "racial" refugees is not large, comparatively speaking. And if a few may have followed their money and possessions over to England, here again the percentage of such not wholly disinterested ones is quite small.

Émigrés are nothing new to London. Most celebrated were those who had to flee before the tumult of the French Revolution 150 years ago. The quiet hamlet of Kensington, the small county town of Richmond, and many Surrey villages, were settled by hundreds. Most chronicled *émigrés* of this period were Talleyrand and Madame Recamier, Lally Tollendal and Mme. de Stael, who founded a famous salon at a country mansion near Horsham. They and their companions introduced something new in wit and the grace of living. But their efforts to regain France for a gentler régime, and for themselves, hardly



Colonel Ljungberg, Norwegian Defence Minister, Professor Koht, late Foreign Minister, and Mr. Coltan, Norwegian Minister in London

King Haakon, on left, with Crown Prince Olaf, photographed at a meeting of the National Union of Seamen. The King made an interesting speech to the seamen present



# of Deliverance

General de Gaulle, commander of the Free French Forces, talking to Cardinal Hinsley at Foyles "Free France Luncheon" held at Grosvenor House; (centre) General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief with M. Zaleski, Foreign Minister of Poland, and the Polish Ambassador to this country, Count Raczynski

No fewer than five Continental Countries, with a population of over seventy million people, have their free and legitimate Governments now established in England

By Ferdinand Tuohy

M. Jan Masaryk, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czechoslovakia, with Mr. H. G. Wells at the opening of the Czechoslovak Institute

Prince Bernhard, who frequently deputises for Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, cordially shaking hands with some robust soldier members of the Belgian football team

Dr. Benes, the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, in his robes after receiving an honorary degree at Oxford University

went beyond book-writing. There was nothing concerted or energetic, no challenging struggle for national survival. Only after some years did book propaganda extend farther to the distribution inside France of anti-Napoleon newsletters edited and printed by Frenchmen, a stratagem to which we are coming round again to-day.

Mazzini and Garibaldi, Karl Marx and Engels, Lenin and Trotsky, later in the last century drew around them in London colonies of disciples, and notably in the past decade, as the Fascist and Red tides flowed alternatively this way and that in many latitudes, the tolerant English capital became a haven of refuge for thousands, yet nothing has ever before approached London's existing company of would-be liberators of their native lands. And, by the way, our subjects no longer like to hear themselves referred to as *émigrés*, which would recall over much the French royalists, but as *exilés*.

No fewer than five continental countries, with a population of over seventy millions, have their free and legitimate Governments established in England which in some ways has become a kind of Europe in little. The governing executives of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Holland and Norway, have set up their own "Downing Streets" in the heart of London. Four of them have their sovereign heads here, the absentee being Leopold who preferred to remain as a prisoner of war in his own land. These Governments have about eighty thousand "subjects" in this country, between them, but that is of course not how it goes. They remain the recognised and only legal executives of the lands they were forced to flee—and there has only been one effort so far to set up an alternative Government, by the Quislingites in Norway.

London's quintet of foreign Governments possess their own Treasuries and Foreign Offices, War Ministers and Colonial ditto. Two even have Parliaments (the Czechs and Poles) which function in an occasional advisory capacity. All five hold regular Cabinet meetings once or twice weekly, which have been known to get blitzed. After one or two Ministers from the Low Countries were killed in West End hotels, a tendency developed to sleep outside the centre of London. Otherwise the weavers of deliverance have carried on uninterruptedly through the worst raid periods. The Norwegian Cabinet has thirteen of its sixteen Ministers here. The Polish and Dutch Cabinets boast ten Ministers apiece, and the Czechoslovak nine. In each case the chief Minister is really the holder of the portfolio of (*Continued on page* 54)

The General

THE general was making one of his periodical progresses through England.

Accompanied by his A.D.C. he had set out on the previous day from London, and his enormous car had covered its usual enormous distances.

The general's flag, fluttering from its little mast, had startled sentries and traffic-control corporals in this county and in that, setting them scratching their heads and only remembering to salute when the tail of the lordly conveyance was well round the next corner and out of sight.

He had had *rendezvous* with other, but lesser generals, and had kept them waiting, kicking their heels in the stuffy parlours of third-rate hotels in small provincial towns. Brigadiers had been in attendance to welcome him at the beginning of their brigade areas and had thankfully said good-bye at their further boundaries. He had interviewed regional commissioners, lords lieutenant, an admiral of the fleet disguised as a commander R.N., and the personnel of a searchlight unit who lived a strange and tranquil life on the top of a hill, six miles from the nearest village.

He had lunched under a hay stack and had taken tea off a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen.

He had had a first-rate row with an ordnance colonel, he had cross-examined an ex-ambassador on his Home Guard duties, and he and his A.D.C. had spent the night at a delightful pub whose walls were plastered with engravings of hunting scenes dating from the seventies and eighties of the last century.

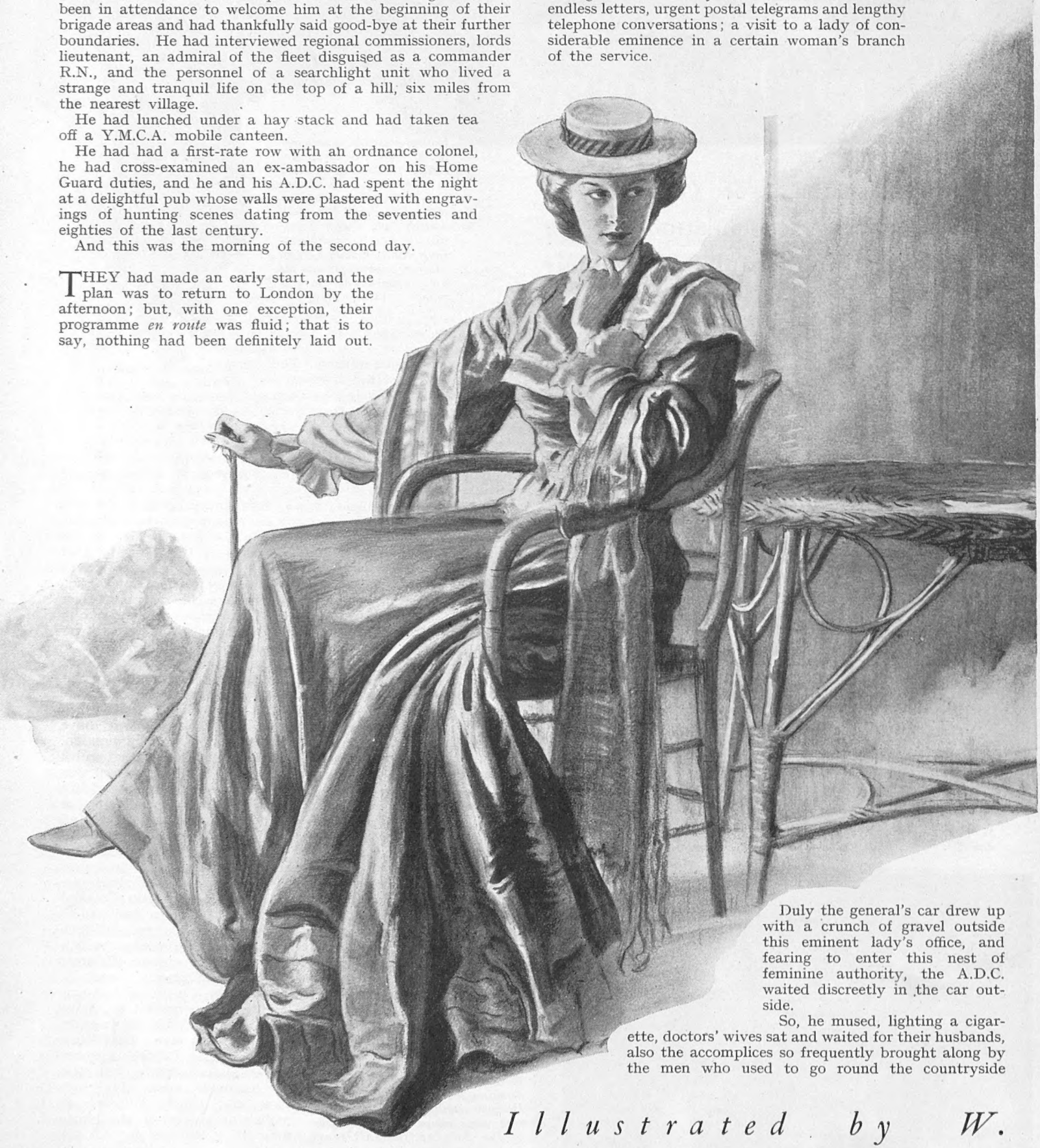
And this was the morning of the second day.

THEY had made an early start, and the plan was to return to London by the afternoon; but, with one exception, their programme *en route* was fluid; that is to say, nothing had been definitely laid out.

They might go and have a look at such and such troops at such and such a camp; they might drop in and have a word with old so and so; they might lunch at a certain corps headquarters.

It all depended.

The exception to this pleasant vagueness was a visit, long arranged and the subject, as the A.D.C. knew to his cost, of endless letters, urgent postal telegrams and lengthy telephone conversations; a visit to a lady of considerable eminence in a certain woman's branch of the service.



Duly the general's car drew up with a crunch of gravel outside this eminent lady's office, and fearing to enter this nest of feminine authority, the A.D.C. waited discreetly in the car outside.

So, he mused, lighting a cigarette, doctors' wives sat and waited for their husbands, also the accomplices so frequently brought along by the men who used to go round the countryside

Illustrated by W.

and the Lady

Reminiscence, the Reviver of those Glorious Days of Youth

By
Ralph Arnold

SO there and then, that very afternoon, I was given my congé

Smithson-Broadhead

selling vacuum cleaners and other gadgets.

In due course the general emerged, threw himself heavily back against the cushions of the car, lit a huge cigar and shut all the windows.

"Where are we to head for, sir?" the A.D.C. asked.

"Anywhere away from here," the general said. "Back to London."

IT was clear that the interview had not been a success, for the general, never, in his A.D.C's experience, an expansive man, was positively taciturn.

It was a lovely June day.

Tactfully, the A.D.C. alluded to the beauties of the countryside through which they were passing.

The general, on this particular morning, had no eyes for beauty.

Studying the map, the A.D.C. pointed out an immense and historic mansion perched on a hill. Ransacking his memory, he even named its noble owner.

The general confined himself to the grumpy comment that, after the war, such places would inevitably be consigned to the hands of the housebreaker.

The A.D.C., surreptitiously sliding a side window a fraction of an inch open—the cigar smoke was becoming intolerable—ventured to ask whether the eminent lady had proved formidable.

"Formidable," said the general. "She wiped the floor with me. She told me precisely where I got off. She extorted fantastic promises. She will probably get me broken. Women in authority are terrifying—they are unscrupulous and wantacious, and should be given a wide berth. Never again, my boy, shall I poke my head into that kind of a nest; never as long as I live;" and, still considerably ruffled, the great man composed himself to slumber.

THE general slept for half an hour and then woke.

"Where are we?" he demanded.

For once the A.D.C. knew. Usually, thanks to the action of a general even greater than his own who had ordained the banishment of all sign posts and place-name notices, their whereabouts at any given time was subject to a certain wild surmise.

This time he happened to know the road that they were on.

"We're about ten miles short of X," he said, naming a famous university town.

The general fumbled in his pocket and produced a diary.

"What day of the month is it?" he demanded.

"June twentieth, sir."

"It can't be," the general said.

"It is, sir," said the A.D.C.

"What an extraordinary thing," said the general. "An amazing coincidence. We shall stop at X."

This didn't fit in even with their tentative programme.

"I'm afraid, sir," the A.D.C. said, "that I don't know what troops are there."

"I don't want to see troops," the general said. "I want to pay a visit to St. Mildred's College."

THE car stopped outside St. Mildred's and the general and his A.D.C. got out.

Here were no welcoming brigade majors or staff captains, no guard turning out in the approved fashion; merely an incredibly ancient and rather ill-tempered porter lurking in his dark and stuffy lodge and reading the *Daily Mirror*.

The porter at St. Mildred's was a character, and like most characters, he was inclined to be autocratic and rude.

He eyed the general with disfavour.

"You wanting the National Society for the Study of Comparative Cultures?" he demanded; and it was remarkable what a wealth of contempt he managed to instil into the recital of the style and title of this admirable though fugitive institution.

"No," said the general.

"Director of Essential Re-absorbment? 'E lives 'ere, too. Evacuated from London. Garden quad. Staircase seven;"

and the old gentleman showed signs of returning to his newspaper.

"I have come to look round my old college," the general said. "I took my degree in nineteen hundred."

A gleam of interest came into the porter's eye.

He thought deeply for a full, pregnant minute and then pronounced the general's name.

The general was enchanted; the addition of another foot or so to his rows of medal ribbons could not have given him greater pleasure.

"I was a scout in your day, sir," said the old man. "Staircase one, new buildings. Joined the army, didn't you, sir?"

The general was entranced by this brilliant piece of deductive reasoning.

He became quite expansive.

"That's right," he said. "I got in through the militia. Rather unusual in those days. Well, well, we're none of us as young as we were."

There followed a considerable amount of by-play in which a ten-shilling note played a prominent part.

"I was wondering," the general said humbly, "if I might have a look at the rooms I had in my last year. Staircase six, it was, in the Garden Quad. First floor on the right."

The porter put on two pairs of spectacles and consulted a list.

"That's right," he said. "It escaped me for a minute just exactly where it was you did live. Mr. Dalyngruge, 'e had those rooms last year. Went down yesterday. Very quiet gentleman, Mr. Dalyngruge. The men *are* a bit quiet nowadays. Not what they were in your day, sir."

The general gave a conspirational chuckle.

"That and these 'ere evacuees from London," lamented the porter. "Societies and officials and such like. Funny sort of old lot, they are."

And the general nodded understandingly.

"STRANGE," said the general, as he and the A.D.C. walked through the small Chapel Quad, "to be back here again. I've been meaning to come for years, but somehow I never managed it."

At the bottom of staircase six they encountered a college servant, busily engaged with a mop and a pail of water, who, in exchange for half a crown, was only too ready to unlock the sported oak and to display the charms of the general's old rooms.

They were, truth to tell, very like a great many other college rooms.

The sitting-room was panelled with dark, varnished wood. It had a red Turkey carpet, badly worn, a table covered with a red cloth plentifully spotted with ink, two large arm-chairs with dingy blue covers, an empty bookcase, a knee-hole desk and, over the mantelpiece, an indifferent water colour sketch of a square white house, the home, presumably, of the quiet Mr. Dalyngruge.

The bedroom was small and narrow and looked out on to the kitchen alleyway.

The general was enchanted.

"It hasn't changed a bit," he said.

The scout suggested lunch.

The general rubbed his hands.

"Battels," he said, and the almost forgotten word tripped readily off his tongue. "Battels and some cold meat and salad. And two pints of draft beer. That will be delicious."

The general drained his tankard and carefully wiped his moustache.

All through lunch he had been steadily mellowing; his A.D.C. had never known him in so gentle and confiding a mood.

He got up and stood by one of the two tall windows, looking out.

The view was delightful. You looked across the gravel of the quadrangle to a high iron grille and, beyond the grille, were the long stretches of the famous St. Mildred's lawns, broken only by tall Irish yews. There were flowers in a bed under the high south, bounding wall.

"IT hasn't altered," the general repeated. "It hasn't altered at all. It's forty years since I last stood looking out. Forty years to a day. June twentieth. It's a strange coincidence. June twentieth, nineteen hundred. I spotted that when I looked at my diary. On June twentieth, nineteen hundred, on my last day at St. Mildred's, I gave a luncheon party in these very rooms."

"Did you, sir?" said the A.D.C.

"I did. I gave lunch to a girl and her mother. Florence was the girl's name. I'd danced with her several times at the college balls. She lived not far away, and I remember how I had to screw up my courage to ask her mother if they would both come. Rather a daring suggestion in those days. She was such a pretty girl, Florence. Fair, you know. A big girl with a fine figure. Looked well in the clothes they wore then.

"She accepted, the mother did, and I don't know how I lived through the time till that lunch came round. I remember how I fussed about the food. I settled on salmon mayonnaise and roast chicken and strawberries and cream. It wasn't very original. And hock cup.

"I was ready hours too soon. I had a striped suit I fancied myself in; I'm afraid it was a kind of bottle-green colour, and I wore a great high stiff collar. The higher the collar in those days, the smarter you were. I stood looking out of this very window, waiting for them. I didn't like to go and wait by the lodge. They were driving over, of course.

"After what seemed like an eternity I saw the porter coming out under the chapel archway, and just at that moment all the bells chimed one o'clock. So they were punctual, you see.

"I ran down to the bottom of the stairs to meet them.

"It seemed so wonderful, seeing Florence in my own rooms, with all my own things. I had the midnight steeplechase prints and some books I was extremely proud of.

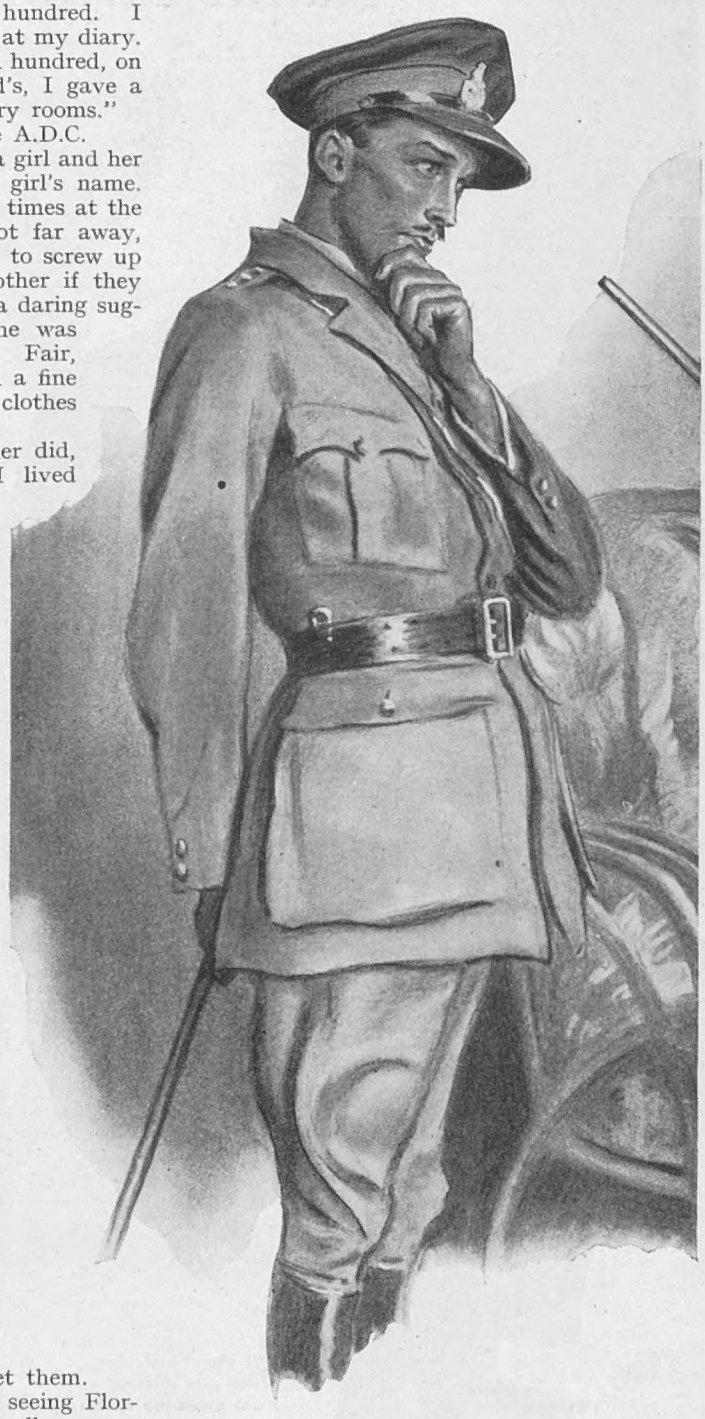
"Incidentally she brought an aunt with her. Her mother hadn't felt up to coming. A big fat woman, the aunt was. She fairly tucked into the lunch. I couldn't taste anything. I might have been eating dust and ashes. I was far too excited.

"After lunch the aunt had to go back to London by the train and when we had seen her off at the station I suggested that I might drive home with Florence to inquire after her mother. It was a four-wheeled dog-cart with a very smart groom up behind. I remember that Florence wore a man's straw hat with a rifle brigade ribbon round it. It would look funny nowadays."

The general paused and turned away reluctantly from the window.

"Forty years to a day," he said.

"I wonder," he went on slowly, "as it's a lovely day and we aren't tied down to anything," he hesitated, "whether you'd mind taking part in a sentimental journey?"



"Of course, sir. I'd love to," said the A.D.C.

"Drive slowly," the general said, "and I'll tell you the way."

"Very good, sir," said the driver, and then the big car slowly threaded its

way through the swarms of bicyclists that infested the narrow streets, was held up by traffic lights, and finally reached the region of small new houses in long, neat rows.

The General complained: "All these are new since my day. There was nothing here then. Just fields."

The A.D.C. ventured on an enquiry.

"And what happened to the girl, Sir?"

"Florence? She's still alive and well, I hope. She came into the family place, I believe, but no doubt it's sold or pulled down or something now. It was a huge great barrack of a house. She was an heiress, that was the trouble, and her mother didn't look kindly on a penniless young undergraduate who was going into the army. No prospects, you see. So there and then, that very afternoon after tea, I was given my *congé*. I never saw Florence again. But I believe she never married."

"Left," he shouted. "Take the road to the left along under the hill."

They reached a small village, a single street of low-built cottages with stone-slated roofs and "eyebrows" over their windows.

"Next on the right."

"Very good, sir."

The next on the right proved to be the narrowest of lanes, running between high hedgerows. The may was out and there was dust on the narrow grass verges.

"I remember," the General said, "how the hedges brushed us on the top of that dog-cart. And how good the may smelled. You don't get that inside a shut car."

The A.D.C. couldn't agree more fervently. All he ever got was a stale and lingering smell of Havana cigar.

The lane curved round left-handed, the tall hedgerows fell away, and they were on a kind of raised causeway which ran across lush, green water-meadows.

Ahead, a line of high ground rose steeply. Halfway up the hill, clusters of roofs and a church-tower showed through tall trees.

To the left of this village, set firmly down on a kind of shelf on the hillside, was a huge grey stone house, backed by hanging beech-woods. (*Continued on p. 58*)

She addressed herself to the general who stood in front of the typewriting table as a small boy might stand in front of his headmaster's desk

Phoenix City—

By C. Patrick

THE brown horizon line of the Surrey hills slowly blurred, and when I turned, the eastern skymarks of my London panorama, the black tip of Tower Bridge and the gilded Cross of St. Paul's, had gone. The forest of intervening roofs faded into the misty ghost dunes of the twilight. And then the sirens wailed; guns, sullen in the distance, crashed in dull thunder; sudden flashes lighted the sky over the park trees and the far south-western suburbs. The Swastika bombers were coming up the river. . . .

I went down from the roof of my pent-house, fixed the black-out on the park-facing glass wall, and went out on the balcony and looked down into the dark ravine of Park Lane. It was full of hurrying glow-worms. Many wound off to the right further up the land, turning into the Dorchester, a much-favoured caravanserai these war nights, haunt of millionaires and magnates, newspaper men and politicians, all the faces one used to see at the Savoy Grill after a smart first night, and dancing to a swing band, of course; but no "*Les Girls*" these nights, the lure of a steel-and-concrete shell being a more potent attraction than tossing blonde curls and provocatively naked torsos.

Now, in regions beyond this western park fringe, people would be moving into the public and domestic shelters, climbing into London's 600,000 shelter bunks, warming themselves by 13,000 slow-combustion shelter stoves, eating at 2000 shelter canteens, while the nurses settled down at their posts in shelters accommodating 500 people or more, and 200-odd shelter-visiting doctors started on their weird nocturnal rounds. I had a fleeting thought that possibly the wraith of the Green Hat lady might be sitting on a rubble-heap rim of the bomb-crater in the Shepherd Market purlieus, wondering what had happened to the Mayfair she knew, and in which her tale once seemed to have some arresting importance.

Yes, there was no doubt about it: pre-war London was dead. However the war ended, that London would never return.

But there is London—and London. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey its innumerable little lanes and courts." His London was huge compared to Chaucer's Citye "that is to me so dere and sweet, in which I was forth growen; and more kindely love have I to that place than to any other in yerth." But Johnson's London was still a minnow compared to the contemporary whale.

I HAD been looking, the previous day, over a London that still lived. Despite its battering, and the fire night of December 30, which tumbled centuries of history into smoking ruins in the course of a few hours, the City's "square mile" had not lost a mile of its 48½ miles of streets. The Stock Exchange, which makes a market for securities approximating £20,000,000,000, was functioning in its great building in the triangle bounded by Threadneedle Street, Throgmorton Street and Bartholomew Lane. Billingsgate, a fish market for a thousand years, was busy. Spitalfields, the fruit and vegetable market which got its Charter back in 1682, and Covent Garden were hives of industry. The old Tower, finest of all surviving mediæval military works, had taken a bomb hit somewhere; but the wound needed finding, and the great bridge, the probable target, went on swinging its bascules high to let ships through, and lowering them to form a broad roadway over the Thames. Down in the great Port of London, one needed a guide to find any damage over its 4203 acres and 45 miles of quays.

Six of the churches Wren grouped around his Cathedral were rubble heaps, but the enormous domed Cathedral stood uninjured on its hill. The six-centuries-old shadowed quarters which the lawyers wrung from King John under the Great Charter had been holed here and there; but in Amen Corner I found unscathed the trees which legend says survived the Great Fire of 1666. In the old Abbey at Westminster, the kings lay undisturbed in their stone graves.

Bombs had crashed into the terraces of the Parliament House and the L.C.C. palace, but missed the structures.

THE DORCHESTER, PARK LANE.

THE KIT-KAT.

A CORNER OF THE OLD CAFÉ ROYAL.

A SPECIAL NIGHT AT THE AMBASSADORS

Long Live London

Thompson

The western pleasure quarter showed abrupt and extensive, but queerly localised demolitions : an untidy gap opening down a long vista of tall, sedate buildings, a giant spill of masonry in the roadway breaking the smooth line of Georgian-façaded shop-and-office blocks, a roped-off pit in the street deeper and more illogical than the excavations by the authorities which have always been a mysterious feature of mid-London life between the first and second German wars.

This London, much of it old when Duke William arrived, wasn't dead. The swastika bombers had given its citizens a rebuilding job ; but that's another story. Hitler might even claim demolition costs for some of the stuff his *Luftwaffe* have blown or blasted down. The top-floor apartment in the sixty-years-old Chancery Lane block was not wired for electricity when I established my office there sixteen years ago. One reached it at the end of eighty-nine steps. The owners had a rebuilding programme planned, when a bomber laid one explosive and several incendiary eggs on it one September night. All the company now has to do is start building from the hole in the ground, up.

THE London that has died is pleasure-quarter and playground London—a pattern of habits, tastes, certain people, certain pleasures, certain places. Hitler can't be wholly blamed. He has only accelerated a natural death, and involuntarily influenced the shape and pattern of the London of to-morrow. Like old 'Frisco, a large part of which was practically falling down when the 'quake struck, so London had one foot in the grave before the Nazi warplanes started strewing bombs. These " little deaths " of London have been happening ever since the Romans sailed up the Thames to the Saxon settlement on Thames-side ; only now the rhythm of life and death has speeded up.

London was in the midst of one of its periodical deaths when I emerged from the first World War, and made its acquaintance. The places that had been famous had gone, or were going. A revolution was sweeping over the town's life. Lunching, dining, supping, talking, I kept getting glimpses of a lively and largely riotous night-life in a town that had disappeared, leaving those who had known it sighing over lost loves and the memory of things that would never return. I can flick my mind back over so many nostalgic plaints.

" Frothblower " Fripp snorting over the new home-brewed lager, and recalling the German beer of the old Gambrinus of his young-doctor days. Dewar talking of the early whisky career—you got a whisky-and-soda for fivepence at the old Canterbury—and asking about the new Verrey's ; " Ah, no private rooms there now, I suppose ? " Buckmaster, young enough to be their sons, regretting the old Covent Garden balls, with their beauties, professional, semi, and stage, and their bouncers (he was regularly thrown out) ; the West End bars at the Blue Posts and Long's ; the hansom-cabs and their famous old wits ; Oddy's—the old Oddy's, where he staged a four-some lunch, so that he could meet the pretty Gaiety girl there was so much talk about : Gladys Cooper.

Harry Preston, who remembered when the Duke of Northumberland's town house came down to make way for the Grand Hotel by Charing Cross ; when it was the thing to heave tomatoes and cauliflowers at the stage villain, and he once scored a direct hit with a mangel-wurzel, but luckily it was an historical drama that night, and the villain took it on a steel helm ; the Café de l'Europe and its French girls, in the subterranean lounge with its painted ceiling ; the old Cavour in Leicester Square, where King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, often dined, and Philippe, the patron, did his own shopping, in three four-wheelers, and served his pet clients with vegetables from his own little garden at the back ; the old Pelican, and champagne and lobster suppers after the fight ; the old Empire, with its famous promenade, which the police closed in the early war days—it was the " club " of the heroine of Arnold Bennett's " The Pretty Lady."

Sitting by the fire in his little Chelsea house, a shawl over his old shoulders, the octogenarian Pinoli recalled the advent of Romano's sixty years earlier. Romano, who learnt his job as a waiter at the Café Royal, was a character, but he had his head screwed on the right way. He bought a fish-shop in the Strand and made it the Savoy-*cum*-Embassy Club of his day. King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, kept a cutlery there. All the bucks and bloods patronised it. It was the great place to take a Gaiety girl to sup.

Romano knew his clientele, but still he got a good many dud cheques. He used to keep all the " R.D." cheques in the cellar. He called it his morgue. When the Boer War came, and a lot of the young bloods who frequented Romano's went off to fight, Romano used to tell people that he was interested to the tune of £30,000 in the fate of those gentlemen. He had hosts of friends. When he died, peers, bookmakers, actresses, priests and jockeys went to his funeral.

But the pleasure world changed. Musical comedy went out, revue came in, the Gaiety girls married, and so did the bucks (or else they got killed in the Great War), new places, with music and the new dancing, places like Ciro's and the Kit-Kat, sprang up and captured a new generation who had never known Romano's or " the Roman." As old Pinoli reminisced, Menti, a veteran restaurateur who had the Florence restaurant, was moving in to rejuvenate Romano's. I had lunched with him *tête-à-tête* in his private room there, and he told me of his plans. There would be dancing, of course, maybe a cabaret.

But Pinoli looked at me with his dark, shrewd old eye, and shook his big head. Menti was a clever man. But Romano's was finished. (*Continued on page* 60)

Decoration by J. Nicolson

The Affair of the Scarlet Band

How Doctor Vane Solved the Mystery of the Bombed Aerodrome

By

W. E. Johns

NOTHING exercises the imagination like war. No urge in peacetime, however ambitious, can have behind it quite the same vital force as that which is created by the threat of death and destruction. And with the advance of learning, more and more avenues are explored for ways and means to harass the enemy, some of a highly technical nature, others so artless that for a time they defy detection by their very simplicity. Into the latter category must go the Affair of the Scarlet Band, which, while by no means the most spectacular of Doctor Vane's exploits, was, from the point of view of logical reasoning, one of his minor triumphs. It proved to me that once a man is master of his intellect, no problem is insolvable.

As the war settled down into its stride I came to rely more and more upon the advice of Doctor Augustus Vane, the strange and apparently unsophisticated little amateur criminologist who had offered his services to my branch of the counter-espionage section of M.I.5 when the clash became imminent. He would not occupy an office in my building, but continued to work at home in the manner of a consulting specialist. Thus, when air raids on Britain started in earnest, and I was forced to confess that there was more behind the successful raids on Bramble Nasing Aerodrome than met the eye, it was to the Doctor's house that I took my worry. Briefly, it was this:

Bramble Nasing was more than an ordinary service aerodrome. It was the experimental establishment to which prototype aircraft were taken for testing, which meant that some of our best pilots, and most highly qualified aviation

technicians, were also there. Naturally, in these circumstances every possible precaution had been taken to prevent the aerodrome from being molested by the enemy, and nowhere else had such care and thought been expended on camouflage. The actual village of Bramble Nasing lay in the heart of rural England far from any other military target, and this alone should have afforded some protection. The aerodrome was four miles away, and so well had it been worked by camouflage into the landscape that from the air it was calculated to defy the most expert eyes. A lane meandered across the sward. A brook kept it company. On either side, the landing ground was broken by hedges into fields of roots, pastures and stubble, the whole dotted with barns, haystacks, and other features common in agricultural country. All this, of course, was paint, but so cleverly had it been applied that the test pilots themselves admitted that they were sometimes nervous about landing, and flinched instinctively as they glided to land into what appeared to be a series of obstructions.

Yet with all this, on no fewer than five occasions had a lone enemy bomber, flying at a great height, found the spot; and its course, traced from the coast, proved beyond doubt that the pilot knew precisely where he was going. Had these machines all got back home we might have thought that a special pilot, a man acquainted with the district, had been selected for the job; but of the five, three had been shot down on the return journey. Yet on the following day another machine appeared over the aerodrome. How was it being done? How were these pilots able to find their way so easily to the spot—and recognise it?

ONE of the German pilots baled out when his machine was hit; he was brought in, and I had a word with him. He was a young fellow, unable to speak a word of English, and I did not disbelieve him when he said that never before had he been in the country, or over the country. How, then, did he find his objective? This was something he was not prepared to divulge. I myself examined the crashed machine hoping to find a map, for even though a pilot may not actually plot his course on it, not infrequently he accidentally makes some mark—perhaps with the point of his pencil—while studying the map before the raid. Even the way a map is folded will sometimes tell a story that can be read by experts. But no map could be found, which in itself was remarkable. Thinking perhaps the pilot had thrown it overboard before baling out I had every inch of the ground searched. But no map was found.

That night a hundred tons of paint were used on the aerodrome, and by dawn it presented a different picture. The lane and the stream had disappeared. Instead, a farmhouse complete with outhouses nestled amid purple heather, broken by groups of Scotch firs and outcrops of grey rock. So realistic was all this that a pilot who had been stationed on the spot for months actually overshot the landing ground and damaged his undercarriage. Yet the very next day a Junkers came over at twenty-five thousand feet, and laid a string of eggs right across the aerodrome. The pilot covered the same course as the others, having crossed the coast at the same spot. A homing pigeon could not have flown a straighter course. It was amazing. It was more; it was uncanny.

How was it being done? I was asked, by those in high places, and the demand became insistent. Obviously, something had to be done about it, and quickly, for if the story leaked out and the public got to hear about it—well, war-strained nerves are only too glad to find an excuse for criticism. Unfortunately, in war there are jobs that only get the limelight when something goes wrong, and the Secret Service is one of them. The thing was hardly in Doctor Vane's line, for he was no airman, but in sheer desperation I rushed up to see him.

I found him in his laboratory, and his mild blue eyes met mine sympathetically as I bustled in. Without a word he went out and returned carrying with tender care a bottle of old French brandy. He poured a little in a glass and passed it to me.

"That should both please your palate and restore your equanimity," he murmured. "Is the problem as abstruse as all that?"

I sipped the brandy and relaxed a little. "It is," I answered, and told him the story. "It's incredible," I concluded.

"Oh no, hardly that," he protested gently, brushing the hair back from his forehead. "Shall we say, unusual? Don't worry, what these young Germans can see we, too, shall be able to see."

He fetched an ordnance survey map, and unfolding it on a bench studied it for some time in silence.

"It's about eighty miles from the coast to Bramble Nasing," I told him.

He nodded, folded the map and put it away. "So I observe. We must get busy, or the same thing will be happening at other aerodromes. Inspired by the success of the scheme—whatever it may be—the enemy will certainly put it into operation elsewhere. Official minds tend to work like that. You have, of course, aerial photographs of the locality?"

I opened my portfolio and took out a number of photographs, both vertical and oblique, some straight shots of the aerodrome itself and a mosiac of the whole district. He subjected them to a close scrutiny under a powerful magnifying glass.

"Is your car outside?" he asked.

I told him that it was.

"Then I'll ask Georgette to put up

I MYSELF examined the crashed machine, hoping to find a map

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

some sandwiches. It's a fine day, and a picnic in the country might prove beneficial."

"You're thinking of running down to Bramble Nasing?"

The doctor smiled. "It's a nice rural spot," he replied.

WE drove straight down to the aerodrome, where we parked the car, but Vane appeared to have no interest in either the camouflaged buildings or landing ground.

"Why need we waste time on this pretty paintwork when obviously it fails to deceive those for whom it is intended?" he remarked naïvely, and set off on foot across country, walking briskly on a roughly circular course, following the aerodrome boundary, but always keeping some distance from it.

From time to time he made inconsequental observations about the scenery, and the local flora. Once he picked a poppy, one of the scarlet field poppies that occurred in large numbers and held it out to me. "A Flanders poppy," he said whimsically. "Very appropriate."

It seemed hardly the time for sentiment, but knowing his peculiarities I said nothing. I suppose we must have walked the best part of five miles before he sat down and unpacked the sandwiches.

"Lunch time," he remarked, smiling apologetically.

"But what about the aerodrome?" I protested. "Have you discovered anything yet?"

"We're getting along very nicely," he murmured casually, offering me another sandwich.

"Have you seen something?" I inquired.

"Only what you have seen," he answered evenly. "If you're ready we will proceed."

To my surprise he now struck off at a tangent, heading up some gently rising ground on the south side of the aerodrome. From the top the ground fell away again into a shallow depression, so that a panorama some miles wide lay before us. I fully expected that Vane would subject this to a close scrutiny, but after a quick penetrating stare he seemed to have no further interest. He picked a blade of grass and nibbled it reflectively. "Tired?" he asked, glancing at me.

"No—why?"

"We may have a longish walk in front of us."

"Go ahead," I invited. "I suppose there is a definite object in all this hiking?"

The doctor looked pained. "Should I waste your time, do you think, if there were not?" he reproved me.

"Then perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell me just what you're looking for?" I suggested pointedly.

"That's only fair," he consented. "I'm looking for the enemy agent who is primarily responsible for your trouble. That doesn't necessarily mean that we shall find him, but there is a chance that if he remained in the district he left a trail that we should not find it hard to follow. Come along."

We walked on in silence, still keeping across country, sometimes climbing hedges and other obstructions. In this way we must have covered about four miles, and as the day was sultry I began to regret my hasty decision to walk indefinitely. We didn't seem to be getting anywhere. And when finally Vane climbed a railway embankment, and on reaching the top laughed as if the whole thing were a joke, I thought it was time to lodge a complaint.

But he anticipated me by raising his hand. "Yes, I know how you feel," he said humbly. "And now you're going to tell me that our jaunt must end, for if we go trampling through the field of mustard that lies ahead the farmer will be after us with his gun?"

"If we do any damage we're likely to get wrong with the Ministry of Food," I pointed out.

"Then suppose we go across to the farmhouse which I perceive nestling in the trees on our right, and beg a drink of water?" he suggested. "It's been a dry walk."

"That suits me," I agreed, relieved that our long tramp had at last come to an end. "This sort of thing is too much like hare and hounds, which is no game for a man of my age," I remarked.

A NASTY-LOOKING mastiff came towards us showing its teeth. "Is this the hare?" I asked sarcastically, my hand instinctively creeping towards my pocket

He chuckled. "That's exactly what we have been playing," he exclaimed.

"I didn't see any trail," I muttered.

Vane laughed aloud. "Believe me, it was there. Have you ever heard the saying that those who live in woods ultimately fail to see the trees?" Then, with a change of tone, he added, "I have a feeling that we are getting near the hare. I notice from the bulge in your hip pocket that you have brought your automatic. If our hare turns out to be a tiger, as it may, you will need it. But say nothing and act naturally. Now let's go and get that drink."

We walked on, slowly now, to the farmhouse.

As we neared it Vane shook his head sadly. "Farming in this country isn't what it was when I was a boy," he mused. "There was a time when farmers took a pride in keeping their land spotless, but now—just look at the condition of this place. Hedges overgrown, weeds everywhere. One might be pardoned

for thinking that this farmer at least is a lazy fellow, or else he doesn't know his job."

I knew the doctor well enough to know that this was no idle statement, but before I could demand an explanation he had turned in a gateway and was walking up to the front door.

A nasty-looking mastiff came towards us, showing its teeth.

"Is this the hare?" I asked sarcastically, my hand instinctively creeping towards my hip pocket.

"Keep your hand away from that pocket," said Vane sharply, "we're being watched."

A moment later the farmer appeared and called off the animal. He was a burly fellow, well dressed in plus-fours.

"You want something?" he challenged bluntly.

"A drink of water if you would be kind enough to oblige," answered Vane frankly. "It's rather hot, walking."

The man regarded us stonily for a second, and then went back into the house to reappear with a jug of water and a glass. He said nothing, but just stood there watching us drink. And so far as I was concerned there was no deception about it, for I was genuinely thirsty.

Vane handed the jug and the glass back with a word of thanks. The farmer nodded and walked away, so we strolled on down a track to the main road.

"A churlish fellow," I remarked.

"He has reason to be," murmured Vane. "Men who follow his profession are seldom garrulous. Apart from that, he was, of course, a foreigner—I should say from Bavaria."

I stopped, but the doctor caught my sleeve. "He's watching us," he said curtly. "Keep walking. Well, he's your man."

"Then why are we walking away?" I asked quickly. "Let's go back and——"

"Get ourselves involved in a gun fight? There is no need for that. There are at least two other men in the house—I saw them watching us through the window. I also saw all I needed to see. May I suggest that we leave the fighting—if there is to be any—to men better equipped for the job? You'll need a fairly strong party to surround the house and clean it up. We may as well go back to the car."

"Thank you," I said bitterly. "And now perhaps you will tell me what all this is about?"

DOCTOR VANE linked his arm in mine and led the way back to the eminence that overlooked the aerodrome on the one hand, and the depression, wherein the farm was situated, on the other.

Said he, "From here I shall be able to illustrate visually all my points. The rest I can leave safely in your hands, for it is likely to be sordid rather than romantic—I mean, of course, that the arrest of the enemy agents who have settled themselves in the farmhouse. Still, I have enjoyed our day, for it has not been without interest."

Vane lay down on the grass, and, chin in hand, gazed across the smiling landscape.

"The ancients, most of whom spent more of their lives in war than in peaceful occupations, were aware that simple stratagems are the best," he resumed. "Particularly those which, by conforming to nature, presented nothing unusual to the spectator. Let us take an example. You will recall the incident in the history of Herodotus, the simple ruse employed to send a message into enemy territory. The head of a mute slave was shaved, and the message inscribed on his pate. The hair was then allowed to grow and he proceeded on his mission, carrying a message which he was unable to read; and, since he had no tongue, he could not betray himself or his master. He couldn't lose the message without literally losing his head. (*Continued on page* 58)

Flying High . . .

Sketches by
Roland Davis
(Reproduced by permission of "The Sphere")

LIKE Remus trying to jump over the walls of Rome, both Germany and Britain are feverishly experimenting to try to fly over the other side's air defences, and enormous altitudes are being attained.

Already, fighter aircraft reach up to 35,000 ft. in certain operations, and "ceiling" is going up—and up! Most pilots consider that there will be battles at upwards of 40,000 ft. in the next development of the air blitz.

Imagine the sensations of a fighter-pilot solitary in his cockpit, engaged in a duel to the death, eight miles above the earth.

Roaring through a world known so far only to a few dozen men of all earth's millions—a silent world of spaces that are infinite, where stars blaze unearthly by day and the sun is not just a distant warmth but a reigning god of visible and stupendous majesty shooting awesome flames—a world enclosed inside one great ball of darkest blue that gives for the first time and with a catch of the breath a stunning sense of the size of that endless void through which planets fourteen hundred times the size of earth roll on their silent courses like blown specks of dust, this human atom intrudes only to destroy.

As soon as possible, the engine is cut out and there is no sound but the screaming of lost winds over the doped and silvery body of this puny invader; and presently, long afterwards, with a sharp sigh of relief, there is the busy little earth again sprouting smoke from a bombing—one felt that one might have lost it altogether among the wheeling planets as one thundered up the path to the sun.

Up there, the sun is always a trouble. Eyestrain is tremendous in the brilliantly thin, clear air. There is not a cloud, not a shadow, not any trace of man's defilement or of the grey mists that mantle the earth even on the brightest day.

There is no possibility of using dark glasses to combat the strain, because the terrific speed of modern aircraft brings an enemy in a matter of seconds, from a black dot to a full-sized opponent whose goggled face you can see in his cockpit, and any delay in returning fire may be fatal.

I HAVE seen formations of aircraft look at one moment like a swarm of mosquitoes and almost in the next moment they were tearing and whirling past in a succession of great black shapes.

The eyes are not the only point of strain in flying high. All fighter pilots wear special stiffened canvas corsets to keep their bodies together on tight turns or when flattening out from a dive, perhaps at a speed in excess of eight miles a minute.

In testing a new super-fighter in America recently, the pilot neglected to wear his corsets. The machine crashed, following a power-dive, and when the wreckage was examined it was reported that the middle of the pilot's body had passed right into the cushion at his back *before the crash.*

Complete physical "blackout" is an accepted part of modern air battles, for it is unavoidable for a few moments in a tight turn or on flattening out from a power-dive. The blood drains away from behind the eyes; there is a feeling of intense pressure on the back of the neck; it is as if a black cloth were passed fairly quickly downwards over the eyes; a few high-lights remain; then they go out and utter darkness supervenes; clear thought remains; after a few seconds, vision and power return in full. Going momentarily blind in this way, perhaps at the most critical stage of an air battle, with shells exploding round and machine gun bullets whining past (a modern fighter can fire 12,000 rounds a minute) is part of the day's work for those steely young men who daily and nightly contest our skies against Goering's dark invaders.

A few years ago, this "blackout" was noticed for the first time—actually in one of the Schneider races; and a Schneider pilot volunteered to conduct experiments to see how far its effects might go.

Leading doctors were consulted, and expressed the opinion that too tight a turn at any speed in excess of four miles a minute would result in unconsciousness and loss of all physical control of the aircraft—with an ensuing crash.

The pilot, however, made a very high-speed turn and continued it instead of straightening his course; he found that he lost all sense of sight for the time being but did not suffer any clouding of mental faculties; and so high-speed experiments were able to progress safely past that point.

One of the difficulties of air fighting at high levels is that if a man has to "bale out" he has to accept the chance of becoming unconscious and remaining so for the first few miles of his drop. He hopes to recover in time to pull the cord of his parachute and let it open before he hits the earth.

A very vivid description of such a jump was given in a letter by a fighter pilot recently. He wrote:

"The aircraft began going downhill fast. I slid back the

The aeroplane "ceiling" is going up and up, and air battles will probably be fought at upwards of 40,000 feet

By H. C. Biard

(Test Pilot and Schneider Trophy Winner)

FLYING fortresses in action high up in the stratosphere. In this picture the artist has envisaged an air battle high up beyond the clouds, beyond the "weather" even. The very high-flying bomber cannot be allowed to carry out its attacks unchecked, so the defending air force has also constructed above-the-weather aeroplanes. This type of aircraft must, of course, be air conditioned, and the engines must be supercharged owing to the rarefied air in which they have to operate. (Right) A pilot equipped for high-flying aeroplanes in which pressure-cabins are not fitted

hood and began to get out. My goggles were whipped off, and my helmet began to lift in the slipstream.

"I had not undone my straps, so I pulled out the retaining pin and stood up on anything handy—the seat, the instrument panel, I don't really know.

"The air took me and there was a wrench as my oxygen tube snapped (I had forgotten to undo it) and I shot out into the sky.

"The aeroplane disappeared. It was nice and cool falling. I was head down, but found it quite comfortable. There was no sense of speed of any feeling of falling. . . .

"My parachute was still on my seat. After a while I thought about pulling the cord. The canopy streamed out, there was a hard jerk, and I was right-side-up, floating slowly earthwards.

"I had fallen about 9,000 ft. (nearly two miles) and might have fallen farther with advantage before pulling the cord."

That was a comfortable jump—though it ended in a tree, which was bad luck, and meant some bruises. I don't like parachutes myself—the only time I ever used one, it dangled me for a long time to and fro over a railway junction, and each time a train passed below I instinctively pulled up my feet!

Other fighter pilots have become unconscious on leaving the aircraft at great heights, and have dropped like a stone for three miles or more before coming to enough to pull the cord.

Unconsciousness "upstairs" will become an increasing problem as "ceilings" go up.

From anywhere above, about five miles up, the pilot is working in air too thin to breathe, and he uses his oxygen apparatus. If that is damaged, he must go down as fast as he can—or fade into oblivion.

IF heights above 40,000 ft. are to be entered, it is probable that pressure-suits or pressure-cabins will have to be used. Both America and Britain have done intensely interesting experiments on these lines, and I think we are farther ahead than any country in the world. Some of our pre-war height records will be recalled, and not nearly all our work of this sort was made public.

The trouble about pressure-suits and pressure-cabins is that if they are penetrated by a bullet they become useless, and the occupant is "for the high jump"—even higher than he is already! At extreme heights, there would not even be a chance of getting down by parachute, as death might supervene before the cord could be pulled.

Nor is it likely that sufficient armour could be used to render bullets harmless; that has been tried by both sides on cockpits and vulnerable points of the aircraft but with only indifferent success and with unwise increases in weight, at least as far as fighter machines are concerned. (*Continued on page* 56)

Henny Sees It Through

"I'M afraid it's going to be terribly lonely, Henny," Joan said anxiously. "Just two women and four small children in a little country cottage stuck all by itself in a frightfully remote part of Dartmoor. There isn't another house within two miles so far as I can make out, but that's why I thought it would be really safe from bombs. But are you sure you wouldn't be—well, nervous?"

"Nervous?" Henny said in her precise, clipped voice, and she straightened the rimless pince-nez that always slid to crookedness on the bridge of her rather small and turned-up nose. "What is there to be nervous of, Mrs. Rigby? This is England, isn't it? Now, if it were a foreign country——" She pushed the darning egg into an immense hole in one of Timothy's socks and the darning needle flashed neatly in and out. "I've seen a king and queen assassinated and a revolutionary mob machine gun people in a market square, and I've hopped out of the back door as Chinese brigands were battering down the front one and threatened a drunken Japanese officer with a toy revolver, but things like that don't happen in England, Mrs. Rigby. You can leave all the children's packing to me, I'll see to everything."

"Bless you, Henny," Joan said, and a twinkle came into her grey eyes. "You know I really don't see why you took such a dull post as this, with an officer's wife and family, after you've been through such adventures and met such exciting, interesting people! Aren't you bored, Henny?"

"I never looked for adventure deliberately, I'm sure," Henny said indignantly. "It just happens when you take posts with foreigners, I suppose. That's why I made up my mind to settle down in England and lead a nice, quiet life. I'll just go and see how the baths are getting on."

She departed briskly upstairs, a small, trim, upright figure with neatly smooth fair hair turning grey and a clear pinkness glowing in her faintly wrinkled face, and Joan Rigby smiled. A nice quiet life!—nights in cellars with bombs dropping uncomfortably close, and the likelihood of a grey, ugly plane zooming down out of the sunlight by day to machine gun playing children. The assassination of foreign kings and the playful habits of Chinese brigands seemed curiously dull by comparison, but apparently to Henny nothing that happened in England could ever be called exciting.

They all packed themselves into the train at Paddington next day with their bundles and parcels, their dogs on leashes and last-minute armfuls of toys that couldn't be left behind to face German bombs, and in five minutes Henny had got every one settled and had enlisted the help of two stalwart, bearded sailors in stowing away the luggage and entertaining the children. One sailor told Timothy and Roger about an attack on a convoy by Dornier bombers and the other one drew ships and admirals and sea gulls for the benefit of Susan and Jennifer. They seemed to be changing at Exeter before the journey had begun and the sailors waved an affectionate farewell to the children out of the window.

"That wasn't so bad," Henny said placidly. "I rather like travelling along with British sailors, they know how to make themselves useful."

"It seems to me, Henny," Joan said, "that it's you who know how to make them useful! Come along, children."

There weren't any sailors to make themselves useful for the rest of the train journey but Henny was quite capable of taking charge and instituted a competition with a prize of one penny for whoever could take longest over eating an apple and a piece of toffee—jaws were still champing silently when the train drew up at the little country station that was perched casually on the edge of Dartmoor.

"Oh dear!" Joan said, a shade

JOAN and the children opening the kitchen door to take an alarmed look, saw an enormous, rather shambling, grey-clad figure moving limply towards the sitting-room, with Henny at its heels

A German Airman Discovers to his Dismay that Ridicule is Most Disarming

By Margaret Ferguson

waveringly, as she stood on the platform and looked about her, "it does seem rather remote and lonely, doesn't it, Henny?"

"It isn't a bit," Henny said briskly. "And we'll be able to have some lovely walks and picnics without being chivvied about by air raid wardens. I expect that's our taxi."

Henny wasn't going to allow nerves and qualms in Joan any more than she'd allow them in Roger or Jennifer. Joan followed her meekly to the tumble-down car that was waiting to transport them and they packed themselves in, sleepy, confused children, hungry, restless dogs, brown paper parcels and armless Teddy bears.

But her courage wilted a little again when they saw the cottage—so inappropriately named Merrymoor Cottage—lying dark and shuttered in its shallow dip in the moors that stretched away into plum-blue shadows of twilight. There wasn't another habitation in sight, the twisting white road wound emptily down into the hollow and up again and out of sight and Joan shivered a little.

"Oh, Henny!" she said, keeping her voice steady only by a great effort of will power. "It—it looks rather lonely, doesn't it? I didn't think it was quite so isolated and right on the edge of the moor."

"That's exactly what we want, isn't it?" Henny said cheerfully. "Not even the most panic-stricken German is going to drop bombs on miles of heather and they can't possibly see the cottage from the air, it's hidden right in the hollow. We'll all be as cosy as a nest of field mice in a hay-stack and the moor will look lovely with the sun shining on the autumn colouring." She gave Joan's arm a quick, firm little pat. "Now don't you worry, Mrs. Rigby, you're tired and it's not a very cheerful time of day to arrive at a new house, but the sun will be up to-morrow, and you'll get a letter from Major Rigby and everything will look different. Out you get, Susan; are your legs stuck? Never mind, you'll soon be popping into a nice warm bed with a glass of milk and some biscuits."

"And we shan't have to get up and go into the cellar here, shall we?" Susan asked, keeping anxiety out of her piping nine-year-old voice. "I shouldn't think the Germans would bother to fly over here and drop bombs, would they?"

Joan's arms went round the rather too-thin little shoulders suddenly, passionately. At nine years old one can be horribly frightened and yet at nine years old one feels too big to show it and that isn't a very good thing.

"Of course not, sweet. They won't bother to come within miles and miles of us here. In you all go and Henny will put you to bed while I unpack and see to supper."

And presently Joan and Henny were sitting over their own supper in the warm, lamp-lit kitchen, while the sounds of children's voices upstairs died away into sleepy silence and the kettle for their after-supper pot of tea steamed and bubbled briskly on the old-fashioned stove.

"I feel better, Henny," Joan said. "Not quite such a coward. Yes, it's safe here and you're perfectly right: what is there to be nervous of any more? And Bill hopes to get some leave soon and he'll feel a different person knowing the children are out of London and settled here."

"And we certainly shan't have any time to feel dull," Henny said, making the tea. "Running this place and looking after four active (*Continued on page* 66)

1. *A typical Greenland settlement, Angmagsalik Station, on the east coast. There are 176 of these settlements in which dwell 22,000 Eskimos and 300 Danish officials.*

2. *The visit of King Christian of Denmark to Godhavn, the capital of northern Greenland, in the summer of 1921. The first time in history that Greenland had seen its king*

3. *Greenland Eskimos in their native costume. The girls are much more elaborately dressed than the boys*

4. *Eskimo boats off Godthaab, the southern capital of Greenland. They have two kinds of boats. Both are made from skins and easy to handle*

Greenland

The Orphan Isle

By Harold J. Shepstone

WILL America take over Greenland? That is the question which is exercising the minds of statesmen in Washington. It is suggested that she should buy Greenland from Denmark just as she purchased Alaska from Russia and develop it.

That she is concerned over the ultimate fate of this far-flung Arctic possession of Denmark is obvious. Within a few days of the German occupation of Denmark she appointed Mr. James K. Penfield as American Consul to Greenland. He sailed for Godthaab, the southern capital, on May 10 last, accompanied by Mr. George L. West as Vice-Consul on the U.S. cutter *Comanche*.

Since then, through the American Red Cross, she has seen to the wants of the twenty-two thousand native population and the three hundred Danes who live in Greenland, supplying them with food, clothing, tools and other necessities, which previously came from Denmark. She has also kept watch upon Greenland's waters and has now dispatched arms to protect the cryolite mine at Ivigut.

The fact is America regards Greenland as part of North America, at least geographically. She recognises that Greenland could be made to serve as an all-the-year round base for air operations and in summer for manœuvres by sea and land.

The distance from the west coast of Greenland to Cape Dyer, Canada, is less than two hundred miles, and northern Greenland is only twelve to fourteen miles from Ellesmere Island. It is only two hundred miles as the sea bird flies from Greenland to Iceland, and from there five hundred miles to Britain and just over six hundred miles to Norway. Thus Greenland is a convenient stepping stone for aeroplanes flying to the American continent from Europe. It will be recalled how in 1930–31 the late Gino (*Continued on page* 64)

Old Tales Re-told

The Astounding Exploits of Chevalier d'Éon and Mademoiselle de Beaumont

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

WHENEVER circumstances have compelled a woman to adopt masculine habits and attire, she has seldom lost her quality of appeal. Far from it. If she has withstood the unnatural strain and played her part well, she usually acquires an added aura of heroism or romance. It is very different with the opposite sex.

A man who dresses in women's clothes, without being compelled to adopt this disguise by reason of some emergency, lays himself open to every sort of insult, for he becomes a mere freak, repugnant in every sense to our æsthetic and moral standards.

We applaud female impersonation on the stage; but here we are applauding the histrionic talent of the actor himself.

The protagonist of this story was an actor of the most highly gifted kind. But his stage was not the theatre. Nor did he give his "performance" for the amusement of the public.

He entered the limelight at the court of Louis XV., that centre of excitement, glamour and insecurity, where he was involved in every kind of intrigue, both private and diplomatic.

He carried out his act of female impersonation at a time when feminine charm had reached its highest peak of perfection. Yet at the same time he maintained his true sex by a display of the most substantial proof of his virility.

Many details recorded by historians in connection with this remarkable being seem almost incredible. But many things that took place at the court of Louis XV. seem incredible; yet they are true.

The king was dissolute. His principal failings were women and wine. In all fairness he could hardly be blamed for this, for he was surrounded by sycophants who encouraged him in his vices in every possible way. The human mind can become accustomed to moral poison as quickly as the body to material drugs. Thus these parasites of the court not only obtained royal indulgence for themselves, but ended by persuading the king of his divine right to arbitrate between right and wrong, convincing him that whatever iniquities he chose to commit were consistent with his title of King of France.

In addition to the courtiers, there were other forces that held sway over Louis XV. He was perpetually under the thumb of his mistresses, first Madame de Pompadour and later Madame du Barry. His own daughters were careful to keep on cordial terms with the royal favourites in order to preserve their own privileges. Ministers, diplomats and ambassadors all used the feminine avenue of approach to the king in order to gain their ends. Any little difference of opinion between themselves and the favourite of the moment ended almost invariably with a *coup de grace* delivered by a small bejewelled hand.

A royal mistress could not long sustain her position without pandering to the king's appetite for new sensations and variety. In consequence they showed no scruples as to the means they adopted to gratify it. Madame Pompadour, for instance, presented the king with a private residence known as "Le Parc aux Cerfs," situated discreetly near the chateau of Versailles. Here the king

The King had already begun to pay compliments to the fascinating coquette who had been presented to him when suddenly the voice of the charmer changed from soprano to baritone, and speedily enlightened him as to her real identity

could resort whenever he pleased, certain of finding a new bevy of beauties specially selected for him.

Madame du Barry did not hesitate to surrender even her young niece to the appetite of the king, thereby making the girl's fortune for her, and earning his undying gratitude.

In the centre of this nest of intrigue at Versailles dwelt the poor queen, living a life of semi-seclusion, hardly noticed by anyone. Tired and helpless, she did not assert herself in any way to stop the tide of moral and material ruin which was sweeping the Bourbons downwards. Snubbed by her daughters, she befriended the king's mistresses who, when in her company, had at least the decency to preserve an outward show of respect. It was very seldom that the king put in an appearance in her apartments.

There came a time when he was sent to the war, and many who had believed him to be masquerading when in man's attire were speedily disillusioned, for he distinguished himself as an invincible swordsman

An exception, however, was when the queen commissioned the famous artist Boucher to paint in her presence a large picture of the Holy Family. To her surprise the king began to visit her many times daily to watch the progress of the picture. The explanation lay in the fact that the painter had brought with him two young Irish sisters to pose as models for the angels. Before the work of art had got very far, one of the sisters was borrowed by his Majesty and installed in a private apartment above his own. The unhappy queen took small notice of the incident, and the painter proceeded with his work, thankful that the other angel also had not been requisitioned.

Though very lightly touched upon, these few incidents may perhaps convey an idea of the atmosphere that greeted a newcomer to the court of Louis XV.

The king had always kept a secret agency whose task it was to keep a watchful eye on the doings of the government and also to maintain contact with other governments abroad. This was accomplished by means of correspondence in code that was sent by a circuitous route quite unknown to his Minister Choiseul.

The principal members of the agency were the Prince de Conti, the Abbé de Broglio and Lebel, the king's valet.

One day a young man of twenty-seven years who had started life in literary circles was introduced to the Prince de Conti. The prince became at once greatly interested in him, for he had a face like that of an extremely pretty girl of about eighteen. During subsequent interviews he learned that this new acquaintance was the Chevalier d'Éon; also that, in addition to being bold and intelligent, he was a brilliant swordsman and utterly unscrupulous.

Conti, the old fox, was quick to realise the potential value of d'Éon as an agent in the king's service. He wasted no time in informing Louis of his discovery, emphasising all that was to be gained by employing a born adventurer who could pass as a woman without arousing a shadow of suspicion.

The king was at first incredulous, and had to be convinced by an actual demonstration. The Chevalier d'Éon gave a performance of subtle perfection. The king had already begun to pay compliments to the fascinating coquette who had been presented to him, when suddenly the voice of the charmer changed from soprano to baritone, and speedily enlightened him as to her real identity.

On being enlisted as a member of the secret agency, d'Éon offered himself for a bold and important enterprise.

It appeared that Louis was extremely anxious to gain powerful allies against the Prussian Emperor, Frederick the Great. To this end he had sent an emissary to try to establish friendly relations with the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, daughter of Peter the Great.

The emissary, however, had mysteriously disappeared, apparently killed by an unknown hand. D'Éon now offered to go himself, disguised as a woman. He was to be Mademoiselle de Beaumont, sent by the court of France as *demoiselle de compagnie* to the Russian Empress. Louis, knowing the character of Elizabeth, was not in the least afraid of the Empress's displeasure should the trick be discovered.

It was in the year 1755 that Mademoiselle de Beaumont with her voluminous luggage took the *voiture de poste* on the first lap of the journey to Russia.

In due course Louis received a letter expressing Elizabeth's satisfaction with so charming a demoiselle, who had been given the post of companion to the Empress and had quickly gained great popularity at court.

D'Éon had been provided with a wonderful array of gowns, and the way in which he played his part was nothing short of a masterpiece. Mademoiselle de Beaumont was also noted for her extreme modesty. She invariably adopted an attitude of great reserve towards the many young gallants who sought her favours. She had her own reasons for doing so!

Meanwhile Louis was somewhat puzzled by the extent of the Empress's affection for Mademoiselle de Beaumont. Had she discovered the truth or not? On this point he was never enlightened. D'Éon, on his return, preserved a chivalrous silence on this aspect of his mission. The important fact was that he brought back with him no less than a Treaty of Alliance between Russia, France and Austria.

Choiseul was astounded at this feat. By what diabolic means had it been accomplished without his collaboration?

It was difficult to hide such a secret; and soon the young Chevalier had become the talk of the court. Among all the rumours and conjectures that went round, the one that gained most credence was that

He made a fortress of his house, where his friends gathered every night. Every window was an observation post with loop-holes, and ammunition at hand ready for any emergency

One evening His Excellency invited d'Éon to dine with him. He accepted the invitation but refused to drink the wine proffered by the Equerry

Mademoiselle de Beaumont was the sister of the Chevalier d'Éon.

Still keeping up his disguise, d'Éon accepted many invitations to the houses and chateaux of prominent hostesses. Looking radiantly beautiful, he did not hesitate to brave the scrutiny of prying eyes.

In certain cases he permitted his secret to be probed more fully; and on these occasions the fortunate explorer, jealous of her discovery, always remained staunch in her assertion that Mademoiselle de Beaumont was —*a woman!*

It was undoubtedly this aspect of the affair that helped more than any other towards keeping the problem still unsolved.

Meantime d'Éon was strengthening his position at court more and more. There came a time when he was sent to the war. Many who had believed him to be masquerading when in *man's* attire were

Choiseul paced up and down, hands clasped behind his back. He consulted his sister, seeking to devise some counter-stroke that would be the end of the Chevalier d'Éon

speedily disillusioned, for he distinguished himself as an invincible swordsman—"un des plus dangereux sabreurs de France." No adversary who had the courage to oppose him ever survived the experience.

He had the temerity to go to Russia on a second mission. But this time he presented his credentials as the Chevalier Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothée d'Éon de Beaumont, brother of that Mademoiselle de Beaumont who had left behind so many pleasant memories of herself.

His diplomatic victories had the unfortunate effect of infuriating Choiseul and his party. So much so, in fact, that Choiseul decided to do away with him. The truth was that this young Chevalier was too good as a secret agent and might prove a very dangerous adversary.

The only way to do it was to find some pretext for imprisoning him in the Bastille, after which it would not be difficult to keep him there until his disappearance could be engineered. An incident of this sort would be convincing proof that the king's protection was not of any value. Choiseul knew that if he could provide legal justification for his action, he would make it very difficult for the king to intervene. So began a clandestine struggle between the two enemies, while outwardly they gave every sign of warm friendship and loyalty to each other.

It is sufficient to read some of Choiseul's letters beginning affectionately: "Dear d'Éon," to realise how deep these people were sunk in deception and hypocrisy.

The Prince de Conti, one of the craftiest men who ever lived, soon found another post for d'Éon well out of Choiseul's reach. Knowing the extraordinary power that "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" had over young princesses, Conti and the King plotted together ways and means of introducing d'Éon to Sophie Charlotte, the young Queen of England.

The opportunity presented itself when a new French ambassador was to be sent to England. D'Éon took the position of secretary to the Ambassador, in spite of the obstacles put in his path by Choiseul.

Soon after he had comfortably established himself in London came an invitation from Queen Charlotte. The Queen would be graciously pleased to receive at St. James's—Mademoiselle de Beaumont.

The most glamorous gown was got out. Hairdressers performed an elaborate coiffure and presently the ravishing Mademoiselle de Beaumont stepped, light as a butterfly, out of her coach and passed between two bowing lines of lackeys and courtiers, to sink into a graceful curtsey before the royal ladies.

The visits to St. James's became quite frequent, in spite of the fact that d'Éon's double rôle was by now no secret to anyone in London. Speculation was rife regarding his true sex. Bets were laid on it—sometimes to the extent of six or seven hundred pounds.

Reports of "Mademoiselle's" successes with the Queen of England enraged Choiseul still more. He paced up and down, hands clasped behind his back, in his luxurious *cabinet de travail*. He consulted his sister, seeking to devise some counter-stroke that would be the end of d'Éon. (*Continued on page 75*)

The Chevalier d'Éon disguised as a woman. A contemporary portrait of this astonishing personality when fifty years of age

She Tired her Hair

IF woman's crowning glory is her hair, its "tiring" has often been her greatest folly. From the days when Egyptian belles twisted their locks round a cylinder, plastered it with clay, and sat in the sun until it was baked—the first permanent wave known—civilisation has been mocked by the unnatural head-dresses of its women.

"Jezebel painted her face and tired her head" in defiance of her husband's conqueror, and her own murderer. The braided locks of later days proclaimed the tragic, age-old profession always open to women of every race.

Even the women of Ancient Greece, whose lovely, clinging garments rarely changed their form, stuffed and padded, dyed and frizzed their hair until it looked like the stern of a ship sailing behind them.

Roman women also padded their hair, but moulded the tight little curls to form a halo round the face. This they covered with a hood, or the folds of the mantle, when braving the cold winds of the country to which they had been exiled. The head-rail, an oblong piece of cloth fastened on the left shoulder and draping the face and shoulders like a cape, was the head-dress of the Saxons. It was from this simple fashion that the monstrosities of later ages developed.

EARLY in the fourteenth century the rail was still worn, though called by the Norman settlers the *couvre-chef*. A tight band worn under the chin was fastened to the top of the head, and another circling the brow, was added. Then the gorget appeared, which was wrapped round the throat and fixed to the chin strap, or plaits fastened over the ears. Floating cheerfully behind was the wimple, yet another name for the rail, or *couvre-chef*.

The fifteenth century saw the plaits, by then designated the caul, swollen and distorted beyond all reason. The stuffed plaits rose higher and higher until they resembled horns belonging to some strange, unknown beast. To such extremes did these excrescences grow that, at the Chateau de Vincennes, the doors were enlarged to enable the fashionable beauties to enter the room without "turning aside or stooping." The satirists of the day revelled in alluding to them as "horned snails, harts or unicorns" and even to the devil himself. One writer declaring that "horns were given to beasts for defence, a thing contrary to feminity" —which naturally only inflated the desire of women to be in the fashion!

In the reign of Edward IV the dual horn was united, forming that most becoming, though top-heavy article, the hennin, or steeple head-dress. The word hennin tells its own story, for it comes from the old French word *gehenner*, meaning to trouble, or incommode. To add to the top-heavy effect of the hennin, a veil was fastened at the end which was so heavy that it had to be carried over one arm to keep it within

HEAD-RAIL OF THE SAXON PERIOD

WHEN ELIZABETH WAS QUEEN

IN THE DAYS OF PEPYS

IN GEORGIAN DAYS

THE HENNIN HEAD-DRESS

Throughout the Ages Woman has Adorned her Head

By M. Lovett Turner

bounds. No one with an income less than ten pounds a year was allowed to wear a black frontal or piece of black velvet looped over the forehead—society was decidedly select in those days! To add to the disfigurement of these monstrosities, women plucked their eyebrows, cut their lashes and shaved the hair from their foreheads and nape of the neck. It is recorded that women were seen plucking the hair in public—a a foretaste of the open-handed toilet seen to-day in every public place.

The hennin died about 1485, leaving only the frontal as a memento. A piece of stiffened cloth hung down on either side of the face which was stiffened with jewels and pointed at the top, rightly earning the nickname "kennel." With little variation, this lasted for half a century until, with the passing of Catherine of Aragon and the ascendancy of Anne Boleyn, who favoured the French coif, or tight-fitting cap framing the face, head-dresses were gradually replaced by the hat.

An Elizabethan hat was merely a tall, cylindrical steeple, with a flat brim easily bent to suit the wearer's fancy. Plumes and jewels were sometimes worn on it, though often only a plaited band encircled the base of the crown.

WITH a brief interval during the reign of the Stewarts when women allowed their hair to be unadorned, caps were fashionable. Then, with the coming of Queen Anne and the ultra smart society of her day, head-dresses became once more the most important item in a woman's dress. With the founding of the Macaroni Club in London—a counterblast to the Beefsteak Club—arose the fashion of building the hair on a foundation of wire, paste, pomatum and flour. On the top of the erection, which could rise from six to eighteen inches above the forehead, the individuality of the wearer could have full expression. A ship could be worn by the lass who loved a sailor, a coach and horses by the sporting dame, flowers and fruit by the stay-at-home, and feathers by the dignified matron. These toys were made of gold thread and spun glass, and must have been beautiful if seen in a more sensible setting.

As it took so long to have the hair erected, as well as being expensive, it was not often "opened and repaired," perhaps once every three or four weeks. Someone who confessed that hers had not been disturbed for nine weeks was told by her hairdresser that "that was as long as a head could well go in the summer; and that therefore it was proper to deliver it now, as it began to be a little *hasardé*"—the choice of words is illuminating!

Following in quick succession came the flat straw hat tied under the chin, the tiny one tilted over the nose, the turban and the poke bonnet—all charming before becoming outrageous, and all framing faces that must have been attractive—at least to one person.

Told On A White Piano

A *Trio of Melodies, Grave and Gay*

By Christine Jope-Slade

"I SHALL put it on wheels and take it out into the streets," said Toni Lesco.

Dorothy Lesco turned over on a grubby pillow and burst into tears.

"Troubadours and minstrels sang their lay," said Toni pitifully, "and there was no loss of prestige in it. Bards and minstrels with small harps in the old days, going across the country; and the legend of their stories was handed down. It is the angle at which you look at things," said Toni Lesco, ex-cabaret musician; ex-music hall jazz specialist.

"I'd rather scrub steps," said Dorothy Lesco, ex-Lyons's waitress; ex-amateur bathing beauty.

Toni Lesco walked across the room and patted her shoulder clumsily.

"You're too pretty," he said, "too much my little gazelle. The wheels are ordered. It could be a great adventure, this music in the streets," said Toni Lesco. "I will line myself up with the troubadours; the lay minstrels; the bards—and all the rest of them," he added a little vaguely, for his partially Italian, partially English education had not been intensive.

Dorothy, his wife, who loved him, wept on.

A ROW of squalid houses had been flattened out; might have been an earthquake; might have been a hurricane. The ruins were excessive and primitive enough for either. The row of houses opposite stared out of their own windowless sockets; a desolation.

The old lady stared too out of her brougham window at the little girl dancing to the music of the white piano played by Toni. She danced in the cool February sunshine with an incredible and dynamic vigour. There was the strength of a pony and a puppy in her kickings and prancings, and there was a great deal of forceful, untrammelled grace.

"Shall I go on, madam?" said the old coachman.

"Stay," said the old lady. "What a fool colour for a filthy city like this — a *white* piano."

She climbed out of her barouche and with a strange grace she crossed the road to the child.

"What is your name?" she inquired.

"What's it got to do with you?"

"Where do you live?"

"Mostly down the tube."

"But when you are not living down the tube, where *do* you live, and what is your name?" said the old lady patiently.

The child's eyes were like hazel nuts staring up at her out of the pale sandy earth of her filthy little face. Her hair was a reddish tangle of twigs. She looked a dirty little woodsy creature.

"My name's Pollie Ash, and I live over there."

"Would you like to dance?"

"I yam dancing."

"I teach dancing."

"Go on! You're *old*!"

"I am the greatest teacher of dancing in the world," said the old lady.

"Sez you!" said Pollie Ash.

Toni watched the encounter. He had been playing "The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy."

The old lady crossed the road to him.

"And *you*," she said, "have you nothing better to do than sell good music to wet fools?"

It had begun to rain.

"No," said Toni, and he grinned at her. "At the moment I haven't."

The old lady put a pound on the piano.

"Who ever heard of a white piano on a London street?" she said. "Why; it's like putting on white gloves to shake hands with a blind man in a coal cellar."

Toni watched her cross the road and enter one of the mean houses. She was there a long time. When she came back she was accompanied by a slatternly woman. She and the slatternly woman and the dancing child stood on the kerb for ten minutes talking. Then the dancing child got into the brougham with the old lady and drove away. Toni marvelled.

Two hours later the old lady entered her ballet school. There were four girls in practice knickers working at the bars. She stood a long time watching them.

"You're like penguins dancing the minuet. There's no art in you, and there's no heart in you. In your minds are footlights, and men, and flowers; and big notices saying you are the new Pavlova. None of it will come true because you will not really work; you will not really discipline yourselves. You are flip-flops. To-day I have a new pupil."

She looked up at the large signed photograph of Anna Pavlova.

"I work with puddles," she said, "but I see the stars in them; even if you never look up and see the stars themselves you *must* see the stars in your puddles. My star is Anna." She nodded to the photograph of Pavlova. "I try to lift my stars in the puddles up to her. I have taken a little girl off the streets. There shall be no royalties; no limelights; no flowers in her mind. She shall work to release what is in her. She shall recompense me for all of you."

They clustered around her. One was crying.

"You're not going to give us up, madam? You're not going to give up the school?"

"No," said madam. "But this little Ash shall be the one on whom I will work, and because of her you will work. You will leave off pecking at the meat of success you have not earned and get down to the bones again; the decent bones on which everything grows. Go now! You make me sick. I come in and look at you; look at the lift of your leg. Poetry? A clothes peg wagging on a loose line in the wind. To-morrow the

HE stood a minute on the threshold of the room. "It's pretty," he said. "Unusual"

little Ash will come, and to-morrow you will work."

She crossed to the practice bar; an old lady of eighty. Her face was fine, but fine and fierce with the height of her own ambition. She glanced up at the signed portrait of Anna Pavlova.

"Look!" she said, "you wagging clothes pegs!"

Under her wide black skirt her leg went up; straight, firm, like an arrow; like a bird with outspread wing.

"So!" said madam.

She looked up at the portrait of Anna Pavlova; she smiled.

"To-morrow," she said, "another one shall shine in the puddle. A *good* one."

"She gave me a pound," said Toni Lesco, but she never listened to my music. She didn't know what I played."

TONI Lesco played "Tipperary." It was for him a song of desperation. If he could not send out a wave of music he would send out waves of memory; even waves of pain on this big, wet, uncaring, sprawling metropolis.

In the twilight the man Richard Hacker heard the song. Vaguely underneath his memory he heard feet.

"Boots! Boots!" Men marching somewhere. Getting somewhere. Men, big with dreams; strong with a cause.

He felt the revolver in his pocket. He came to a door and opened it. Although he closed it again behind him he could still hear "Tipperary."

On a third landing he paused and took out the revolver. He leaned his tired head against the door, and he heard the murmur of a man's voice. No more than that. The murmur of a man's voice.

Inside the room a pretty woman with a charming, vicious face threw off a shabby delphe blue dressing-gown, (*Continued on page* 80)

Who'll Be *the* "Big

SOMEWHERE in mud-bound dispersal huts at R.A.F. fighter stations, or in lonely anti-aircraft posts; stifling inside tanks in the Libyan Desert or rolling in their bunks in convoying destroyers; perhaps stamping parade grounds in provincial backwaters, or buried in Whitehall offices are some fifty—sixty, perhaps seventy—young men.

Bored, hopeful, eager, frustrated, ambitious according to their natures. But, whether they guess it or not, Destiny has reserved niches for all of them in the various halls of notoriety and fame.

J. B. PRIESTLEY
He did five years of the war. His heart was set on writing

ROBERT GRAVES
Blew all the gaff he knew in *Good-bye To All That*

NOEL COWARD
He had some hard years ahead of him after he left the Army

IVOR NOVELLO
Was already known as composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

AUGUSTUS JOHN
One of the painters who still rule the roost

JACOB EPSTEIN
Was famous before the "last time" and still dominates sculpture

SIR ADRIAN BOULT
Now famous conductor. Was a War Office official

CONSTANT LAMBERT
Was a little boy of thirteen at Christ's Hospital

For they are the young men who are going to become the leaders of the post-war generation, or if not leaders, certainly names known to the public.

They are the politicians, painters, poets, writers, actors, engineeers, scholars of to-morrow. They are destined to creep slowly but surely into the limelight.

"WALDO AUGUSTUS SAYS MODERN GIRLS ARE BORING" and "HOPE JONES, M.P., TO BE NEW VITAMINS DICTATOR" will read the headlines, and men back from Tibet or Patagonia will say: "Waldo Augustus? Hope Jones? Who on earth are they? Never heard of 'em. All these moderns!"

And just now, embraced by the war, Private Augustus, R.A.M.C., and Flight Sergeant H. Jones are thinking that the future is black and that if it be true that if winter comes spring cannot be far behind, then it is the hell of a long time coming.

So thought men in the last war.

Just walk along the ranks and see them. There was a young fellow in the Duke of Wellington's and Devon Regiments. He did five years of the war. His heart was set on writing. If he ever thought of wireless, it was probably as a thing that ships used at sea. His name was John Boynton Priestley.

J. B. Priestley? Yes, he must be counted as a post-war name. Now whom else would you put in the ranks of post-war writers?

There was Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. Graves went through ten years or so of hardship before he won wider recognition with a book blowing all the gaff he knew, and which he titled *Good-bye To All That.* Sassoon graduated more gently with *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.*

Osbert Sitwell came out of six years in the Grenadier Guards with his æsthetic qualities unimpaired. Michael Arlen was a young Bulgarian called Dikran Kouyoumdjian; meeting him in 1919 one would have to be as fantastically-minded as some of his own characters if you could have guessed his future.

In 1918 a pale and rather limp youth found himself (to his great indignation) drafted to a labour battalion. He promptly got himself undrafted, and before the Armistice came he was actually out of the army with a pension. His name was Noel Coward. He had some hard years ahead.

By 1918 a slightly older young man called Ivor Novello was already known as composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." It would not have seemed likely, at the time, that he would ever play Henry the Fifth at Drury Lane. Quite a schoolboy still was a slim youth called Cecil Beaton, destined to become

Here are some well-known reached fame in their walk

By Gordon

the Mr. Pepys and Peter Leley of Mayfair rolled into one.

Now see the men whom you would say were the leading post-war political figures. Here is the start of one list: Anthony Eden, Malcolm MacDonald, Aneurin Bevan, Oswald Mosley, Duff Cooper.

Take Mosley, who—whatever his faults—certainly kept in the political limelight for several years. He was a subaltern in the 16th Lancers and afterwards in the Royal Flying Corps. MacDonald saw the last year of the war at Bedales School, the co-educational establishment at Petersfield.

war finished, Constant Lambert was a little boy of thirteen at Christ's Hospital. Adrian Boult was a War Office official, Leslie Heward was music master at Eton, Basil Cameron and Eugene Goossens were both as yet obscure figures.

Actors?

At least one of these affords an excellent example of how fame may descend with subtle swiftness upon a man and, before the public realises it, a celebrity has been manufactured. The story starts with a young officer who found himself still in

Names" After *the* War?

ANTHONY EDEN
With Eton behind him and Oxford ahead

MALCOLM MACDONALD
Saw the last year of the war at Bedales School

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY
Has kept in the political limelight for several years

DUFF COOPER
Greeted the last peace as a Foreign Office worker

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
In less than twelve years reached the peak of his profession

RAYMOND MASSEY
Was a young lieutenant in the Canadian Field Artillery

JOHN GIELGUD
At the end of the war was still at Westminster School

SIR FREDERICK BANTING
His name was given to the world as the discoverer of insulin

personalities who have of life since the last war

Beckles

Anthony Eden was a captain in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, with Eton behind him and Oxford ahead. Duff Cooper greeted the peace as a Foreign Office worker and his political debut was not to come until 1924.

What of painters? Strangely enough the twenty years "since the last time" has not been especially conducive to the making of paint-on-canvas names. Augustus John and Sickert still rule the roost. Epstein still dominates sculpture. The Royal Academy's grip on art has only begun to relax, and although there are a number of talented younger men their names are little known to the public. C. R. W. Nevinson enjoyed wide publicity in the first post-war decade through his war paintings.

Musicians? William Walton was a choir pupil when the

France in 1922! In fact, he was the last British officer to leave the war zone in that year. Before the war he had been a touring actor.

Who could have dreamed, on the day he came back on the Channel packet from Calais, that in less than *twelve* years he would have been knighted and regarded as one of the leaders of his profession? That he would have won this distinction after only about a dozen different performances?

Cedric Hardwicke is the actor's name.

In the Flanders mud, and in Siberian snows, a young lieutenant in the Canadian Field Artillery may have dreamed that one day he would be Raymond Massey, the distinguished actor; it sounds unlikely.

Leslie Henson was a concert party comedian gaining a reputation in an army troupe, Jack Buchanan was a young Scottish lad dancing in an Armistice year revue, Herbert Marshall was facing what seemed a very bleak future minus most of a leg, Jack Hulbert was twenty-six when he was demobilised and started to pick up his job where he had left off, and at Westminster School was a little boy called John Gielgud.

I have just picked out some names of my own in all this; it is open to any one to make his own list (*Continued on page* 65)

Love—Hot or Cold?

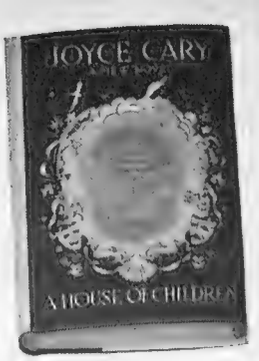
TWO women this month choose to make the climate responsible largely for the emotional actions of their heroines and a thoroughly entertaining case they make out.

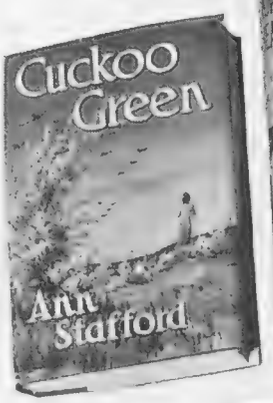
Nancy Johnstone chooses "Temperate Zone" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) for her sphere, and Pipitza, half Scottish, half Mexican Indian, for her very fascinating and lively heroine. Brought up in Cuahuecteptl, or Hill of Honey. After a modern school in Mexico City, Pipitza certainly wakes things up, and people wake up. Her love affair with Brent is unusual and causes endless commotion. The whole book is high spirited and combines very cleverly a picture, contrasting, of life in a certain section of Mexico City, and the true life of a Mexican Indian, in his village in these modern days. There are so many good characters in this book in my opinion that I may be biased because most of the men are journalists. But at any rate their work plays no part in the tale which in the end boils down to Pipitza and the original way she gets her men, even though she lives in the Temperate Zone. I liked Pipitza.

Far different is Judith, whose passion blazes under the pen of Elinor Mordaunt in "Tropic Heat" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). She is a golden haired English rose who is transplanted as the wife of Robert, a cold fish, to the Dutch East Indies, there to swelter in Java and Timon. A fascinating young Dutchman, Charles van Amerongen, falls in love with her and there, with the permanent heat as an imponderable background, is the situation. Here again there is a very good picture of life in the heat, and a mingling of Dutch, Portuguese, Javanese, Timorese, and British, with Robert, cold, proud, neat and unsympathetic, dominating the drama.

Frankly, when Robert disappears from the scene, I found the book more exciting and the ending in the hurricane is good writing.

Transpose the heroines in these two books and what would the answer be? Probably "Climate."





Books:

Reviewed by

Noel Thompson

THERE have been stories in the newspapers recently, "Your Canaries Can Still Sing" and "No Need to Kill Your Pets," dealing with the shortage of birdseed and enumerating substitutes for adequate feeding.

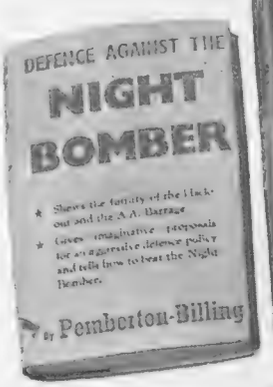
When a few days later I picked up Bechhofer Roberts's book "The Birdseed Pool" (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.) I looked at the title with amazement and then dived into it. When I came to the surface I realised that by a stroke of genius the author had described very nearly this situation which has arisen, and how the Government would deal with it. But his view of the solution is first class satire and like all true satire has a lot of truth in it. The Government form a pool and Bechhofer Roberts describes its formation through Sutton Binter, a type we all know, its running under Tony Clayton, and his fight with the civil servants. By bringing in true examples, he makes his case against them all the stronger, while not weakening their defence.

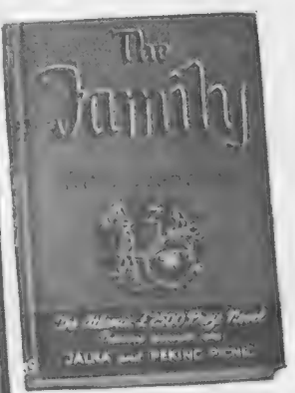
This is a book filled with genuine humour and deserves to be a classic. It will fill those who attack Whitehall with an ecstatic joy, and those same civil servants will not be in the least upset, at any rate outwardly. But coming on top of Lord Perry's speech in the House of Lords, it supplies a perfect light contrast and I trust it will have quite as wide an audience.

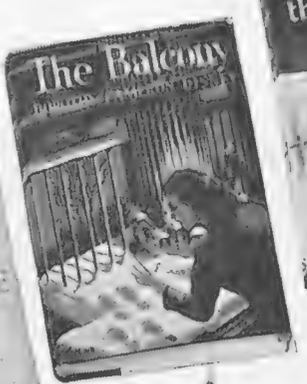
I AM not sufficiently a naturalist to know whether cuckoos eat birdseed but Ann Stafford provides plenty of meat in her "Cuckoo Green" (Collins, 8s.). Like eight of the twelve books I review this month, it covers part of the period 1937 to 1940, namely September 1938 to September 1940. Ursula Mannering is building a house in that quiet backwater, Cuckoo Green, and the book tells of its construction, its furnishing, its completion and its final invasion by evacuees and refugees. Ursula is a satisfactory person in every way and so is Mr. Tucker, the builder, and Mr. Jones, the retired Brighton shopkeeper. It is an unusual love story, almost buried beneath the very authentic and amusing picture of A.R.P. and all the other wartime movements. These are so well described that I name this book as one which will be read by future generations.

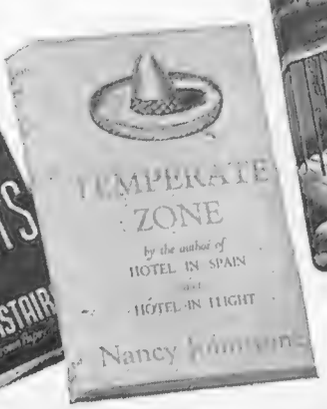
And now for two novels with an Irish setting. "A House of Children" (Michael Joseph, 8s.) is by Joyce Cary, who has a brilliant insight into the child mind. She tells of a family of children in Ireland, mainly as one of them looks back in later days. They are attractive children, if wild, and liable to get drunk with excitement. Behind them is their curious tutor, Pinto, whose character affects all who come in touch with him. The children have adventures, fall in love, produce a play which is a smashing feature because they are all too egotistical and, in short, invest everything they do with glamour.

Kate O'Brien (*Continued on page 71*)









On Duty and Off

Mainly Off Duty

By Jane Gordon

To my surprise I have been turned from nurse into nursee. Two of the kindest and most considerate gentlemen explained to me that there was nothing urgent about the matter, but it would be rather nice to get it all over and done with before Herr Hitler started any more of his knavish tricks. There followed a few busy days dashing breathlessly from clinic to consulting room.

I decided to treat myself to some extra pretty nighties and, of course, my hair had to be shampooed and set and this seemed a golden opportunity to deck the nails with something really bright and gay in the way of varnish. The eyebrows were tidied up and the face massaged; my staff went down with 'flu and eventually I arrived at the clinic as instructed with ration book.

I had always thought that being a patient was a very simple thing, in fact, that there were no two ways about it. But now that I have been forced to play the part I realise that there are several tricks of the trade. For instance, if you wish to be a really successful patient wear hair ribbons. I had no idea what a difference a gaily coloured satin ribbon could make to the outlook of surgeons, doctors and visitors. Forty-eight hours after my theatre "party" they propped me up and so I tied a blue satin ribbon round my hair and brightened my face with some of Arden's sky blue pink lipstick. This simple trick got me home four days earlier than any one had anticipated. Unfortunately, I had only brought in one pink ribbon and one blue, so husband took on the job of choosing some extra ribbons. Stalking into Debenham and Freebody's he addressed an elderly gentlewoman behind the counter, thus: "I wish to buy lingerie ribbons for my best girl who is sick in bed." The elderly gentlewoman inquired what his girl friend would be doing with lingerie ribbons in bed and she was informed with great dignity that naturally she wished to tie up her hair.

Another good tip is to bring in a selection of lipsticks ranging from the pale pinks to the brighter shades. This amuses the nurses as well as the patient who match up the lipsticks according to the progress of the victim. Personally, I think it is better to avoid rouge which only accentuates hollows and shadows. But a little eyelash cosmetic does seem to help the face. As luck would have it, I had a good stock of Morny's Lily of the Valley soap and talcum powder. This, with Floris Tea Rose toilet water made the blanket bath practically a pleasure.

If you are severely ill one of the most important parts of the treatment is complete rest. This does not hold true with surgery, however, and if you have had an operation there is no hope of lazing about in bed. While I was still so dopey that I mistook the surgeon for my husband and greeted him with, "Darling, I am so pleased to see you" I was handed a paper with a list of exercises I should practise from the second day after the operation until the sixteenth day. These exercises are interesting because they are not only post-operative exercises but they are also maternity exercises. They will give you back your figure as well as your health in double quick time, so I intend to give them to you in full as they were given to me.

2nd day.—The patient should move her arms and legs and her feet at frequent intervals, bending her knees upwards and moving her joints from time to time. Gentle breathing exercises may be done, at first without moving the arms much.

3rd day.—Breathing exercises may be done raising the arms above the head as the breath is taken in, lowering them to the sides on blowing out.

4th day.—The patient, with feet flat on the bed, draws both the knees up together, then lowers both knees again. This is to be done a few times.

5th day.—The preceding movements may be done together and the patient turn on either side for periods of resting.

6th day.—An exercise which has the beneficient effect of contracting muscles. This may be done twenty times.

The seventh day is evidently a day of rest because the patient skips from the sixth day to the eighth day.

8th day.—Patient with knees bent up and apart draws her knees further apart, resisting the movement with her hands, then brings the knees closer together again, once more resisting the movement with her hands.

Hereafter each day is practised two days running before you arrive at a new exercise.

10th day.—With knees bent up and soles of feet flat on the bed, the patient slowly raises the "tail" off the bed and slowly lowers again.

12th day.—Lying on the back with the knees bent up, the patient retracts the abdomen as far as possible, then slowly forces out and blows out the abdomen, rather like a pair of bellows.

14th day.—The patient should be doing the above exercises quite gently, breathing easily all the time with no straining.

16th day.—Lying on the back she may bend each knee gently upon the abdomen, clasping the hands over the knee and pressing the thigh against the abdomen, then releasing the hands she may lower the leg to the bed and slowly bring up the other knee in a similar way.

At the same time if massage is being done other easy movements may be practised, so that when the patient is up and about at three weeks, she may have four or five simple exercises for the muscles of the abdomen. Reference may be made to Margaret Morris, Maternity and Post Operative Exercises (Heinemann publication).

The tonic which peps a woman up most efficiently in these circumstances is massage. Mine was started four days after the operation and my voice was twice as strong when the masseuse had finished her first treatment as it was when she began. This type of massage is, of course, highly specialised and it seems to me wise to use the masseuse who is accustomed to working with your surgeon. Mine started by livening up the circulation and working on the muscles of my legs only on the first day and arms and legs after. In a few days she was dealing very gently with the tummy and I was doing breathing exercises as well as arm and leg movements. After each arm had been massaged the masseuse lays your arm flat on the bed palm upwards. You then bend your elbow against the gentle pressure of her hand on your palm. After this you lift your arm upwards above your head against the pressure of her hand on yours and pull it down again. These movements are only done three or four times to begin with. The leg movements after massage consist of the following:

1. The masseuse places her forefinger along the back of your toes and you grip her finger with your toes.

2. With your leg flat on the bed you rotate your foot round first one way and then the other.

3. You tense your whole leg by contracting the muscles of your knee and at the same time pull up your foot. You can feel this working the muscles of your legs right up to your (Continued on page 80)

HEALTH

Fighting Fat

ROUND ONE

Not a thin one among us but has had to contend at some time or other with *local* increases. We tackle them because the unwelcome inch or so throws out the fit of our clothes; disfigures. These uprisings can always be pinned down to a cause: lack of exercise, something different in the food. That is because we are fortunate: thin. Not slim-crazy, that's emaciated, but up to normal health weight, well covered, yet carrying no superfluity.

Then, at thirty-five, or perhaps after an illness, fifty per cent of us start to put on—adipose, and regard it as being something constitutional, because the overweight is general. We're broadening out, that's all. If we fight it, it's only half-heartedly in spasms, because, well—it's natural to be plump. Father or mother put on weight at this age. Besides, some people are enormous from birth whether they eat or starve. What's wrong in being plump, apart from vanity? The answer is that everything is wrong. Grow big and your life is slowed down. You suffer from breathlessness, heat, congestion. A strain is placed on your heart. You are at a disadvantage in case of a fracture, or in any illness affecting the breathing system.

Moreover, fat is a potential basis for ill-health, which only varies according to whether the basis is great or small. It leads to auto-intoxication or self-poisoning, being in itself a sign of the improper assimilation of food: you are either not using up the energy conferred by your meals, or, owing to indigestion, nutrition is forming fat acids.

Now, self-poisoning accumulates at its own rate of compound interest, a fact that is only too evident in the general nerviness of the fat. They cannot stand up to a crisis with the comparative equanimity of those who are less well-endowed. Apart from any inner turmoil, their physical condition throws them into a state bordering on suffocation or being all of a tremble, they have so much more than the thin to keep under control.

Yes, allow yourself to be fat and you place yourself under a millstone, one that is unnecessary, unnatural and can easily be lifted, whether the overweight is incidental or due to heredity, providing you take the trouble to find out what is the cause, *what lies behind your fat.*

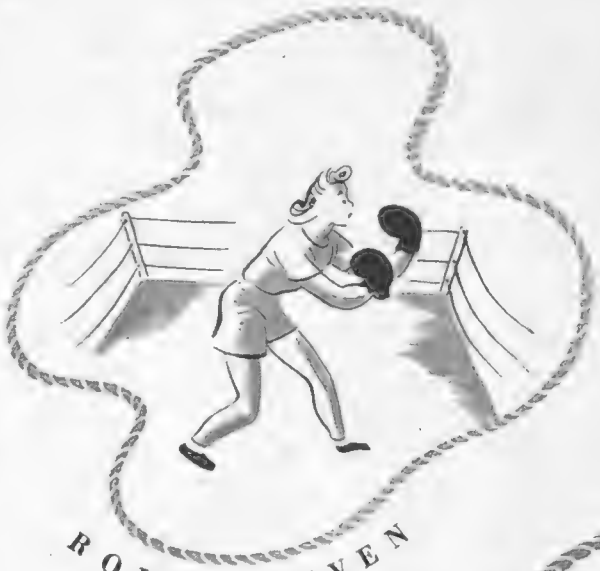
No fat is constitutional. All fat is *anti*-constitutional.

Have a blood test. Get yourself overhauled.

In the main, blood is either alkaline, acid or neuter. The aim of acid or alkaline-blooded people is to become neuter, as neuter blood spells health.

Now, although acid-blooded people are usually thin, some fat ones are highly acid. That is why a blood test is fundamental, to tell you what foods to avoid. And, of course, to arrive at the reason for fat. Potatoes are a notoriously fattening food, they are a major source of nourishment at the moment. Yet a diet of potatoes *only* constitutes the quickest slimming cure known. Potatoes and cabbage at the same meal form acid, so do potatoes and any green except spinach. New potatoes and fresh green peas are almost irresistible, but are certainly best taken separately; the two together lead to an excess of carbo-hydrates, only to be partaken of by the very thin.

A safety rule is to keep to roots—carrots, turnips, parsnips, potatoes—or top leaf or fruit vegetables at the same meal. Again, the amount of fluid you take depends on the blood test, some people drink quarts, literally, to lose weight. (Especially first thing on rising.) Others cut down the liquid they have for the day to a pint.



ROUND SEVEN

Some causes of fat are obscure. All of us know of peculiar outsize cases. There was a particularly brilliant girl scholar at the Slade School of Art who was the despair of her masters. She would obtain commissions on the exhibitions of her work, but could never be relied on to carry these out as she would be overcome for days with drowsiness and fall asleep at her work. She was shapeless. Had the fatal habit of nibbling between meals which certainly leads to shapelessness. Her ancestors had (Continued on page 73)

ROUND TWELVE

THE WOMAN YOU COULD BE

Blame yourself, not time. Even though time plays the queerest tricks. You have seen necks look cockled at twenty-five, eyes wear pouches at eighteen, a deep frown form the main line of a railway junction on foreheads of twenty.

From this we learn : years, so-called age, do not influence looks as much as habit.

We can build attractiveness with every breath we draw, providing we maintain the effort.

" Don't speak of effort ! " cry munitions-workers, land-workers, women digging, driving lorries, washing-up at canteens. " Tell us how to be beautiful in spite of work, in spite of feeling tired."

Well, you can be beautiful and you will feel less tired if you will only check up on yourselves from the very start.

Standing, sitting, walking, throw your shoulders back. Slouching leads to bad circulation, a grey skin, dull eyes, weariness in every limb.

For the same reason, and because slim waists and ribs are appealing, pull your stomach in.

Head up, please, even when you 've thrown yourself into an armchair. Don't drop it unless you want a double chin.

Keep the brow smooth. Don't pucker it in bewilderment, irritation or exclamation.

Don't ever let your mouth droop in repose—that encourages those mouth-to-chin lines. Lift the corners when you smile. Smile a lot. Laugh a lot. That keeps muscles busy, helps the blood circulate, makes eyes shine, creates mobility. When you have been doing close work, rest the eyes and agitate the muscles around the eyelids by eye-rolling round and round and round. Look right, look left, look up, look down.

Observe these simple, muscle-discipline, anti-grimace rules, and instead of your face being broken up by bad habits, ruined, it will be lifted by self-control. True, oil-cells under the skin may shrivel, but if the muscle structure is firm that can be countered by skin food.

You powder your face to give it surface-bloom. What about fundamental bloom, skin-health which means skin-radiance ? That is brought about by the blood coursing down every tiny vein into every cell, bringing life. Oxygen it is that purifies the blood and first gives it life. In a word—breath.

Here is a form of breathing which skin-cleanses. If you can do it properly you will never have spots.

Empty your lungs before an open window. Now inhale a complete breath to a count of five, hold it for five. Purse your lips as for a whistle without puffing out your cheeks. Through your pursed mouth release a portion of this breath. Hold for a count of one, release, hold, and so on for five times, until the entire breath is expelled. That is, you expel to a rhythm that is twice as long as the one to which you draw in. Inhale again to five, and you will feel the blood coursing up under your cheeks, mantling, freshening you.

That 's a breathing plan to practise when you 're done-in. You soon get into the rhythm of it.

Moving the scalp up and away from the skull is another great stimulant. Always start with the fingers of both hands pressing upwards from the back of the neck, urging the skin away from the bone. Do the same by the temples. Then toss and waggle your head this way and that, downwards. And brush it every way as though you were beating into a carpet. It won't ruin your set : it will renew your hair. If the scalp feels tender after this, work in a little vaseline hair tonic.

Witch-hazel-drenched pads of cotton wool or gauze will pull out puffiness or shadows from under the eyes, but as witch-hazel is drying, pass in a little skin food first. Optrex, of course is the finest eye-bath in existence.

(Continued on page 73).

BEAUTY By CHRYSIS

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Number One, New Oxford St., W.C.1

AND WHAT COMES AFTER?

By Louisa Kay

The after-effects of some children's illnesses are dangerous, largely because they are hidden until the danger is well advanced.

We have now had our share of measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, all the seasonal ailments, and are well on into the convalescent phase, a very important one to those who realise its implications.

The chief danger of after-effects is that they so often do not make themselves felt until much later, when the illness which caused them is forgotten.

Take the possible results of scarlet fever. Rheumatism is known to hang upon the heels of this common complaint. An average attack of scarlet fever may come and go without seeming to bring much serious trouble, but this is where the danger lies. Some time after—it may be as long as a year or so—the child complains of pains in the limbs. This leads to debility and a nervous condition attributable to rheumatic poisoning in the blood stream, and always to more pains.

At first the parents may attach little importance to the attacks. Later, when they become more insistent, the discovery is made that the foundations are laid of a lifetime of suffering from one or other of the complaints in the rheumatic group.

This is an ugly picture, but safety lies in emphasising the danger points of the situation. Such troubles do not necessarily follow scarlet fever, but the situation does warrant the most careful and watchful attitude when a child is recovering from an attack, however slight.

The throat should be carefully examined for infection—for this is where it lies—and no steps should be neglected to see that latent troubles are identified before they grow out of hand.

Chicken-pox is another illness which, frequently taking a mild form at the time, yet leaves behind it a weakened condition and such impoverishment of the blood as to encourage anæmia. Symptoms of lassitude, paleness, loss of appetite, which persist after an attack of chicken-pox, should be taken seriously. A course of iron in some assimilable form, plenty of salads, a larger daily quota of milk, abundant sleep and fresh air should be the daily order for at least three months. Anæmia is dangerous in the sense that it is difficult to detect in its earlier stages and has frequently reached serious proportions before a cure is embarked upon.

Measles is a complaint implying serious risks. Luckily we know the dangers to-day, because many thousands of older people now walking around with serious ailments can attribute their suffering to the lightness with which measles was treated in their youth. If your child should be a victim of measles, don't hurry the convalescence. Take it easily and ask your doctor for a comprehensive examination of all possible sources of infection. Build-up medicines should continue for a while. Halibut-liver oil is rich in the anti-infective Vitamin A as well as in the protective sunshine Vitamin D. It restores strength and resistance.

Whooping-cough is sometimes the forerunner of trouble with eyes and ears. Fortunately, there has lately been some success with the use of a vaccine in cases of whooping-cough. The effect of this treatment is not so much to cure the cough as to prevent the distressing sickness.

The fact that the food is retained in the system militates against weakness, and by stimulating the resistant powers reduces the course of the illness and speeds up recovery.

These common complaints do not necessarily bring trouble in their train. The special need is to bear in mind their possibilities and, by taking the convalescence slowly and by building up the resistant powers carefully when the illness has abated, to keep the after-effects at bay.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

1. NEW NECKLINE, only for girls without salt-cellars, distinguishes a beautifully poised dress in Celanese crepe, one of the many lovely prints these people are producing. The skirt's knife-pleats start from a rounded hip line, those on the sleeves are held in with little bows

2. DRAPED BODICE with this season's low, crossed-over neckline, in olive green, white spotted crepe. The subtle fit at waist and hips gives a graceful sweater-like line. The skirt's fullness comes from soft, unpressed pleats. *Spectator Model*

3. CHECK SUIT, contributing liveliness and good service to a Spring outfit. The full-gored skirt, cleverly working the checks, carries a self belt as all good skirts should. The cardigan jacket has a casual fit, broad shoulders. *Cresta*

4. NAVAL INFLUENCE seen in the white pique collar and vestlet, the wine satin knot of a fitting tunic dress in navy marana woollen, with a box-pleated skirt, elbow muff sleeves. *Dorville model*

5. BOSOM EMPHASIS of a new and unusual type, which, combining with wide shoulders and a full gathered skirt, most satisfactorily narrows the ribs. In navy "Tested Quality" crepe, made with Courtauld's rayon, a white pique collar and bow. *Susan Small*

OFF FOR THE WEEK-END.

A suit like this is the basis of any considered wardrobe. These days, it is right everywhere, on your travels, in the country, lunching or dining out. It is made in fine soft tweed in blue (or purple, navy, petrol blue, marron brown). The wide shouldered jacket has a comfortable fit, the skirt carries two inverted pleats at front, one at back. £4 14 6

OVER ALL YOUR FROCK.

When you are tired of fitting, revered coats, this is your buy, a long coat hanging straight, yet with a suspicion of swing, with turn back collar and fronts running down to the hem. Rows of stitching down the fronts and the backs are all it needs for trimming, since it relies, with confidence, on cut, cloth and air. In light navy, green, claret, tan, natural, ice blue. £4 14 6

YOU WORK IN AN OFFICE.

A pleasing interpretation of the shirt waist dress with its traditional turn over collar, front fastening. A seamed yoke section has little slit pockets to hold a handkerchief or a love letter. In pastel, wools, rose, black and navy. £3 9 6

QUIET NIGHT AT HOME.

It is easy to feel like a film star in such a house-coat with its exuberant gathered fulness, its rich tapestry fabric, and its luxuriant character. The yoked gathered bodice pouches over a wide waistband which ties in front with a great big bow. In copper-rose, peony red, petal rose, blue grass. £4 9 0

Please apply to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, for names of the shops where these clothes can be obtained

IT'S POURING.

With this little number hanging in the wardrobe, you join the farmers in praying for rain. It is made in shiny white cotton satinette, raglan cut, yet with good wide shoulders, and the really becoming hood is lined with red. If you can consider another colour combine for a moment, there is white with black lining, wine with beige, blue with beige. £2 2 0

THE FIRST WARM DAY.

The little wool dress, perfect background for furs, jewels, long gloves wrinkling at the wrist, a fetching hat. The bodice is draped on either side of a long, slendering panel, and easy back fulness is held in with a narrow tie belt. In black or nigger for preference. Young girls might like it in scarlet or sea-blue. £5 15 6

DANCING AFTERNOONS.

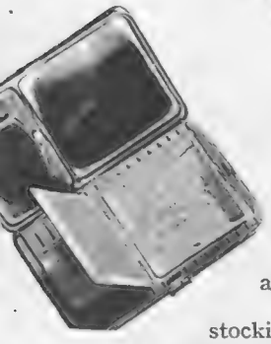
Afternoon dress takes on a new significance in this upside-down life. You go to the theatre and it isn't like a matinée at all, but the real thing. You go to the cinema, to tea parties, to tea dances, and then, quite likely, back to uniform and a night on duty. Here, a pistachio green crepe afternoon frock has a cowl neck, an interesting bodice twisting into a deep corseleted waistline, with a belt, starting at the sides, tying at the back. Also in dusty pink, Air Force and French blue. £4 4 0

CELEBRATIONS.

When you haven't changed for ages, it is an exhilaration to step out in long skirts again. For such a mood, for leave nights, for celebrations, this is the dress, elegant in moss crepe, kind to ribs and waist. Below the bosom, cross-over draperies narrow to the back and tie there. Little bows adorn the draped sleeves. In green, gold, cherry black. £5 5 0

Sigrid

STOCKINGS, COSMETICS AND YOU



Seeing the new rayon stockings for the first time, I said to myself: "What have we all been worrying about?"

Maybe you think, as I thought, of rayon stockings as being thready, brightly plated, usually of a pinkish-mauve tone, with cheap cotton tops and toes, all bundled together indiscriminately in a box on the counter.

Let me surprise you.

The new rayon hosiery is as expensively dull-looking; as fine: yes, even unto 51 gauge; as deep and warm in colour, as those ritzy numbers in real silk that used to be pampered each in its separate cellophane envelope.

And let me surprise you again.

Prices are less than for real silk; but the new rayon wears better than silk.

How stupid of us. . . . After all, we should have realised, war or no war, that the British manufacturer would not let us down in the matter of stockings. Unlike the Nazi frau, the Englishwoman has a leg worth fighting for.

Here was a challenge to the stocking industry. On went the thinking-caps, and in a few months some, at least, of the manufacturers had found ways to overcome prejudice and wartime difficulties.

For instance, the "throwsters" (those who twist silk and give us that fine cobweb texture) would not work on rayon: only on silk. Now, as silk is out of bounds to home consumption, they are twisting rayon as hard and as finely as real silk. Next, the experts eliminated shine, and, hardest task of all, despite wartime restrictions, managed to achieve a depth of dye as good as any pre-war shades.

Most manufacturers have been successful in overcoming obstacles. They are duplicating in rayon and mercerised cotton their most attractive and most useful silk numbers. Rayon chiffonette, crêpe, service and semi-service weights are available. Prices are around 2/6 and run up to 8/- or thereabouts. Other makes, fully fashioned and reinforced, are from 3/6 to 5/-. I was shown 51 gauge stockings in gun-metal that sell at 7/6.

Lace lisle are a good bet for smart everyday wear. They come sheer and fine, or in service weight, and, of course, they wear and wear and wear.

But don't be afraid about the wearing qualities of your rayon stockings. Treat 'em right and they'll serve you better than silk. No necessity to wash before wearing, unless it is a habit with you. When wet, however, they should be handled with extreme care: never twist or wring rayon stockings.

If you care to make doubly sure of your rayon, you may like to invest a few pennies in a bottle of preservative which, it is claimed, grants stockings a longer life, stops ladders running wild, and gives to the humbler hose the *chic* of a sleek, full-fashioned number. Incidentally, when wearing your finer hose, it is a good tip to wear a slackish garter. The elastic evens up the strain and prevents ladders.

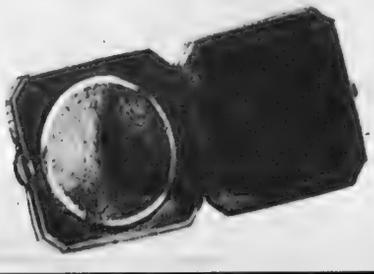
From stockings to make-up is but an upward flick of the feminine eye as she appraises another woman. So let us discuss the cosmetic situation. No *ersatz* business here. The experts say that you will get quality, but not quantity. We must make up our minds to that. Duchess and business woman will get the same share-out. But if you are one of those women who must have a novelty every season to flaunt before your friends, prepare for the worst. You won't get it. The Big Noises in the Cosmetic World have plenty of new things for America, but you and I won't see them. Too bad? Not a bit. It is just our small contribution towards the war effort. For consider. If, say, a new lipstick colour was put on the market, Mrs. Must-Have-a-Novelty would rush to buy, and that would mean that Mrs. and Miss Sensible (you and I, of course), on account of the quota, would have to go short on our basics.

There is no reason to think we shall have to go without basics, if we are not greedy. Basics are: cleansing cream, skin food, powder, lipstick.

All the big houses are determined that we shall have these, the best of them limiting their clients, irrespective of class or means, to a flat rate of supply.

A four-ounce pot of skin food or cleansing cream is about the size we may expect to be able to buy at a time, price, plus tax, being as pre-war. And if you grumble at the Purchase Tax, remember that, actually, you are often getting better value for your money than in pre-war days. For example, Elizabeth Arden gives an ounce more powder in her new plain container than she did in the more expensive powder-box.

It is still possible to buy a luxury lipstick in (Continued on page 65)



LINEN FOR EVER

How To Buy, Store And Mend It So That It Lives Up To This Reputation

We used to buy things to look nice and not so much to last. Now they have to do both. This need forces us to the realisation that it is no good laying our household linen away in lavender unless we can aid the good work by buying discriminately, storing properly and plying a deft needle and thread.

Experts tell me that sheets, for instance, should visit the tub only about every six weeks. So, if you can afford it, go in for bulk buys in order that you do not have to bring the washing changes too often. Always try to possess yourself of an extra pillow-case for every set of sheets, because the natural oils of the human hair, and with men, their shining pomades, wear out a pillow-cover twice as quickly as its companion sheets.

The weave of linen is important. The closer it is, the longer it will last, since with loose texture friction is set up between the threads both while being washed and in use. The rub on the weaker threads causes them to break. Where the weave is tightly packed, the weaker strands cling to their brothers and are supported by their strength instead of being jostled out of existence by them.

The linen cupboard itself must be dry, cool (80 deg. F., about 16 deg. F. less than normal blood temperature), and well ventilated. The right shelves for a linen cupboard are formed with spaced slats (what they call spaced battens) to help circulation of air. The interior should be darkish, since light tends to discolour materials, especially white materials. Too much heat will bring about the same unhappy results.

Anything left even for short periods near a gas stove or coke boiler is fated from the word go, because the gases given off eat up the resistance of fabric fibre.

With regard to the light problem, if a makeshift linen cupboard (a commonplace nowadays) is open to the day, the best thing to do is to wrap your linen in thick brown or blue paper.

Stiff starching (I am thinking of table napery, blouses, shirts, skirts and such things) must be out, until peace comes in at any rate. Otherwise your linen will be in a poor plight for Victory Day.

Wash at home as much as possible, because then you will avoid the finishing elements professional launderers use to give that professional finish. These are a slight menace if you want your linen to enjoy a ripe old age. And when you are bending over the tub, rinse once, twice, thrice. Soap left in a material retains an acid which reacts with air and asks for trouble.

Many people now, thanks to enemy action, are having to store their chattels and their household stuffs, for periods at a time. There is one important point to be observed when linen is being laid up indefinitely. It should be rough washed and put away without benefit of ironing. The idea is to avoid leaving the goods alone to cope with any chemicals used by the launderers, and to prevent nicely pressed cloths from wearing along the folded edges, which they will certainly do if the creases remain in the same spot long enough.

This, says Mr. Costin, the linen expert of Robinson and Cleaver's, is a serious warning to anybody who has stacked away linen in neat, beautifully ironed piles. It *must* be taken out periodically and re-folded on different lines. Pure, cool sheets, elegant with their deep top hems picot-stitched, are delightful to lie on. The rub is that they tend to part company along the hem-line. Maybe you used to pull them together again with several thrusts of the needle, backwards and forwards. This means a botched job, ugly-looking. No. Once the original stitchery begins to lose its grip it is starting to rot, anyway. So be drastic. Tear the hem away right along its length, trim the edges, and sew it back firmly. That way you have a sheet firm like new that will stand up to its job, and leave you in peace.

Pillow-cases need not be torn all round. They can be cobbled where the frill insists on slitting away from the main body. Since they are so much behind your head, a little crookedness in the outline cannot become an eye-irritant. But with them you can take at least one precautionary measure. It is on the corner pieces of the "mouth" where the sides get torn through having the pillow thrust in. Take this danger-spot before the trouble starts and reinforce it by darning, top-sewing, or button-hole stitching.

Frequently the frill gets tatty and the case looks as if it is ready for the condemned list. Don't mark it for the rag-bag. Rather find another old case with decent enough frill and cut sufficient from the latter to patch in neatly to the one you want to save.

Bath- and face-towels get tattered-looking down their edges. The thing then is a pair of sharp scissors and a determined shearing away of fraying cloth and loose threads. Then sew on a very (Continued on page 75)

Supervising the linen cupboards at a big hotel is a full-time job, which takes in laundering, filing, distributing, re-stocking, mending. Here you see the housekeeper at the May Fair checking up her stocks

By FRANCES CHAPPELL

HOUSE-TO-BE

1

We each have our war aims. Some we share with the world at large, some have a private and more personal significance. All of them are based upon the knowledge that bad old systems are to-day tumbling about us like nine-pins, old prejudices are melting like snow before a fire, and that the future offers us a chance for reconstruction that we dare not miss.

To begin with housing, which concerns us all so nearly, how can we look upon the ruins of private property that are defiling the face of the country without realising what opportunities are rising from the ruins? Here is the chance to act instead of talking; to crystallise the theories which have been so abundant in the past few years; to do away with practices that have brought down so much criticism; and, literally, to make this a better country for heroes and heroines to live in.

This is the time to examine the future possibilities so that there shall be no mistakes and no hesitation when the real work of rebuilding has begun.

What we most hope for is that the speculative interests which have in the past been responsible for so much that is regrettable and even criminal in the development of housing for the people will give place to more idealistic motives. The builder, the architect, the merchant, can still take his profit, but not so much of it and not at the expense of the public.

For a start, let us hope that the smallest of houses will be good to look at. They *can* be. It should be the duty of the local authorities of the future to see to it that the erection of the smallest workman's cottage should be supervised by an architect, if necessary retained for that purpose by the State.

No longer should it be possible for the man with a modicum of practical building experience to erect houses totally without architectural merit wherever he can obtain a plot of land and the capital to provide suitable or unsuitable materials.

2

In the ideal future every house will be fitted and designed so as to provide for the least amount of expenditure in furnishing and maintenance.

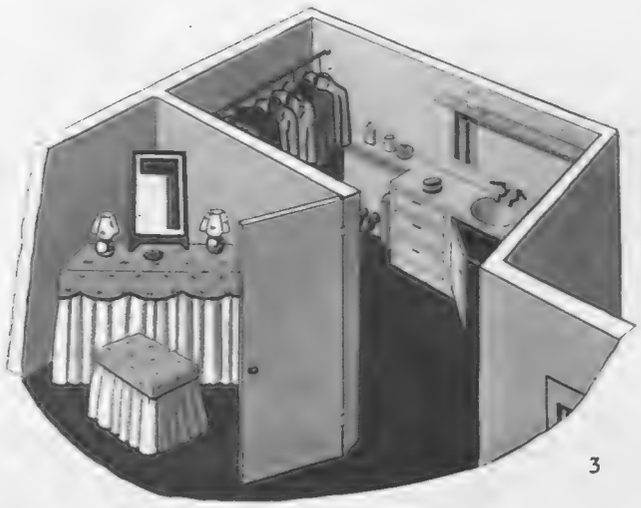
Built-in furniture, excellent in its way, does not appeal to everyone, but built-in fittings substantially reduce the amount of furniture required. It would be a great saving if wall surfaces could be rendered more permanent. The wider use of wood panelling might serve for this purpose.

As a background not only for colour combinations, but for every type of furnishing scheme, it is beautiful and dignified. It adapts itself to every period style; it need never be monotonous because it can be repainted. It is warm and has a quality which no other wall treatment achieves so effortlessly.

Wood panelling is generally thought to be expensive, but there are many ways of handling wood as a wall covering which, at the outset, cost little more than other methods and which, in the long run, prove less costly.

Vertical boarding, humble though it may sound, can be worked into beautiful effects by variations in the handling of the joints. Synthetic veneers offer still further possibilities, and there are many clever imitations of wood panelling which, from the point of view of durability, are almost as good as the real thing.

Kitchens have improved a lot in the last few years, but in the little house of the future there seems a strong possibility that even the most recent theories may have to be revised. It is some years now since the kitchen and scullery



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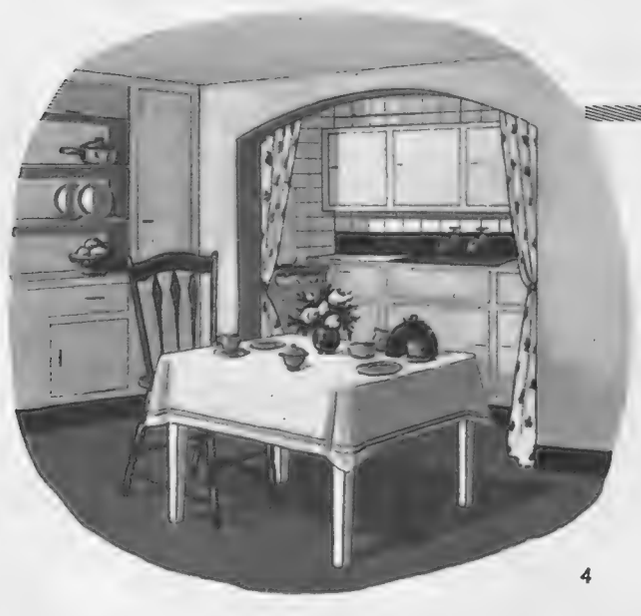

4

(1) The small house of the future enjoys complete privacy, and the limitations of the plot are not emphasised by intervening fences and gates which resemble minor fortifications. Staggering admits sun and air all round the house, and the architectural design, though simple, is distinguished. (2) Development of the porch veranda in a more substantial form than of old makes it possible to live outdoors, but not in your neighbour's pocket. This living-room veranda has frame windows that can be lifted right out. (3) A wardrobe dressing-cupboard off the main bedroom ensures adequate accommodation even in a small room to both man and wife without the possessions of one overflowing upon the other's. (4) The kitchenette makes way for an adaptation of the old kitchen and scullery theory. A tiled recess houses the more unsightly equipment and leaves the rest of the room to do part duty as a breakfast-room.

(*Left*) Wood panelling and synthetic wood wall surfaces bring back some of the spaciousness of classic interiors and yet adapt themselves to small rooms. The wider use of permanent surfaces reduces the cost of maintenance and gives an adaptable background for every type of furnishing. (*Below*) America finds it practicable, even in the small house, to allot two bathrooms, a principle we might do well to follow here. Soft covering for the floor, adequate heating, lighting and cupboards for toilet requisites must become necessities, not luxuries

By Winifred Lewis

gave place to the combined kitchenette. This was good in some ways but it has faults.

With all its efficiency the kitchen has lost some of its comfort, and the solution to this seems to lie in some compromise between the separate kitchen and scullery of the past and the kitchenette of the present.

In our sketch we have visualised a tiled working recess, opening off the main apartment and designed to accommodate the more practical and unsightly kitchen apparatus. The sink, the gas cooker and perhaps the refrigerator. The rest of the room is neat and comfortable, freed to a great extent from steam and cooking smells, uncluttered and cosy at all times for meals *en famille*.

Privacy is a feature we all look forward to even in the kind of house which is attached to its neighbour. Staggering in the manner shown in the top sketch on opposite page will help to bring this about by keeping the front and back entrances of adjoining houses at a discreet distance. This method has another advantage in that it allows each house to enjoy a full quota of air and sunshine on all sides.

The back door requires a lot of improvement in our house to be. So far it has served as a place for keeping the dust bin outside of, and is pretty generally known to be anything but the kind of place you wish to introduce to your visitors. But on the other hand the back entrance is a place where we, the housewives, spend a good deal of our time, and the spot upon which our eyes rest for a greater part of the day. Why not make it more pleasing to the eye? Why not make it a place to take a few minutes respite in the sun, not with a vista of tool sheds and coal bins, but a neat and pretty spot to rest between jobs and interview the butcher, without losing caste.

This business of privacy will have to be carefully studied. So far, the small back garden has not, in this country, been the source of pleasure that it should. It is too overlooked. A development of the Victorian glass veranda might solve this problem, a cross between the luxurious living porch of the American house and the lean-to veranda of our own country.

How to make the accommodation in the little house go farther is another point. The wardrobe dressing-room we have sketched is one step in that direction. In the bedroom which husband and wife share, accommodation is generally severely strained.

Again the old-fashioned theory reappears in a dressing-room for the man, but this time on a small scale. Opening from the bedroom it takes the form of a large cupboard and contains a wash basin, hanging rails and drawers.

Finally, the bathroom. It may be too much to hope that we shall adopt the American principle of two bathrooms to the small house.

These bathrooms are not luxurious, but they embrace several essential points. They are adequately warmed, plentifully lighted, and abundantly provided with hot water at all times. You can trick out a bathroom to look like Nebuchadnezzar's palace but, in the long run, you cannot get more essential comforts into it than these, which are simple enough in all conscience.

Sense and beauty are, we hope, to be the keynotes of the house to be. Both are to be found in abundance in the right places if the will and the wish to succeed are equal.

(Continued on pages 42 and 43)

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Sports Sweater

MAKE IT IN WHITE FOR DASH AND DISTINCTION

MATERIALS

9 oz. Copley-Smith's Excelsior 4-ply white; a pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on 114 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work 6 ins. in following patt.:

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 6; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 2 (wrong side of work). **2nd row.**—* P. 2, k. 6; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2. Rep. these 2 rows once. **5th row.**—K. 3, * p. 4, k. 4; rep. from * to end, ending k. 3. **6th row.**—P. 3, * k. 4, p. 4; rep. from * to end, ending p. 3. Rep. these 2 rows once. **9th row.**—K. 4, * p. 2, k. 6; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4. **10th row.**—P. 4, * k. 2, p. 6; rep. from * to end, ending p. 4. Rep. these 2 rows once.

13th row.—As 5th. **14th row.**—As 6th. Rep. 5th and 6th rows once more. **17th row.**—As 1st. **18th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more.

21st row.—P. 4, * k. 2, p. 6; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 4. **22nd row.**—K. 4, * p. 2, k. 6; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4. Rep. these 2 rows once. **25th row.**—P. 3, * k. 4, p. 4; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 3. **26th row.**—K. 3, * p. 4, k. 4; rep. from * to end, ending k. 3. Rep. these 2 rows once. **29th row.**—* P. 2, k. 6; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2. **30th row.**—* K. 2, p. 6; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2. Rep. these last 2 rows once.

33rd row.—As 25th. **34th row.**—As 26th. Rep. 25th and 26th rows once. **37th row.**—As 21st row. **38th row.**—As 22nd row. Rep. these last 2 rows once. Continue patt. by working from the 1st row again.

After 6 ins., change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after, until there are 136 sts. (still keeping patt. correct). Work straight until side seams measure 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 5 ins. round curve.

Change to following patt.: **1st row** (right side of work facing).—P. **2nd row.**—K. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. Rep. these 4 rows until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve, with these ribs slightly stretched. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, leaving 48 sts. Cast off.

SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on at underarm seam with 26 sts. and work across in yoke patt., and at same time inc. by working as follows:

2nd row.—Cast on 8 sts. **3rd row.**—Cast on 1 st. **4th row.**—Cast on 8 sts. **5th row.**—Cast on 1 st. and so on, casting on 8 sts. at one edge and 1 st. at other, until there are 11 groups of 8 sts. cast on, and 125 sts. Now keep edge with groups of 8 sts. straight (cuff), and continue to m. 1 st. on other edge on every row now, until there are 150 sts. Work straight for 3½ ins. K. 2 tog. on shoulder edge on every row until there are 125 sts. Now continue to dec. at shoulder, but on every other row, and cast off 8 sts. at cuff edge on alternate rows, until there are 11 groups of 8 sts. cast off, leaving 26 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams and one shoulder seam. Pick up 24 sts. along each edge of other shoulder with No. 11 needles and work all k. for 6 rows. Cast off. Sew press studs to this shoulder and sew in sleeves.

Cardigan Comfort

MATERIALS

8 oz. 3-ply grey wool; 1 oz. royal blue; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; 10 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 22 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on in grey with No. 11 needles and 112 sts. Work the following patt.:

1st row.—* P. 2, k. 3; rep. from *, ending p. 2. **2nd row.**—* K. 2, p. 1, s. 1 purlwise, p. 1; rep. from *, ending k. 2. **3rd row.**—* P. 2, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1; rep. from *, ending p. 2. **4th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. these 4 rows for 6 ins. Change to No. 9 needles, and working all k. work twice into first st., 6th st., 11th st., 16th st., and so on every 5th st. all along row, making 135 sts. (This fullness blouses slightly over belt.)

Next row.—K., making a st. at beg. and end of row (137). Now work patt. on these sts. (the rib will not be continuous from beg.). When side seams are 14 ins., k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 103 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 43 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles, cast on 57 sts. Work back patt. for 6 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at one edge of work only, on next row and every 4th row after, until there are 77 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 14 ins., k. 2 tog. on shaped edge of work on every row for 15 rows, leaving 62 sts. Work straight until armhole measures 5 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 sts. at neck edge, then k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row until there are 42 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 7 times.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on with No. 11 needles and work as right, but make shapings at opposite edges. (Continued on page 79)

True Blues

BABY AND AZURE MAKE A FLATTERING DRESSY JUMPER

MATERIALS

3 oz. Copley-Smith's Excelsior 2-ply in pale blue; 2 oz. of same wool in darker blue; a pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; Press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 5½ ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 120 sts. with dark wool and No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Now change to light wool and No. 9 needles and the following patt.:

1st row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1 (by bringing wool forward), k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.; rep. from * until 1 st. remains, m. 1, k. 1. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.; rep. from * until 5 sts. remain, m. 1, k. 5. **4th row.**—P. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once. **7th row.**—* K. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1; rep. from * until 8 sts. remain, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3. **8th row.**—P. This completes a patt. Work until there are 13 ins. inc. rib. Now cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work an inch straight. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. These corners are to be sewn into armhole. Work on in this width until armholes measure 6½ ins. round curve. Now work 36 sts. Cast off 16, work 36. Work on these last sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row for 16 rows. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 5½ ins. round curve, then work 36 sts., cast off 16, work 36. Work on these last sts. and k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row for 16 rows. Work 1½ ins. straight. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

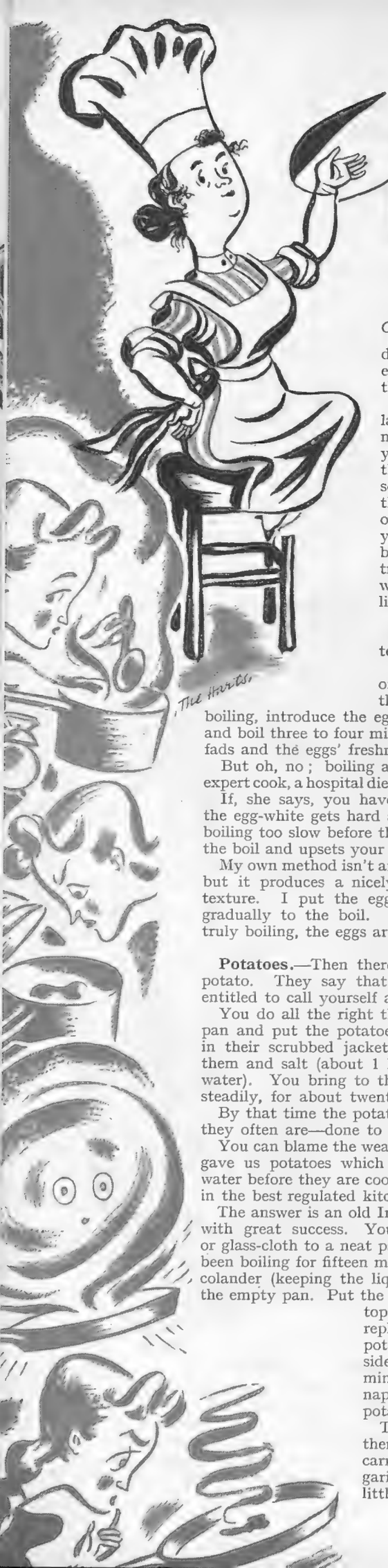
With No. 11 needles, cast on 96 sts. in dark blue. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 1½ ins. Now change to No. 9 needles and work patt. for 32 rows. Now work as follows:

1st row.—Cast off 10, k. 1 (this is already on the right-hand needle from casting off), rep. from * in first patt. row until 1 st. remains, k. 1. **2nd row.**—Cast off 10, p. to end of row. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 4, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5; rep. from * until 6 remain, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog. **4th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. until 2 remain, p. 2 tog. **5th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 2, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5; rep. from * until 4 sts. remain, k. 2, k. 2 tog. **6th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. until 2 remain, p. 2 tog. **7th row.**—K. 2 tog.; rep. from * in 7th patt. row until 2 remain, k. 2 tog. **8th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. until 2 remain, p. 2 tog. **9th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 1; rep. from * in 1st patt. row until 5 remain, k. 3, k. 2 tog. (Continued on page 79)

CLEVER DETAIL . . . HALF BELT AT BACK, ROUNDED POCKET FLAPS

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; m.=make; s.=slip; rep.=repeat; sts.=stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; patt.=pattern; in.=inch or inches P.S.S.O.=Pass slip st. over



Cook's Secrets

There are only two ways of doing a thing, they tell you early in life, the right way and the wrong way.

But, of course, I discovered later in life, they couldn't have meant cookery. Because when you start to cook you realise that in every process there are several right ways of doing a thing, each of which someone or other is always ready to tell you is wrong, and a quite bewildering variety of disastrously wrong ways, each of which you, as an amateur, are likely to embark upon.

Eggs.—Take the little matter of boiling an egg, for instance.

There is, you might say, only one way of boiling an egg, and that an easy one. Have water boiling, introduce the eggs one by one with a spoon, and boil three to four minutes, according to individual fads and the eggs' freshness.

But oh, no; boiling an egg is most difficult, as an expert cook, a hospital dietician, has just observed to me.

If, she says, you have the water boiling too fast, the egg-white gets hard and leathery. If you have it boiling too slow before the eggs go in, it then goes off the boil and upsets your timing.

My own method isn't any of the accepted right ways, but it produces a nicely boiled egg with a creamy texture. I put the eggs in cold water, and bring gradually to the boil. Once the water is well and truly boiling, the eggs are ready.

Potatoes.—Then there's the business of boiling a potato. They say that if you can do that you're entitled to call yourself a good cook.

You do all the right things. You use a good-sized pan and put the potatoes in, either thinly peeled or in their scrubbed jackets, with cold water to cover them and salt (about 1 level teaspoonful to 1½ pints water). You bring to the boil and continue boiling, steadily, for about twenty minutes with the lid on.

By that time the potatoes should be done. And so they often are—done to a sad, mushy heap.

You can blame the weather. Last summer's drought gave us potatoes which tend to disintegrate in the water before they are cooked. That may happen even in the best regulated kitchens.

The answer is an old Irish dodge which I have tried with great success. You fold a clean table napkin or glass-cloth to a neat pad. When the potatoes have been boiling for fifteen minutes, drain them through a colander (keeping the liquid for soup) and return to the empty pan. Put the folded napkin right down on top of them, inside the pan, and replace the lid. Now let the potatoes steam gently on the side of the stove for at least five minutes more. After this the napkin will be wet and the potatoes dry and floury.

To vary mashed potatoes, beat them up with a grated raw carrot, what small bits of margarine you can spare, and a little "top milk."

Chopped spring onions and chopped parsley may be added according to taste.

Rice.—A third boiling process which sounds simple but is apt to go wrong in practice is cooking rice.

To make ordinary, plain rice, such as is served with Indian curry, you need one essential—plenty of water. The rule is three times as much water as rice, but that means that by the end of cooking the water is all absorbed and the grains of rice are apt to stick together.

Myself, I get the best results by using a big soup saucepan which I fill three-quarters full with cold water. This I bring to the boil, adding about 3 teaspoonfuls of salt. When it is boiling really hard, I scatter in the rice slowly—6 handfuls of it—so as not to interrupt the boiling. I let it boil for twenty minutes, by which time a grain of rice, when tested by squashing in the fingers, is usually found to be cooked through. I then strain through a colander.

There is a lot of chi-chi about cooking rice. You are usually told, for instance, to run cold water over the colander to get the grains separate, which means the business of heating up the rice again in the oven, spreading it on a paper, and turning it so that it doesn't burn.

Life, I find, is too short for all that business. If you use plenty of water in the cooking, the grains come separate without it.

Nor is it necessary to wash rice before cooking. Just shake it in a strainer to get rid of any dust.

Rice for risottos and pilaffs is cooked differently. Here you roll the rice in melted dripping with a little onion or leek, then add three times its bulk (to 1 cupful rice, 3 cupfuls liquid) of stock to the frying pan. The rice will absorb all the liquid in cooking.

Vegetables.—Forget what the cookery books say when it comes to cooking vegetables. Never mind about vegetables above the ground being cooked without a lid, and vegetables below the ground being lidded. Lid the lot. It's simpler—and it's correct modern practice. Slice all the vegetables, and use only enough water to cover the pan to a depth of about one inch.

With cabbage, for instance, you have about ½ teacupful hot water in the pan and add the vegetable, sliced. Put the lid on and boil steadily for ten to fifteen minutes. Shake occasionally to prevent sticking. Towards the end of cooking, add a little salt (not more than ½ teaspoonful, as there are mineral salts in the cabbage already) and, if you like, a pinch of cinnamon or nutmeg.

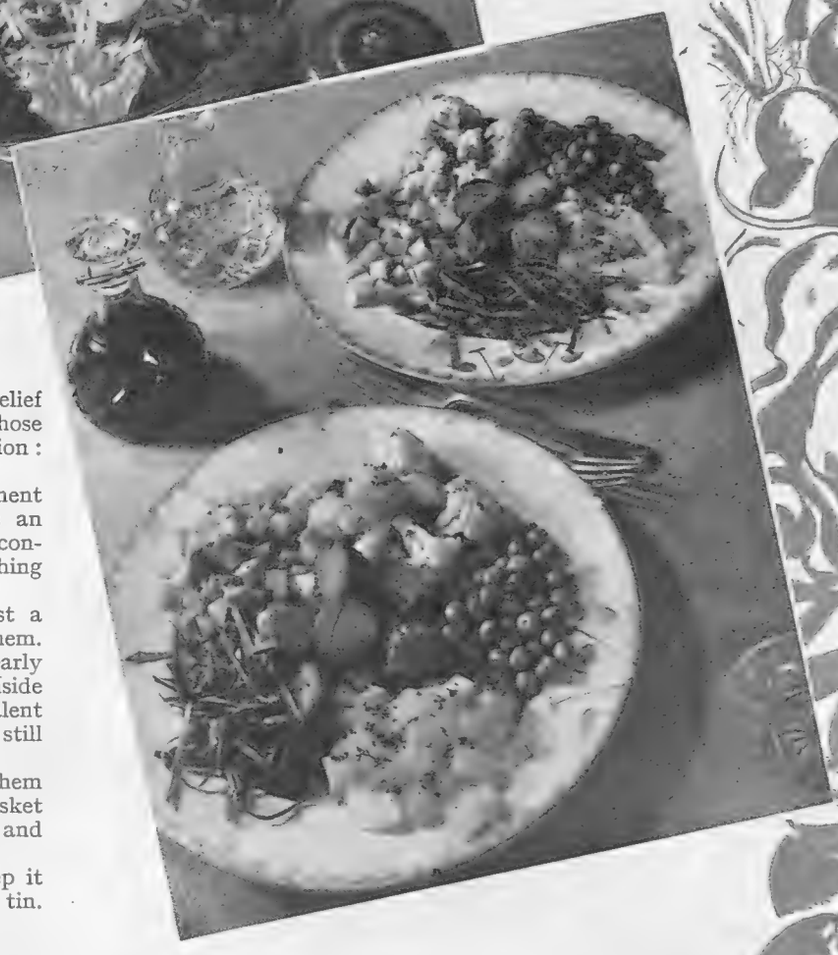
Cooked quickly this way, green vegetables just haven't time to lose colour, as they usually do if they are cooked for the usual twenty minutes. Most people overcook their vegetables horribly. But then, it isn't their fault; it's all in the cookery books.

Clarifying Melted Fat.—This is a job that is apt to be alarming the first time you do it. According to directions, you put the fat into a pan and it splutters all over the place. It is much easier to put the fat in a large pudding bowl and pour boiling water over (about 1½ pints water to ½ lb. fat). When cold, lift off the fat, scrape away any brownish parts underneath, and melt again in a jam jar in a slow oven.

Fat which has been used for frying fish can be mixed with other fats when "washed" in this way; so you can keep all the used fat together instead of having a clutter of separate bowls in the kitchen. (Continued on page 77)

Macaroni Cheese Salad—appetising alliance of macaroni, lettuce, peas, beetroot, grated cheese, eggs, herbs, french dressing.

Vegetable Platter—arrange five little heaps of diced raw carrot, cooked peas, turnip, cauliflower sprigs and raw shredded spinach, round cold sliced sausages.



SOLID SALADS.

by Harriet Muir

Spring brings salads to the table and a sigh of relief to the breast of the domestic ideas merchant whose job it is to answer that ever-recurring question: "Well, now, what'll we have to-day?"

For salads, useful as they are as an accompaniment to the main dish of the meal, are themselves an obliging stand-in for that dish, and they can be concocted from a variety of bits and pieces into something quite solid.

I used to think that dandelion leaves were just a bit too arty-crafty. That was before I tasted them. Now I save myself the trouble of growing early lettuces in my garden. I gather the young, inside leaves of the dandelions that are all too prevalent there, and use them for salads when lettuces are still a luxury. The best things in life are free.

After washing lettuces or other salad stuffs, dry them thoroughly either by swinging them in a wire basket made for the purpose or shaking free of moisture and drying in a clean cloth.

Don't leave salad stuff to soak in water. Keep it either in the bag in which it arrives, or in a lidded tin. Wash it quickly before it is required for use.

Shred greenstuff by tearing with the fingers.

When chopping chervil, parsley or other herbs, be sure they are dry first. Otherwise they will become an amorphous, wet, green mess instead of the separate dry specks they should be.

If you can get garlic, don't chop it up as you would a shallot. Split the clove and rub it round the salad bowl.

Don't mix green salad with dressing until just ready for serving. Raw or cooked root vegetables can be marinaded (left to soak) in salad dressing an hour or so beforehand. Shred carrots, turnips, artichokes on a grater. Green parts of spring onions and stalks of watercress should not be thrown away. Chop them finely and add to salad.

Vegetarians, Salad.—1 grapefruit, 1 apple, 1 orange, 1 cupful shredded raw carrot, 1 cupful shredded raw Jerusalem artichoke, 1 cupful chopped raw seakale, watercress for decoration, french dressing, grated orange rind, lettuce.

Divide the grapefruit and orange into sections and chop the peeled and cored apple. Mix together with french dressing. Marinade the carrot, artichoke and seakale separately in french dressing. In the centre of each individual plate make a bed of lettuce leaves. On this pile a portion of the fruit. Round it arrange little heaps of carrot, artichoke and seakale. Decorate with sprigs of watercress.

Lamb and Mint Salad.—1 cupful each cubed cold lamb, carrot, beetroot, potato, 1 cupful peas or haricot beans, cooked; 1 teaspoonful chopped gherkins; 2 tablespoonfuls finely chopped mint; Heinz salad cream.

Put in the salad bowl all ingredients except mint and mayonnaise. Add salad cream gradually, mixing well together. When all are nicely coated, sprinkle with chopped mint.

Fish Salad.—1 cupful cold flaked fish, 1 cupful cold cooked rice (or macaroni), salt and pepper, 1 lettuce or endive, watercress, Heinz mayonnaise mixed with 1 tablespoon grated horseradish. (Continued on page 77)

Housekeeping Now

Housekeeping was never easy, though some of us, in the initial stages, have made the mistake of thinking it so. Most of us who have achieved any degree of proficiency have done so by piling up mistakes and battling with failures over a long period of adjustment. Housekeeping demands knowledge at all times if it is to be well done. In these times, heaven help the inexperienced.

If you have the misfortune to be new at the game you have got to apply yourself zealously to the study of its laws. Even if you're a pretty old hand you will want your wits about you more than ever before, because problems pile upon problems in wartime housekeeping.

Roughly, one can divide the problems into three groups. Let us look at them separately :

Food The food situation comes down to this, that there is less of it at a much higher price and the problem of varying menus with so little variety is enough to plague a saint. On the face of it the circumstances are a little depressing but we must keep the issues unconfused.

The first step is to get rid of your worry complex. The food shortage is inconvenient but it isn't desperate or even very serious.

Without a fraction of undue optimism it can be said that the meat shortage for one thing, is going to bring no harm. Conditions vary with the kind of life we lead but as non-manual workers neither you nor I nor your family will come to harm without meat on the daily menu.

Diet must be well balanced to make up. Substitute foods should include constituents equal as far as possible to the original food, but this isn't difficult if you study food values.

It is true—and not a discovery cooked up to meet the emergency—that by eating more wholemeal bread, potatoes, carrots, cereals and green vegetables and, above all, by drinking more milk, it is possible to off-set a deficiency of meat with benefit to the health. So let that be a comfort to you. The same applies to other foods, and it will pay you to make a study of them.

Vitamins are not a fetish. They really do play a big part in diet, more especially now. If you remember that the vitamin A contained in meat, butter and cheese is also contained in salmon, herring, sprats, mackerel, most fatty nuts, as well as spinach and lettuce the shortage of these first-named foods seems less serious.

The vitamin C that you have been used to taking in fruits, now denied to you, is present in just as great a volume in tomatoes—soon to be plentiful—green salads and cooking vegetables. Vitamin D, essential to children for promoting the growth of bones and teeth, is also present in the foods mentioned in connection with A.

We must get old standards out of our heads. Forget old habits of eating heavily of meat and sugar, because they are habits, and not necessarily good ones. By learning to attach more importance to some foods and less to others, we shall solve the food problem to some extent and make housekeeping a much easier business during wartime.

Maintenance Some of the more personal hardships of this war have sprung from the knowledge that the homes we have worked for and sometimes sacrificed to create and to maintain in good condition must now, through circumstances beyond our control, suffer neglect.

How much present difficulties (Continued on page 82)

It was always harassing to know what to have for dinner, but it is more so now. The crux of the problem is that you get less food and pay more for it, but the picture isn't all gloom if you take a reasoned view

You have worked to get your home together and, perhaps, made sacrifices to maintain it in first-rate condition. How are you going on under war conditions when labour is very expensive and materials short?

More than ever before you need to be systematical about money. A clear head goes a long way towards a balanced budget. The cost of living has risen but the number of things you can purchase is very much less

Invention follows
on necessity – the new dull rayon
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Brevets are every
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PURCHASE TACTICS

By Mary Young

One of the best things for transforming fuzz or rat tails into silk, is a shampoo pomade, a combined reconditioner and shampoo. It comes in cream form and has this outstanding quality. It penetrates the hair shaft instead of lying about at the root. If your hair is dry and flies about like the demon king when washed, this pomade will make setting an easy matter.

Hair Into Silk

The pomade has a tar base; for women with white hair there is a special number that takes out those yaller streaks. This, too, is the number the ash blonde has been looking for all her life. 3s. 10½d. (including tax) is the price of the smallest jar. It will wash four heads of ordinary length hair.

Come spring, my thoughts, sartorially speaking, turn to grey. Don't know why. Grey, with white starched fol-de-rols; a big grey felt hat; the first short sleeves of the year.

Thirty Shilling Frock

I like my spring grey, however, with the new freshness of a dappled filly. It loses its thrill if I have to doll up last year's suit or frock.

Mr. Churchill does not forget to mention there is a war on, but I've thirty shillings tucked away and that's enough to buy me a dress in fine grey wool that looks like worsted. It is patch-pocketed, neatly belted and collared, with gored skirt for easy hiking around on bus or train. It is just one of a choice of dozens of dresses at a smart London store, priced at 30s. and 37s. These frocks are designed to take the business woman round the clock. Crepes in black and good colours for afternoon; thin wools for office wear. The sizes go conveniently from 36 to 42-in. hip. No postage to pay.

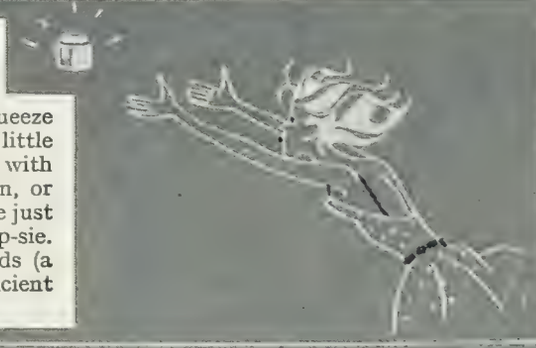
War work, or evacuation to reception areas is no excuse for "letting my figure go." Or it won't be, by the time this paragraph has been digested. Quite close to you, Mrs. Defeatist, wherever you are, is an expert who knows just how to iron out those sags and deal with the bountiful bulge.

Away With Bulges

This expert is a cog in the machinery which covers corset problems throughout the country. In your small town, often in your village, there will be a trained corsetière waiting to serve you in your own home.

Every corset made by the organisation is individually designed and is guaranteed to keep its shape until its last hour.

Of interest to service women and war workers is news of a new, easily adjustable belt for wearing with uniform. To invalids and mothers-to-be supporting corsets ordered under doctor's prescription are purchase tax free.

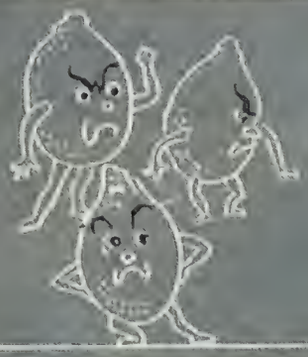


Like a fresh spring breeze is the whiff you get when you open this little bottle. But there's more to it than a breezy perfume. Here's a picker-up-of-faces that's a repair shop in itself. It ups the contours, smooths out blackout lines.

Miracle Mask

This is how it works. Soak a bit of cotton wool in lukewarm water; squeeze out. Shake on the pink-pearly liquid, and pat on the skin in little dabs. Leave on for about twenty minutes, then sluice off with water. Instead of leaving sticky bits around the ears and chin, or that dry, harsh feeling associated with the ordinary mask, this one just runs away like water, and leaves you with a skin as fresh as a daisy and as up-sie.

It is lovely for eye-pads, too. Place *under* the eye, please, not on the lids (a new technique), and see what it will do for the weary orb. Price 7s. 6d., sufficient for twenty treatments.



"And a squeeze of lemon juice," so blithely say the cook books. But, what's to do when there are no lemons? The answer is not a lemon, but a lemon substitute that will do everything you can possibly ask of the fruit (aroma and all) except to provide a nice crinkly rind.

Lemons: the Answer

Contents of the modest bottle are equal to the content of six lemons. All you do is to add five teaspoonfuls of water to the substitute and use the liquid for every culinary purpose for which lemon is indicated.

Such, for example, as adding that *je ne sais quois* to salad dressings, herrings, risotto, kedgeree and other economy dishes. And if a member of the family has a cold and demands a hot toddy, or the family doctor, in the carefree way of family doctors, orders "lemon drinks," here you have a standby that can safely be given, hot or cold. It is useful for cocktails, too; in fact, useful for any job a lemon can do.

April is the spring of the year and the fruit still in bud, but the stern fact remains that unless next autumn's earnest bottler and jammer lays her plans quickly she will have nothing to bottle and jam into.

Jam Session

There are certain articles which are essential to a successful jam session, and these, if we delay until high summer, may not be procurable. A wholesale provider of fruit-bottling and jam-making equipment tells me that stocks are rapidly diminishing. He is a specialist of many years' standing, and sponsors an interesting book on the making of jams, jellies and pickles, and the bottling of fruit and vegetables. This book comes with a complete fruit-bottling equipment which can be had for under two guineas. Each item, if preferred, can be obtained separately.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Number One, New Oxford St., W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information

EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT

Embodying facts of interest to all women, with special reference to some reputable advertised products

Most women have been brought up to look forward with dread to that difficult period between the ages of forty and fifty which marks the change from one phase of life to another. It has always been a difficult and, in the past, often a dangerous transition, but with our increased understanding of the subtle and miraculous changes which the body sustains at different stages of development, the so-called dangers have been reduced.

To understand exactly what is happening within your body at this critical time is one step towards the alleviation of the suffering which it sometimes brings. It is a duty women owe to themselves to find out what is going on and thus to equip themselves to combat those symptoms which are, in fact, evidence that Nature needs assistance.

There is no reason to resign oneself to suffering during this critical time. There is every reason to continue one's daily tasks or ordinary work in comfort and confidence. Certain deficiencies in the system which are caused by the extra strain which is, temporarily, imposed upon the organs can be made up by scientific means. **A**

At the end of a long winter throughout which the average person has been starved of sunshine, perhaps of fresh air, there comes a period when vitality is at its lowest ebb. Added to the natural and seasonal reasons for this feeling of debility there is the added strain of war anxieties and war tension to be considered.

Outdoor exercise and a diet rich in the recuperative vitamins is essential to pull you round to that high standard of health and efficiency which makes it possible to do justice to your daily task, whatever it may be. A tonic may help a lot.

Sleep as much as you can, breathe as deeply as you can and eat as sensibly as you can and the troubles of spring will be very short lived. **B**

Polished surfaces bring out the personality and character of a room, as the right herbs and spices bring out the flavour of a dish. A room in which the furniture reflects the rays of daylight and firelight is pleasing and gracious.

There was a time when elbow grease was the favourite medium for producing polished surfaces. It is still helpful, but a better understanding tells us that it will not do alone. Surfaces must be clean to be perfectly polished.

Some methods of polishing are disappointing because they produce a smeary effect. This is partly due to the film of dirt which is often left beneath the polishing agent. Always polish over a clean surface. Remove the old polish before you apply the new, or better still, use a polish which cleans and brightens as it works. **C**

Every woman has it in her power to play her part in the struggle for victory. It is a vitally important part.

Food is the keystone of our coming victories. There can be no doubt of this.

Have you thought seriously what your part in this struggle can be, or considered the hazards that British seamen are facing to bring food to your table? Heavy responsibility lies with you personally to see that you make his great task worth while by exercising all your ingenuity to make the available food do its best work.

As housewives our war work is to denounce waste, to accept cheerfully the sacrifices involved and to keep loyally to ration regulations. **D**

The way to avoid pyorrhœa is to understand it. If you know what to expect you know what to avoid.

The natural condition of the gums is a very tough one. Far from being soft as we are used to thinking of them the healthy gums are horny and adhere to the roots of the teeth with the strength of limpets. If, through the inadequacies of our diet the natural toughness of the gums is reduced, then they cease to adhere so strongly to the roots of the teeth and cavities are formed between the gum and the bone structure, in which decayed food eventually turns to trouble. Sepsis formed in these pockets enters the blood stream and thus begins the general deterioration of health attendant upon pyorrhœa.

To counteract the ill effects of soft civilised food the circulation must be constantly stimulated in other ways By massage, by brushing, and by the use of a protective dentifrice. Do not be casual about protective measures. Pyorrhœa is not a nice thing to have. **E**

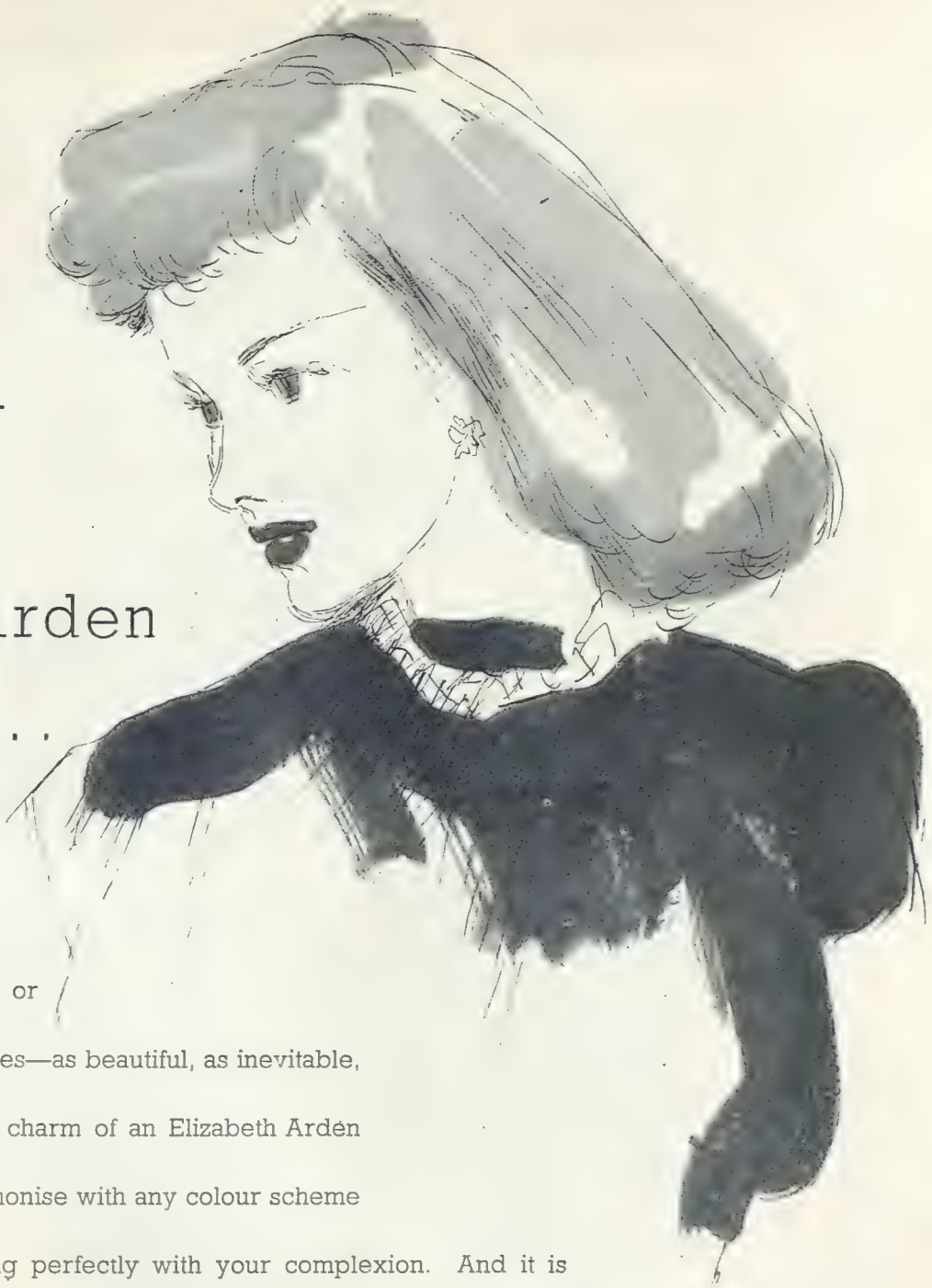
A *Medical science has been experimenting with a safe, quick-acting compound to bridge women comfortably over the difficult period of change. Menopax is the result of these investigations and enables women to avoid uncomfortable symptoms typical of this period. Menopax Brand tablets are obtainable in four sizes, from 3s. 6d. to 20s. (plus Purchase Tax).*

B *Phospherine Tonic Wine is a great help at this time of year in restoring the depleted resources of Nature. It is, at the same time, a stimulating drink and will help you to sleep and eat better.*

C *Ronuk is not only the best polish to produce a high power gloss on floors and furniture, but it cleans as it polishes and preserves lino.*

D *Tinned foods are among the varieties least likely to run to waste. Every morsel of the contents of the tin is usable. Economy and good sense are best served in wartime by keeping a reasonable stock of such tinned foods as Heinz soups, Chivers vegetables and Del Monte fruits.*

E *Gibbs S.R. Dentifrice is recommended by all good dentists in cases of established or potential pyorrhoea. Obtainable at all good chemists.*



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with an Elizabeth Arden make-up...

Right as roses in Summer or daffodils when the Spring comes—as beautiful, as inevitable, as fresh and appealing—is the charm of an Elizabeth Arden make-up . . . designed to harmonise with any colour scheme you may adopt, while blending perfectly with your complexion. And it is remarkable how many new harmonies you can achieve—what new delightful colour-schemes you can extract from your wardrobe—with the help of an Elizabeth Arden make-up. So delicate, so sure is Miss Arden's colour-sense! So becoming and so adaptable are the shades that she has produced!

Try delicately tinted PRINTEMPS for the soft shades of Springtime fashions. BURNT SUGAR to blend with tawny browns and leafy greens or STOP RED for matching red or to accent your classic black or blue.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

London's Weavers of Deliverance

(*Continued from page 5*)

Defence which also carries with it the post of Commander-in-Chief of the free forces in this country. Belgium alone has not yet squared out its "Downing Street" partly because of the deep respect several Belgian Ministers hold for their king who surrendered. Otherwise these five countries have everything except their own coinages and extra-territoriality. Special diplomatic immunity has been granted under the guiding wand of Sir John Monck, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. Yet none have had allotted actual pieces of territory, as was the case when the Poles were given full sovereign rights at Angers, in Western France. There the Polish President had ambassadors living in the vicinity.

Free France does not figure in the same category, no government having been brought over to England, or subsequently been established here. General de Gaulle considers himself a locum tenens at the head of a Council of Defence of the French Empire. He has more than once declared his readiness to stand down now or at any future time, provided the people of France can obtain their deliverance and determine on their own form of rule. Meanwhile, he declines to recognise the revised Vichy Constitution and argues that France has not been conquered because she still has her gold reserve and her Empire and—her soul. For the purpose of this article in which I seek to bring together people who have only so far figured piecemeal in gossip paragraphs, Free Frenchmen are operating in precisely the same manner as Free Poles and Free Czechs. Their methods and aspirations do not differ.

Nor do the above complete the liberating forces congregated in London. The Danes, much of whose shipping has passed to Allied service in distant seas, would be formally beside their Norse and Dutch neighbours had even a particle of their Government got away. In spirit they are so, unofficially guiding resistance in their native land. That is what all these people are doing—not "propaganda" but "liberty-guidance."

The Greeks also possess a liberty hearth by the Thames, though only if driven from Greece might their Government have recourse thereto, an eventuality one sincerely trusts may be spared a very gallant little race. Again, numbers of Italians here and especially in America incline to a "Free Italy" movement which in certain conditions could become a torrent. Are not its aims:

To link together all Italians who are opposed to all dictatorship; to reconquer for Italy her civil liberties through a form of government held by the people for the benefit of all social classes; to redeem her national honour, so compromised by a reckless policy of aggression; to revive the beautiful traditions of the *Risorgimento*, and to regain political and cultural autonomy now sacrificed to a foreign bond.

A Free Rumania and a Free Bulgaria have been launched here by high Legation officials who resigned rather than quit England, while a Free Ethiopia has been established in Kensington for some time.

Even a "Free Austria" has its London headquarters and backers, many of these drawn from among political refugees and ex-internees who would fully subscribe to the foregoing being applied to their own once fair land.

Everywhere is evidence of a mounting spirit of resistance to the New Order. No wishful thinking is necessary. One has but to read report after report. From the pugnacious obstruction of Norway to the "open dissatisfaction" of Austria, from the sturdy independence of the Dutch to the war of nerves waged by the Czechs ("impossible to trust a single Czech"—Neurath; "We have daily contact with Prague"—Benés), from the growing non-co-operation of Belgium to a similar awakening in France, the story varies only in intensity. Even from poor trampled Poland comes news of a widespread "go slow" growing only too familiar to the Nazis by its tag "poleone." And if "the smouldering of passive war" spreads ever more widely and deeply, you can truthfully allot two central causes: Britain has successfully stood upright, rekindling hope in nations that had abandoned it; and the Liberators of London have contrived to put themselves over in their respective homelands.

It is as if these afflicted lands have jointly heard a revelation along such lines:—

"The Nazis are over-spreading themselves and if we act in concert we can wear down our oppressors from within. We can make things much easier for the British, who want to free us, if we set about debilitating the Nazis—all of them—in our midst. We need not revolt, nor even risk the graver penalties. All we have to do is to combine, Poles, Dutch, Czechs, all of us, in a common crusade whose object is the weakening and disheartening of those who hold us under."

"Over in London are our lawful and true leaders. They will tell us how in our own way we can fall in and fight for the liberty of all. They will guide us onward to our own liberty advising us what to do and what not to do in order to beckon the day of deliverance. Only those beyond the tyrants' reach can do this. Only our compatriots in London have constant access to all information relating to conditions in the conquered lands. Only they are in a position now to encourage, now to instigate, now to demur, now to venture a "You should not do that! It is helping Hitler unnecessarily!"

London's Freedom Colonies operate, get their effect, on several planes. The Formal and Official, the Military, the Social, the Operational, the Secret.

The Formal was well illustrated by a ceremony at the Polish Hearth, in Princes Gate, W., on the occasion of a visit by King Haakon and his Government. All the guests were men, either in the greenish-grey of the Norwegian army, or in the khaki of Poland. At the top of the stairs each guest was announced—and guests at these functions are drawn from a special and specialised world headed by Mr. Eden. Eight gentlemen stood in a line before a spotlight, and each guest shook hands with the line of eight prior to entering the drawing-room and awaiting the advent of King and President. Shortly after, the red-coated master of ceremonies cried: "Make way for his Majesty the King of Norway and his Excellency the President of Poland," and together the two tall figures walked between the rigid eight, shaking each by the hand. Then an address in English, a trio playing the three anthems, and an identical formality preserved on departure.

Eye-wash out-of-date? Maybe a trifle stiff, but that such meetings in the depths are well worth-while was proven by what followed a reception of the Poles at the Czechoslovak Institute (gift of the British Council, and the late Lord Lloyd was a dynamic friend of all to whom I here refer). What followed was this: At Czech headquarters somewhere in fairest England, President Benés and General Sikorski solemnly undertook to co-operate in the closest manner in the Europe of tomorrow; and when it is added that the quarrelling of these two peoples provoked the downfall of each in turn, and rendered much easier Hitler's general domination, the importance of this belated handclasp in England stands revealed.

The exiles are constantly laying the foundations of future collaboration in trade, finance and cultural matters. Such is perhaps their second task in these times.

For the Dutch, Crown Prince Bernhard usually deputises for Queen Wilhelmina who is not permanently in London. Prior to his (temporary) departure for Canada, Crown Prince Olaf greatly helped his father. Each of these young men concentrates on military inspections though they have found time to attend the numerous receptions and wartime luncheons at which London's Weavers of Deliverance are notable guests, as at Foyle's Literary Lunch where General de Gaulle made one of his few, and brief, public statements. This soldier of France prefers the background, maybe partly to scheme out the mechanised battles that could free his tormented country.

Each of the exile countries has its national "home" which is the hub of all social occasions. These "hearths" are the rendezvous of the Free Forces on leave or stationed in the capital, and of civilian participators in the "free" movements (oddly, there are some who even now prefer to remain outside). Lectures and demonstrations, receptions and "national

(*Continued on page 56*)

Important Notice to all our Readers

As most of our readers must by this time be fully aware, the Publishing Houses of Britain are passing through serious times. Coupled with a curtailment of paper supplies owing to shipping difficulties, all production costs have also risen to a high level.

After months of resistance—despite the steeply rising costs of production—the Proprietors of "Britannia and Eve have reluctantly been compelled to follow the example of others and raise the price of this magazine from one shilling, as hitherto, to one shilling and threepence per copy. This, we might add, is the first time in the magazine's history that there has been any variation in its price.

Owing also to the urgency of the paper-supply problem, waste must be entirely eliminated. If, therefore, you have been in the habit of buying your copy of "Britannia and Eve" casually, and have not placed a definite order for it, *you will probably be unable to secure a copy in the future.*

It is to your own interest to place a definite order at once.

We regret the advance in price; we have resisted it as long as was possible; but we have been forced to this step by events beyond our control.

Starting with the next issue, May, the price of "Britannia and Eve" will henceforth be one shilling and threepence per copy.

THE EDITOR.

Yes, it's a Eugène every time
MY HAIR IS PRECIOUS!

London's Weavers of Deliverance

afternoons" (no Blitz *soirées!*) follow one another regularly, all with a set objective, not infrequently that of advancing help to co-nationals in adversity. A great deal of such care devolves on the "free" movements. There are, for example, 22,000 Belgians in Britain, and 15,000 Czechs, not counting the military.

Periodically will come the really big event, such as the Savoy tea-party given by the "*Français en Grande Bretagne*" community which has increased in a few months from 600 to 3,000 under the inspiring hand of Monsieur Gueritte who put out that "Resurgam" badge.

At the Savoy, the staff had never seen such a throng before. Both the underground ballroom and the dining-floor above were packed. Everybody connected with Free France seemed to be present, soldiers, sailors, airmen, and not least "French Britons" who once had lived across the Channel. And how glad they were to meet for a chat, if a nostalgic one! They agreed that life in London had made that difficult. If they had 'developed' their own cafés and bars and restaurants over here—and this has been done by the Exiles in general—the more open-air and 'circulating' existence of Paris had made casual meetings so much easier.

In the Savoy moved those leading lights of a memorable movement: Admiral Muselier, General Spears, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Lady Crewe. The *clou* of the afternoon was the full "Marseillaise" declaimed by Lieutenant Boniface, late *Comédie Française*, whom I again heard shortly after at a great demonstration at the Brighton Dome when Delysia succeeded an explanatory de Gaulle address given by Captain Simone. One noted the warmth of that Brighton audience.

Under the heading "Operational" should be included the actual methods by which the Freedom Colonies strive to keep the spirit of resistance alive in the conquered countries, but not all of this story can here be told. Approximately speaking, means of contacting the captive populations are threefold: by radio, by leaflet, and by secretly circulated broadsheets such as the French *Pantagruel* and *La Libre Belgique*, whose contents conduct in turn to that valuable asset, "the whispering journal."

These means are mostly used to tell the captive millions how things are *not* all a bed of roses for the Nazis, militarily or any other way, to sustain a common spirit of resistance, and to give directions combatting Hitler's effort to rope in all Europe as slaves in a war arsenal against Britain.

The captive States are advised by their London succourers:—

Not to work in arms factories, particularly not in aircraft, U-boat, or "invasion craft," plants. Not to respond to "voluntary service," by which Hitler hopes to feed his cheap slave labour scheme. To practise slow-down in all circumstances liable to reduce the Nazi war effort, to sabotage and obstruct this effort. To lessen the availability of food supplies for transport to Germany. To accede to a dead minimum of collaboration, only what is rendered necessary by absolute need. No fraternization—*Kein Verkehr*!—as the Germans themselves used to order in the occupied Rhineland, and to none more forcibly than to their womenfolk. Finally, the conquered countries are enjoined to spread anxiety among the Nazis, fear and lack of confidence; to corrupt them, too; and to let them know how lonely and loathed they are, and *how they are going to lose infallibly in the end.*

"Free" London's principal weapon is undoubtedly the broadcast and the effort of the B.B.C. in enabling each outcast Government to have so much of the air daily, represents not its least success.

Leaflets are reported on by those they are meant for, as being "too embarrassing, large, and dull." Yet they have their special moments of infinite use. The third means of contact, the secret newsletter, is on the upgrade. *Pantagruel* of Paris, called after a famous Rabelais character, is neither openly for de Gaulle, nor for Churchill, but it favourably assesses the London broadcasts and kills lies in France. For instance, it hammers in that "England has not the slightest intention of seizing our colonies, or of living next us in the future on anything but the basis of the past."

Most fuel for the above emenates from desks in London where the various Liberty Movements are now represented by over a dozen daily, weekly, and monthly publications ranging from the popular 'penny morning' to the high-class monthly via the intellectual weekly review. These publications have attracted a company of writers, cartoonists, reporters and editorial experts several hundred strong. Functions are: To present war news and comment to co-nationals here; to act as welding link amid these "free" communities; and to maintain foreign beacons of a free press reverberating round the globe and right into the totalitarian lands.

It was fortunate indeed that nearly all the Exiles brought with them either parts of great empires—like the French, Belgian, and Dutch—or else splendid shipping like Norway's. The Poles and Czechs, for their part, brought a good deal of gold. Fusion of productivity of the "Free" Empires has been another job of capital importance entered upon during the London Period.

However this ends, whether in smoke or in triumph resounding, London's Weaver's of Liberation form a company that requires to be noticed now. If their work does finish in triumph, they will necessarily return to their native lands as quite big people. If failure should be the outcome, what a valiant effort will have been theirs. The real tales of heroism may not be told at this stage: of "freedom stations" and of perilous secret landings abroad by sea and air, and subsequent contacting of agents in the captive lands.

But enough has perhaps been said to justify a toast to A Very Gallant Company!

END

Flying High . . . (*Continued from page 17*)

We have still to discover whether, at extreme heights, there will be the tell-tale "vapour trails" so familiar now to citizens of bombed towns.

These trails have nothing to do with the exhaust; they usually appear from the wing-tips of the machine; and they are caused by moisture condensing in the reduced pressure left behind in the aircraft's track.

The pilot knows the trails are forming because of a sort of Smee-the-Pirate sound like "ripping calico"; bullets and shells used in air fighting under suitable weather conditions leave similar trails, and the use of tracers becomes for the time unnecessary.

The problem of extreme cold at great heights is well known. Three pairs of gloves, a fur-lined and electrically heated Sidcot suit, a "Mae West" waistcoat padded with lovely curves, fleece-lined boots and lined helmet are not enough to keep out the insidious attacks of Jack Frost.

Pilots engaged on high-flying operations smear their faces with whale-grease and vaseline, to prevent frostbite; use electrically heated goggles, and cover the lower part of the face with a leather mask with an oxygen mouthpiece and a radio microphone.

ALL pilots nowadays are familiar with the ice danger zone. On an ordinary winter day, this zone extends from about 3,000 ft. to 10,000 ft.; if it's freezing on the ground, the machine takes off into it; on a summer day, it is not met with till about 10,000 ft.; it extends for 7,000 ft. or so above the point where it is entered.

Anywhere in these 7,000 ft. ice may form on the wing, perhaps as much as three inches thick on the leading edge, adding to the weight and spoiling the aircraft's trim, and causing a great risk of "sinking" the machine or perhaps even making it crash.

Or the ice may form in the air-intake of the engine, choking it; or the carburettor may freeze up (German direct-fuel-injection was invented to overcome this problem); or ice forming on the propeller may fly off in big fragments that damage the aircraft or may throw the engine out of balance.

This ice is dangerous when it reaches the aircraft in the form of moisture, and while the thermometer is between freezing-point (thirty-two degrees) and eight degrees. Once it has fallen below eight degrees, the cold is more intense and uncomfortable, but the machine no longer "ices up"—frozen crystals glide off it harmlessly instead of congealing.

De-icing devices—pastes, dopes, an inflatable sheath along the leading-edge that breaks the ice when it is filled with air from inside the machine—have been tried, but they do not overcome the ice danger.

At great heights, although the ice peril is passed, temperatures sometimes fall terribly low. Sixty or seventy degrees of frost may be met; one experimental pilot recently saw his strut thermometer drop to register eighty-two degrees of frost and then go clean off the scale!

At these heights, any moisture that forms inside the oxygen mask turns to a solid sheet of ice. Hands, too, have a funny habit of being very hot at the back and numb with cold on the palms.

To reach immense heights, superchargers are needed to assist the engines. Both the Germans and ourselves have experimented a lot with superchargers. When this war began, German fighters could reach a notably higher ceiling than our own; but that has been more than redressed since.

One supercharger now takes the start of a long climb and another the second half. Better fuel, too, helps us to great heights; shot-down German machines recently have all been using eighty-seven-octane fuel, whereas British warplanes all use one hundred octane fuel. The oil the enemy use, too, has shown clear evidence of having been filtered for repeated use, whereas we have plenty of oil and only use ours for one charge of the sumps.

Flying speeds, which have already considerably exceeded 500 m.p.h., will certainly increase when fighting takes place at eight miles up. A speed of 625 m.p.h. has been claimed in reliable quarters in Rome for an aircraft driven by compressed gas, without propellers. The Germans were experimenting with "rocket planes" before the war, but nothing came of it.

However, Colonel Bernardini, one of the most famous Italian test pilots, is said to have tried out this "gas plane," and he and the inventor, a Signor Campini, are said to have had a special audience with Mussolini about it. I do not give much credence to the tale; I have raced against the Italians a good many times, and was lucky enough to win the Schneider Trophy in Italy when they had won it two previous years and were doing all they could to take it "for keeps."

The advantages offered to the side which can first conquer the upper air and send its bombers over at heights which its opponents cannot reach are obvious. But bombing from such great heights would be purely speculative, unless directed deliberately against civilians in the mass.

Nineteen hundred and forty-one will certainly see an extension upwards of the present air war. It is a curious commentary on human folly that all these wonderful inventions, these cunning devices, and the amazing courage and endurance that enables man to fly safely at eight miles up should be turned to wasteful and wanton destruction; if only they could be harnessed to progress instead, humanity might yet find the path to the stars instead of to a rubble grave.

END

It is the performance and reliability of Rolls-Royce engines which play so important a part in the achievements of British fighters and bombers. The Nation, and indeed the cause of civilisation, is fortunate in having such an organisation at its service.

Investors' Guardian

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The General and the Lady

(*Continued from page 9*)

"So they haven't pulled it down," the general said.

He was leaning forward, clutching on to the handgrip screwed into the car's partition.

He shouted to the driver:

"Slow now; and stop at the foot of the hill. Pull into the side of the road."

"They always got down here," the general said. "And the groom took the trap on. There's a short cut up to the house."

The general and the A.D.C. got out of the car.

"We might just walk a little way up the path," the general said. "I don't expect that the house is lived in now."

The path ran diagonally across the face of the slope and up it they toiled till they reached a laurel walk that skirted along the base of a sunk wall.

Above them were terraced lawns that stretched away to the house.

They came to a place where the sunk wall was broken by a flight of brick steps with a white-painted wicket gate at the top of them.

"It hasn't changed at all," the general said. "It's extraordinary how vividly I remember it all."

They mounted the steps and went through the little gate.

"Left-handed, now, along this path," the general said.

"But surely," the A.D.C. objected, "we ought to strike up right-handed to get to the house."

The general was panting. It was hot and, in his job, he got very few chances of taking any exercise.

"There's a summerhouse along here," he said. "We won't go up to the house at all. Rather a jolly view, I remember," he added lamely.

A summerhouse, on that June afternoon, forty years ago. Alone with the adorable Florence—before that fatal interview with mamma.

A winding, mossy path took them through an old-fashioned "wilderness," a place of overgrown shrubs and spiky mounds with ferns growing among stiff grey boulders.

They rounded a great clump of Portugal laurels and came out on to a little terrace which faced down the hill, commanding a really magnificent view.

Facing them was the summerhouse, a typically late-Victorian erection, with a Swiss chalet roof supported on rustic wooden pillars.

From the interior of the summerhouse came the staccato click of a typewriter.

Almost certainly the general failed to note this warning sound. Possibly he was hearing words spoken by a hopeful young man in a high collar and a bottle green suit on a hot summer's afternoon all those long years ago. At all events he advanced boldly, his A.D.C. behind him.

The clicking ceased abruptly.

"Come along in, whoever it is," said a voice, a female voice, speaking in sharp, clipped accents.

The general started convulsively.

"Here, straight ahead. I shan't bite you," the voice said, and, approaching nearer, the A.D.C. made out the form, seated behind a typewriter and in the deep shadow, of one of the largest and most formidable women he had ever seen in his life.

She was enormous, she wore horn-rimmed glasses, her grey hair was bobbed, and, worst of all, she was in uniform, a uniform decorated with a truly impressive array of stars and chevrons.

She addressed herself to the general who stood in front of the typewriting table as a small boy might stand in front of his headmaster's desk.

"And who may you be?" said the lady.

The general gulped.

"I'd have known you anywhere, Florence," he said gallantly; and then, bashfully, he pronounced his name.

"I'm a general now. A full-blown general. It's a great many years since we last met. You won't remember."

The formidable lady took off her spectacles.

"But of course I remember," she said. "How could I not? And that lovely lunch you gave us in your rooms. How Aunt Daisy enjoyed the salmon mayonnaise! And poor mamma . . ."

From some mysterious pocket Florence produced a huge khaki handkerchief and blew her nose.

It was an affecting moment.

She held up a large hand.

"And now, general," she said, "now that you *have* come back, and high time, too, I'm going to enlist your aid. It's most providential. I am up against a number of difficulties and you are the very man to help me with them. When I tell you of the response that I've received to my demands from the jacks-in-office, male *and* female, who constitute the so-called proper channels through which I am obliged to make my official applications. When every simple demand is . . ."

At this point the A.D.C., in the light of his general's outburst that morning, thought it prudent to walk away out of earshot.

For a considerable time he stood looking fixedly at the view.

When he returned to the summerhouse the general was still standing in front of Florence's typewriter; but the flood of her eloquence appeared to be on the ebb.

"Now you've got all those points clear, general?" she was saying. "And mind you, I expect immediate action on them. No pigeon-holing, no shilly-shallying."

"Yes, Florence," said the General meekly. "I'll look into the whole thing straight away, and write to you as I promised. And now I'm afraid I must be getting back to my car. I left it at the bottom of the hill."

Florence got up from her inadequate-looking chair and laid a huge hand on the sleeve of the general's tunic.

"So you remembered the short cut and the old summerhouse?" she said.

"My dear," said the general. "How should I ever forget?"

ON their way back along the mossy path the general fanned himself briskly with the folded typewritten list of Florence's demands.

He tripped along like a small boy.

"Capable woman, that," he said. "She knows what she wants and that's half the secret. Determined, too."

"Yes," said the A.D.C.

"Odd thing that an attractive girl like that never married," said the general, "very odd."

He tugged complacently at the ends of his moustache and whistled a happy little tune

He'd enjoyed his day after all.

END

The Affair of the Scarlet Band

(*Continued from page 15*)

Nothing could be more simple, nothing more safe, or more effective. You see, my dear Ludlow, hair is as common on the human head as are red field poppies in an English landscape. You observed the poppies, of course. I invited you to examine one?"

A ray of light shot into my brain. "You mean——"

"The aerodrome is ringed with poppies. Seed is easy to obtain. It is small and light. Millions could be carried in a single pocket. The plant is an annual and comes quickly into flower. A man had only to stroll for

an hour round your aerodrome, dropping seed as he went, to render useless all your elaborate paintwork. And mark this: once the man had finished his walk his work was done. He might be arrested, executed—but the poppies would bloom. So you see, whatever appeared to be underneath, the German pilots had only to drop their bombs within the scarlet band to hit their objective. Every one on the aerodrome must have seen the flowers; you yourself trampled through them; yet not one realised their significance. Why? Simply because they were as much to be expected as grass in a field."

"But wait a minute," I broke in. "The pilot had first to find the ring of poppies."

"Of course. The railway line we crossed runs direct to the coast. The enemy pilots had only to follow the line to come to a landmark so conspicuous that it could not be missed. You remember the field of yellow mustard? This again was a perfectly natural crop."

"But that was miles from the aerodrome," I pointed out.

"Admittedly, but the aerodrome was indicated by an arrow so enormous that it could not be observed in one glance except from a great height. Thus, it was not seen by people on the ground. You are, at this very moment, actually sitting on it—or on a minute portion of it."

I stared about me like a fool, for all I could see was grass, dark, rich, blue-green grass.

"Since the arrow had to cross more than one type of vegetation different methods were employed in its delineation," went on Vane inexorably. "That part on which we are seated was marked by the simple expedient—after the manner of the poppies—by a man merely strolling from the mustard field in the direction of the aerodrome dropping a thin trail of nitrate of soda as he went. Nitrate of soda, like all nitrogenous fertilisers, is a leaf maker. It is quick in action. The result is a line of lush herbage different in colour from the rest. You saw me test a piece of the grass as we came along. Of course, from the ground the line is not easy to see because the edges merge with the untreated grass, but from the air it stands out plainly enough. On your photograph it might be mistaken for a hedge."

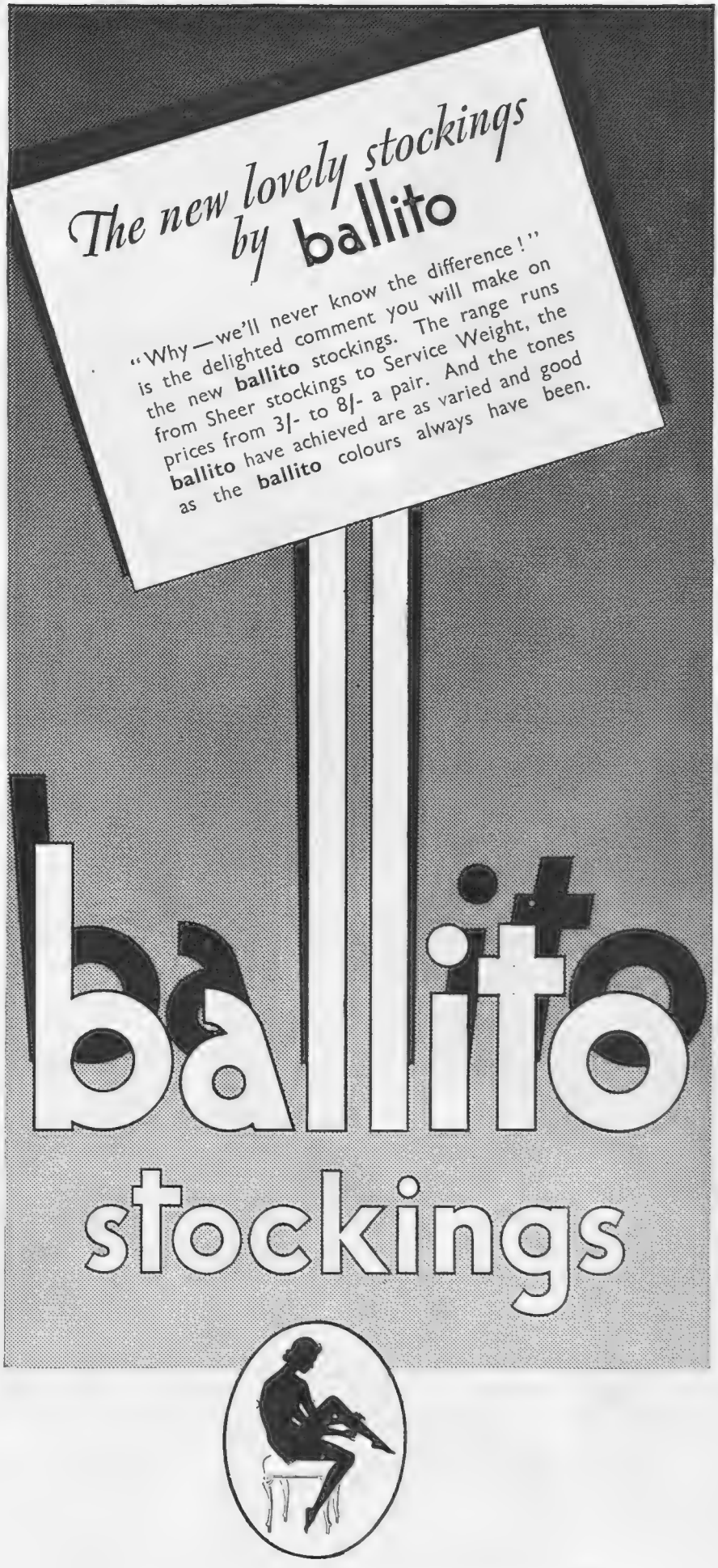
"Go on," I said weakly.

"But when the delineator reached the area of heather, which, being woody, would not respond so readily to treatment, he changed his formula to sodium chlorate, which is deadly to all vegetable life. If you stand up you will see a line of dead heath running almost to the edge of the aerodrome, a line which, as in the case of the fertiliser, would be easier to see from a distance than near at hand. And that, my dear fellow, was all there was to it."

I was silent for a moment, shaken by the simplicity yet effectiveness of the device. "But the farmer—how did you know he was our man?"

"Oh—that!" Vane smiled. "In the first place there was the field of mustard. A stranger could hardly ask a farmer to plant a particular crop in a particular field without arousing his curiosity. Hence, it seemed probable that the farmer himself was the culprit. When we neared the farm my suspicions were confirmed. Poppy seed is small and not easy to handle without spilling any. Poppy seed had been dropped in small quantities in several places about the farm, and between the farm and the point where the scarlet band began. So, too, had small quantities of sodium chlorate, which made small dead patches of grass. You may recall that I remarked on the untidy nature of the farm as we approached it. But we had better not remain talking here. Collect your man and his assistants, and cut the poppies without delay. At the same time I would advise you to get a horticulturalist to make a close examination of every aerodrome in the country for similar natural phenomena. I'll get back to the experiment on which I was working when you called. But I'm glad you brought me into the country; it has been both pleasant and instructive."

END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Phoenix City

(*Continued from page* 11)

It would run on its name for a time, and then—good night. "A past," said old Pinoli; "but no future."

Now Romano's is dead. No bomb has hit it; but all the same, the war, with its bombs and blackout, has extinguished its last spark of life. Only the barman is left. But you can't buy a drink from him. He has moved up from the bar to the roof. He's the fire-watcher now.

Oddinino's before the first world war was the great haunt of musicians, writers and medical students. The attraction was the famous beer hall. Oddy, who had the Imperial restaurant, bought the old Gambrinus Lager Beer Hall, in Glasshouse Street, and then took over Polytolski's, the last surviving fully licensed pastrycook's. Polytolski's was next door. Oddy bored a tunnel, knocked down the wall between the Gambrinus and the cake shop, and made one place of the three.

In the Gambrinus you would be sure to find a crowd of interesting folk, and any German musician, conductor or singer in town for a season. They found a breath of the fatherland in the beer hall, with its grotesque Bavarian carvings, its Munich beer, goose soup, and sandwiches of brown bread with tongue and sausage and slices of gherkin. Many of the habitués had their private beer mugs, which hung in a row behind the counter. Touches like that row of private beer mugs have vanished from the London of to-day.

The Kaiser once visited Oddies incognito, and sent Oddy a signed photograph to commemorate the occasion. After August 4, 1914, a signed photograph of Kaiser Wilhelm was no asset, so its owner hid it behind a mirror. He also thought it wise to drop the name of Gambrinus from the beer hall. People thought it was German. But they were wrong. Gambrinus is the name of the mythical king of Flanders to whom is ascribed the invention of beer!

After the war Oddies was rebuilt into an opulent palace of gastronomy at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds. But when the old gentleman died, he was no longer in control. His London had died; he didn't understand the new town, and couldn't make a success of his new place.

THE Café Royal, Verrey's, the Cavour—the names were still there, but atmosphere, clientele, owners, and managers, were new. The old Café Royal for a time resisted gallantly, retaining its pre-war garish French decor, its authentic French café lay-out. Nicolas Thevenon, a Burgundian bankrupt, thirty years old, arrived in London with his wife and five pounds, and, after working at odd jobs, took an empty shop in Glasshouse Street and started a small café, the Café Restaurant Nicols. In four years he had paid all his debts.

He and his wife worked prodigiously, built their place into fame, made a fortune. From time to time, he gave his wife presents. One day he found that his nephew, whom he had charged to buy wines, had bought so industriously that he had filled eighteen cellars with what was probably the world's finest collection of wines and brandies—mostly not paid for. Nicol found that he owed £115,000. At this juncture his wife astounded him and his bankers by providing £60,000 in cash. She had saved it "in her stocking"! Nicol's wine collection eventually was worth a million pounds.

When he died, his wife presided; and then their grandson took over, up went the present marble palace, off went the old habitués, and down came the financial structure. Old Nicol must have turned in his grave as the receiver walked in and his descendant walked out philosophically murmuring: "*C'est fini, allez vous en*," to look for a job. That was ten years ago. A part of London died then. The Café, after some vicissitudes, found its place in the new London. Now people wait half an hour sometimes to get a lunch table.

The Bohemians who used to frequent the old Café scattered for a while after its transformation—to the Eiffel Tower in Tottenham Court Road, to a score of little places in Soho, to the new little clubs, the Ham Bone and others, back of Shaftesbury Avenue. These had their vogue, and most died. One celebrated place was the Cosmo Club, forerunner of places like Ciro's and the Ambassadors.

For a while it was known as a place where a man could get at a very modest price a drink and something to eat in a real Bohemian atmosphere—and dance, too, if he wanted to. It quickly became a rendezvous of all the night birds. Then you found travellers there, explorers, artists, dancers, men about town, budding politicians; then all sorts and kinds of people. Famous stars of music-hall and opera and the concert hall would stand up or sit down to the piano and entertain their friends. There were riotous beefsteak nights, when an astonishing collection of people sat down on beer barrels to dine in primitive manner without knives or forks.

This remarkable place was made by a new sort of pleasure entrepreneur, representative of a whole crowd who came to town from America between 1914 and 1918 and stayed on to make—and lose—money. One was Jack May, who had once been agent for a firm making gas burners. Now, the Italian waiters had a club, the Italian Club, run by Pinoli, Oddinino, and some of their compatriots. But it didn't pay, and when the deficits got too big, the Italians looked for someone to buy them out. They wanted £1,000, £100 down, and the buyer to take over the wine. Jack May agreed to buy, and said he'd go for the deposit. Actually he went to find a buyer for the wine. He found one, sold for £90, borrowed £10 more, and took over with thirty shillings in hand. Oddy and company didn't know until later that they had sold to a man with an empty pocket!

However, once Jack May was in, they had to back him up to get the rest of their money. May, working the club up, paid by instalments. When instalments fell behind he put a cash register in the bar, and all the money for the drinks the Italians took. Some weeks the money would fall below the sum he had promised to pay. Then he put a big glass beside the register and threw in all the money he took for sandwiches, and from that made up the difference.

But amid the thunder of falling masonry, the hammering of pneumatic picks, the snorts of elevated steam cranes, the clang of girder-work falling into place, an old London was being scrapped and a new London was arising.

In this new city Eve insisted on sharing the nocturnal life of Adam.

A brighter London society got going. American bars multiplied.

GREYHOUND race tracks were pioneered by a Canadian who found it difficult to get the initial £5,000 of capital (the daring pioneer investors got their money back forty-fold). While old restaurants were rebuilt on a sumptuous scale, palatial new hotels arose and whole streets were torn down and recreated on a more magnificent scale.

Regent Street was completely reconstructed.

Sheds covered huge excavations in Piccadilly Circus, where the tube men were making a vast new subterranean station.

Batteries of pneumatic picks broke up broad Piccadilly.

The famous street of clubs and exclusive small shops and glittering restaurants looked like an area of a bombarded town. Men swore, picking a way to their club through piles of timber and pipes.

Ladies of fashion softly cursed because taxi drivers and chauffeurs landed them at back and side entrances of pet restaurants and hotels, being unable to reach the front portals. Bernard Shaw fled to a service flat in Whitehall Court from his old home

adjoining Barrie's, overlooking the river in shady Adelphi Terrace. His world was falling about his ears.

Gangs of men with machines tore down great sections of the adjacent Strand.

The city was pressing westward, engulfing acres of the old pleasure and fashionable home quarter. Apprehensive hoteliers sold sites and buildings east of the lofty fluted column from which Nelson surveyed the rapidly changing city. Three new hotels sprang up on the Piccadilly route to Hyde Park, where there were none before, and from Park Lane, now menaced, the earls and marchionesses fled. The Duke of Westminster's palace in the celebrated lane —he used to play tennis on a hard court on ground worth £50,000—disappeared, and the huge pile of Grosvenor House soared on its site.

Typewriters clicked in mansions which five years before were the homes of princes.

Old London died to a jazz tune. Everybody was dancing. Sir Austen Chamberlain, a stiff stick, appeared in the dance clubs. Lord Beaverbrook and Arnold Bennett learnt to dance. Soon debutantes and dowagers were foxtrotting in Buckingham Palace—shades of Queen Victoria! The heart and high-light of the new pleasure world was first Ciro's, and then the Embassy Club

De Courville, the revue producer, started the famous restaurant club in a room and basement at the end of a long passage in Old Bond Street, It was the Four Hundred then. One dawn, returning to pick up a forgotten cigarette case, he found his maître playing host to a large champagne supper-breakfast party, realised that it takes a restaurateur to run a restaurant club, and sold out to Luigi, a lean, supple-waisted Italian, who had made money at the Criterion, the war-time headquarters of the "Solly" Joel—Jimmy White financial crowd.

Luigi bought de Courville out for £6,000, renamed the place the Embassy, and, with his following and knowledge of human nature, made it a top-flight success from the start. He actually made folk pay to belong to the place—as though one had to cough up a subscription to be charged through the nose at the Ritz. I recall my surprise—I was still learning about people—at sight of a duke patiently waiting in the doorway for a supper table. With an income of a quarter million, a great town house and a cosy little one, six clubs, a few country seats, a steam yacht, a lovely wife and one or two pensioned-off ones, he could think of no better way of passing a few hours of his mortal life, and no better place to go. That almost explained the magic of these places—the futility of their habitués. Butterflies hunting for honey on the glimmering road to nothingness.

The crush was always terrific.

Once I was telephoning at Ciro's—the Ciro's of So-so's day—and they came and took the very telephone phone-box seat from under me to accommodate a prince. There was a jam in the foyer, and in the gallery people stood. Under the amber lights on the yellow dance floor the couples were crammed like sardines in a tin. You made slight shrugging movements and were carried along on the tide.

LUIGI adopted a phrase: the best was not good enough for him.

I was with him in his office once when someone came through on the phone with an offer of some cigars, cheap. Luigi retorted that no cigars that were cheap could possibly interest him—good-bye. He knew everybody, and their secrets. He enabled husbands out with a girl to dodge wives, and wives out with a man to dodge husbands. He had his free list of peers and ladies-with-a-following; it paid. The rich folk got the "deadheads" on their bills, and never knew the difference.

He could, and did, charge £100 plus ten free cases to a champagne merchant merely for listing his liquor on the Embassy wine card.

But in due course Luigi noticed his ultra-smart London beginning to show a chin-sag. He sold out for £45,000, plus a contract which gave him the wine and cigar business, (*Continued on page* 62)

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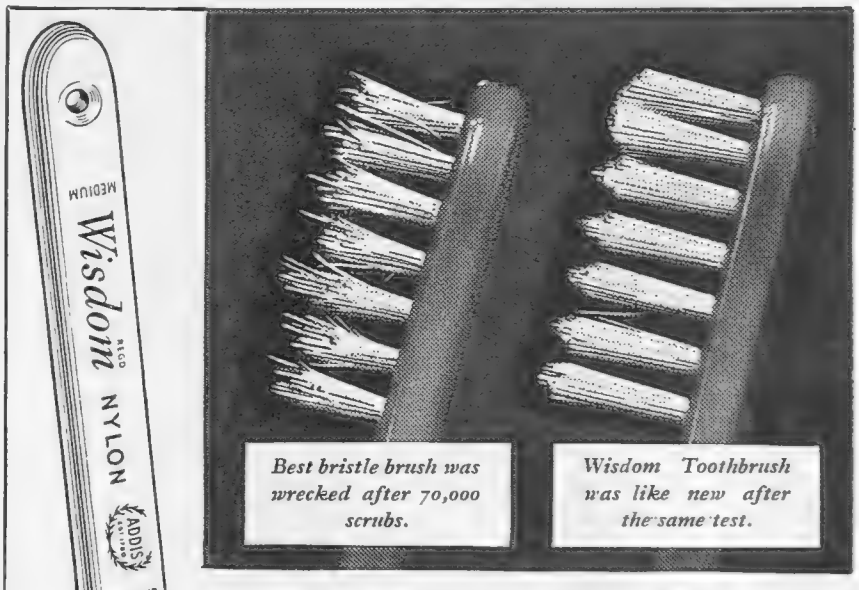

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and £5,000 a year as managing director. Some time later, he died—his heart was weak. The place was declining before he passed. There is an Embassy Club still, but it is not the old Embassy. The old Embassy died with Luigi.

It's always that way with pleasure-life clubs. People get tired of seeing the same faces. The new Café de Paris milked the old Embassy. Sovrani's in Jermyn Street took some of the lunch crowd until Quaglioni, Sovrani's maître, demanded a partnership, and, being refused, crossed the street, and opened his own place, which quickly put Sovrani out of business.

The wizards who wove the glittering pattern of all this pleasure life of the 'twenties and early 'thirties were mostly brunette gentlemen with smooth faces, astute dark eyes and ingratiating manners. The majority came from the same province of north Italy, worked together until ready to set up on their own and cut one another's business throats; and now, alas, most of them have gone down to Davy Jones's locker, victims of a torpedo fired by a submarine owned by the Nazi end of the Axis partnership.

FOR some time, maybe five years, there was a sort of half-way house between a private and a public pleasure world. It was a part of London life, too. The Bright Young People started it and kept it going—mainly on gin and whisky cocktails. There were treasure hunts through the town's nocturnal streets, midnight bathing parties and negro cults. An angular girl with an acquiline nose named Betty Ponsonby was the ring-leader. Later she married a tall young ex-naval officer, Denis Pelly, who had been my secretary for a year. I don't know why they married, and maybe they had no very clear ideas on the subject either. It didn't last long, anyway. There was a divorce, he remarried (he's back in the navy now), and she died in a nursing home the other day of chronic alcoholic poisoning. Epitaph of the B.Y.P.

The social climbers kept things fizzing a good deal. They were mostly American, and, naturally, monied. They went into the social climbing game with the humourless energy and frankness of a retired business man determined to develop a solid pig farm out of an initial hog and sow. They paid fabulous rents for the town houses of hard-up peeresses, hired social secretaries and Press agents, gave parties which cost £1,000 a time and looked like the Savoy ballroom on crush night. You could fill a swimming pool with the champagne that flowed those nights. The young men and some of the old ones too helped themselves to the cigars and cigarettes, some of the social secretaries collected ten per cent commission on all supplies, and a merry time was had by all—except, perhaps, the climbers, who usually found themselves at the end of a season on the same lower slope from which they started.

I recall one millionairess who planned a party with a famous dancer to appear at midnight. That would get 'em! The stage was set, the guests rolled up. But, no dancer. The hostess had made an error. At the last moment she had overdone it, adding a celebrated pianist. When the dancer heard it, she refused to come. Too late to cajole, argue, re-arrange. She was off the bill. Early comers, having refreshed themselves, thereupon began to leave; and the more distinguished guests, getting the news as they arrived, climbed back into their cars without bothering to enter and say how-do to the hostess. It was a very rude and rough era.

And then there were the charity balls, the gay and glamorous charity balls. In the 500-guinea box, the Duke and Duchess of Y., with the lady who's paid for the box. Large party, fizz, gay laughter. Next door, Mrs. Y. from Hampstead. Large party, fizz, strident laughter. Baroness B.—munitions, 1918—glances sidelong at the Countess of Q's famous pearls and wonders if they're paste and how these old families keep going anyway. Gentlemen, who know their way about, find people they know in any number of boxes, and thus secure much free champagne.

Two or three thousand people jam the dance floor below. You mix with stage, revue, film and social stars, see for yourselves how real their complexions are, and how bored the professional stars look, and probably are. Stockbrokers you see, and mysterious and talked-of financiers who live in Mayfair and have palatial offices in the city and wives who periodically lose £50,000 ropes of diamonds and rubies. And mannequins, guardees, social surgeons and social lawyers, and many more, all getting their two or three guineas' worth out of the floor, the band, and each other.

Perhaps they'll come back after the war, but before this war began hospital secretaries were telling me that they found this source of revenue had been declining for years. Poker parties were more popular, and paid more. Maybe we shall later find a better way of financing hospitals and other vitally essential organisations and institutions usually dumped together under the quaint heading of "a worthy cause."

Bottle parties were one of the minor follies of the town—symptomatic of the pre-war aimlessness and a hunger for an alcoholic good time. There were fifty or sixty in the heyday. Some survive. I inspected several when they were a new phenomenon, and thought that Kate Merrick managed these things better in her time and place. The Paradise illustrates the rise and fall of the bottle party.

When this Regent Street place opened, 200 people a night crowded in. They paid 7s. 6d. at the door and 8s. 6d. for a steak. The club had 17,000 names on its files; the cellar was piled with bottles of wine, whisky and gin, ordered and paid for by patrons. Takings at the peak were £1,200 to £1,400 a week. The rent was £1,260 a year. A cabaret show cost £400 a week. The pay-roll had to take care of an eight-man band, a dozen waiters, a couple of chefs and three assistants, a woman secretary and some etceteras.

Three years after opening, the Paradise closed so abruptly that meat, eight Dover soles, a pint of cream, two pounds of bacon, and some odds and ends, ordered for the night's festivities (if any one arrived to participate) had to be cancelled by phone. The place in its last phase was taking only £12 a night.

So another bit of London died.

One of these days London, as London, will die. Cities are not eternal, although their inhabitants are apt to succumb to the illusion that they are. But London's time is not yet. The very size of this, the greatest of all the great cities built by men, thwarts its air attackers. It has been calculated that at the present rate of demolition it would take the swastika bombers forty years of continuous bombing to level London as the Romans levelled Carthage. At most it seems that Hitler will merely help London to hasten the shucking of an old crinkled skin.

Already one glimpses the new capital arising out of the mists of the future: a city smaller possibly—a city of eight millions is a lop-sided growth in this small island—and certainly better planned and built, freed from the scandal of slum warrens and jerry-building, gay with lights, and quieter. The lights will be new-type lights developed from researches speeded by current air-war problems. The quietude will come from new road materials and vehicle-engine devices designed to bring the boon of minimum noise after the clangour of the blitz nights. Air conditioning, enabling windows to be kept shut while the air remains fresh will further resist noise.

There will be dancing again, possibly a rhumba rage, if American trends go for anything (there is dancing now, of course, with a tendency for people to sleep where they dance in town, and use the subterranean lounge or ballroom as a dormitory). It has been surmised that there will not be much changing into evening dress; but I doubt it: I foresee an orgy of dressing up, and going out, after this war, and the women will be bright as flamingoes, and elaborate about the hair.

It will be a friendlier city, with a better community spirit, and a better organised life. The community life of the shelters is scarcely

likely to be lost: it may develop into new large-scale, low-cost restaurants for the people, with music and entertainment in the evenings. There will be more living out of town, and more coming into town; and the broad new arterial roads will be shining ribbons of shadowless moonlight as the new "cold" light is run in at curb level.

There will be social climbers again, and a new spate of pleasure haunts making and breaking a new generation of pleasure caterers, and a frothy scum gambling at surreptitious baccarat parties (they're doing it now), and some new bright young people fooling about and getting in the papers again; and there will be a London season again designed, mainly, to enable boy to meet girl, but a lot of the people will be new.

Yes, London is dead—dead like the phœnix.

END

Best of Both Worlds

(*Continued from page* 43)

My point is that these details can be introduced into the smallest and the least costly of houses. Bad design and rough workmanship *must* be banned from the house of the future. Our country is teeming with potential artists and craftsmen capable of the work and ambitious to carry it out if they are given the proper conditions. Those conditions must be forthcoming. We must get away from mass production decadence.

There is another thing which has proved to be a constant blemish upon the smaller type of English house and garden. This is the apparent obsession for raising outhouses adjacent to the house itself.

One can reasonably argue that these outgrowths are essential. So they may be. There must be a place to keep the family bicycle, mother needs a shelter for the baby's perambulator. Then there is a coal shed, and a storehouse for garden tools. All very necessary, but what can you say of a house so inadequately equipped and so shoddily designed that provision for these essential needs have been omitted at the time of building.

In the future we shall hope to see all these items included in the plan of the house, leaving the patch of soil which the average Englishman delights to till to blossom with flowers instead of sheds.

Cohesive planning will, if we do this thing properly, include more than individual household amenities. Why, for instance, is it not possible to arrange some social organisation plans to simplify shopping, laundry, playing fields and organised sports?

Vegetable growing has proved its worth in this war. None of us who have enjoyed the fruits of our gardens will be anxious to relinquish them, but in the smaller garden there is little room for flowers and food together, so let us dispense with snobbery and accept the principle of the communal kitchen garden for each estate. Allotments for everybody, in fact.

A hostel to each housing estate is another idea worth considering so that if as a wife, you feel disposed to take a little holiday away from the family there is a convenient hostel where they can either put up at a reasonable charge or, better still, go for their meals.

All these things could be provided for in the ideal State. Gardeners could be retained by the owners and hired out to tenants at a reasonable charge for such jobs as hedge clipping, lawn mowing and general tidying. Deliver us from housing estates that come into being three miles from the nearest shopping centre and equally remote from the nearest school. Let there be co-operation and understanding in these matters.

The new way of living must be more co-operative, those national characteristics which, in the past, have kept the Englishman so much to himself will persist, but it is to be hoped that the amenities of a more communal form of living may appeal sufficiently to make these obvious improvements possible.

END

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"not so good days"

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PROPAX Tablets kill the pain and relieve the cause

T.3

Greenland—The Orphan Isle

(*Continued from page 20*)

Watkins and three companions spent a whole year in Greenland surveying and taking meteorological observations. They declared that an air route between this country and Canada by way of Greenland was quite feasible.

The idea of the United States taking over Greenland is not new. Rear-Admiral Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole, declared that Congress should do so forty years ago. "Britain," he wrote at the time, "has a naval base in the Orkneys by which she guards the northern entrance to the North Sea patrolling these waters both in summer and winter. It would be to our interest to have a similar base in the North Atlantic and it should be in Greenland. Thirty hours' steaming due south from Cape Farewell by thirty-five-knot war craft would put them in the trans-atlantic lanes midway between New York and the English Channel. There are fjords in southern Greenland which would hold the entire navy, with deep, narrow, impregnable entrances."

Canada had to take special precautions to protect her grain ships operating from Port Churchill on Hudson Bay during the past summer. Entrance into the bay is by way of Hudson Strait. Almost opposite, in Greenland, is Godthaab, Greenland's largest settlement. It lies at the head of a deep fjord, sheltered by high mountains. It was feared that ocean-going U-boats might attempt to use the fjord as a base for attacking the grain ships.

In many respects Greenland is an amazing country. Although known by name to every one, principally through the popular missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," much misconception exists concerning this really little-known country tucked away under the North Pole. It is the largest island in the world, having an area of 838,000 square miles, about four times as large as France. The interior of the country, however, consists of a great ice cap, two miles deep in places. Only a comparatively small strip of land along the coast is habitable. From the ice cap great glaciers wind their way through the fjords to the sea and these are responsible for the icebergs encountered every year in the Atlantic. It is computed that the ice discharged annually from the Jakohshavn Glacier on the west coast would make a mountain two miles long, two miles broad and a thousand feet high. Yet it is only one of scores of such glaciers.

Greenland has been one of the most exclusive countries on the globe. No one has been able to land there without permission of the Danish Government. The object here was to keep liquor and disease from reaching the Eskimos and the restrictions have been to their benefit.

It was Eric the Red-haired, an Icelander, who discovered Greenland. He had slain a fellow viking and for his misdeed he was sentenced to three years' banishment. Fitting out a ship, he set sail northward with a band of followers. When the period of banishment had elapsed Eric returned and announced he had discovered a new land, "a Green Land of grassy valleys and pleasant woods." He induced a number of colonists to return to the new land with him. That was in the year 985. In the year 1000, Eric's son Leife, when on a visit to Norway, was brought under the influence of Christianity, and returned to Greenland with a priest, who baptised all the inhabitants, including Eric.

For some four hundred years the colonists kept up regular communications with the mother country, during which period some seventeen bishops were sent out to Greenland. A letter, preserved in the Vatican library, relates how "the colonists paid their Peter's pence regularly in walrus hides and ivory." In 1406 another bishop was sent out, but whether he reached his destination no one ever knew. From that year all communication with Greenland ceased. A manuscript giving this information fell into the hands of Dr. Hans Egede, a Danish Lutheran clergyman, who was labouring among the Icelanders, and he decided to go and find out how the colonists in Greenland were faring.

He landed there in 1721, but instead of the "Green Land of grassy valleys and pleasant woods," there was nothing but wastes of dreariness and desolation, and, instead of being surrounded by stalwart Norsemen, his fellow countrymen, he found himself in the midst of a race of miserable dwarfs. Though disappointed he determined to stay and do his best to uplift these heathen people, and his efforts proved so successful that he is referred to as "The Apostle of Greenland." Remains of the old Norse settlements in the form of stables, churches, and houses have since been found and these old ruins are now guarded with antiquarian jealousy.

To help the mission which Hans Egede started, the Danish Government planted trading posts up and down the coast, very much like those of the Hudson's Bay Company, to buy seal-oil, eiderdown, skins and walrus ivory from the natives in exchange for flour, coffee, sugar, cloth, needles and other treasures of the white man. The "Royal Trade," as it is called, often loses £4,000 to £5,000 a year, but Denmark has always been solicitous over the welfare of these little people of the Far North.

The natives of Greenland do not like to be referred to as Eskimos, but as Greenlanders. They do not lead a nomadic life, wandering here and there like most Eskimos, but dwell in settlements, of which there are one hundred and seventy-six, scattered along the coast.

The two capitals are Godthaab in the south and Godhavn in the north. Opposite the latter, on Disco Island, is the Arctic Biological Station, the most northerly scientific institution in the world. In addition to studying the flora and fauna of the country it also conducts meteorological and biological observations. Godthaab is Greenland's largest town with a population of some five hundred souls. It boasts a landing stage, small wharf, a powerful wireless station, seminary, church and school.

In the larger settlements one finds churches with steeples, organs, and oil-paintings. Here you will find pure-blooded Eskimo ministers and they deliver their address with much eloquence. In the churches, which are well attended, the men sit on one side and the women on the other. All join heartily in the singing and in repeating the creed and prayers. A curious feature is the presence of spittoons and they are often used by the officiating clergymen.

While the Greenlander to-day, like his ancestor, lives on seals, the flesh of the Polar bear and other Arctic creatures, he has learnt to consume a lot of bread and vegetables as well. The flour for bread has to be imported.

Those settlements in Southern Greenland which virtually lie in the same latitude as the Shetlands, grow a great deal of the vegetables they need—broccoli, radishes, turnips, lettuces, spinach, leeks, parsley, potatoes and carrots. Strawberries and cucumbers regularly ripen under glass. Attempts to cultivate barley have not proved successful, but there is plenty of grass and heather, and, to-day, sheep are being reared, as well as goats for milking and reindeer.

In the short summer, when the sun shines day and night continuously, the coastal regions are a blaze of bright colours with the many varieties of wild flowers.

There are many glacial streams which come tumbling from the southern glaciers which could be easily harnessed for electrical power for developing Greenland's mineral resources. Much more could be done, too, in exporting hides and skins for leather, while her fisheries are virtually untouched. It is the opinion of those who know the country that Greenland could be developed and made to become almost as rich as Alaska.

Although some three hundred Danish gentlefolk live among the Greenlanders, who number some twenty-two thousand souls, you can hardly refer to them as their rulers, for the Greenlanders govern themselves. The latter are all armed, while the Danes are not. They run their own affairs without the least interference.

There is no government, as we understand the term, and there are no policemen, and there has been no serious crime for a century back. It is an example of pure socialism, and the only example ever realised in this wicked world. Whether it will remain so once it has been developed on modern industrial lines is perhaps a moot question!

END

Who'll Be the "Big Names" After the War?

(*Continued from page* 29)

of fifty or sixty personalities. It is, in fact, an amusing way of spending an evening's conversation. I suggested the name of D. H. Lawrence. It was ruled out by a vote of three to one at my fireside tribunal. I protested that he should have a place on the "notoriety" side of the register. This was agreed upon.

Then what of the author of *Ulysses*? Yes, James Joyce certainly gets a place.

And such difficult-to-place men as T. E. Lawrence, whose influence, rather than achievement (I refer now to his post-war career), is tremendous.

Take the case of a young Canadian officer who was wounded at Cambrai and won the Military Cross. He went home in 1919 to become a children's surgeon. But the course of his life led him to research and his name was given to the world as the discoverer of insulin. His name is Frederick Banting His recent death in an aeroplane accident is a great loss to medical research.

Yet if you range up and down the ranks there comes the thought that twenty years of armistice was scarcely enough—broken in the middle as it was by the economic slump—to provide war-born youth with the full momentum.

Wars have a way of leaving the middle-aged alive, and in power; and to-morrow? The middle-aged are old men, having tasted nothing of war's laceration.

But perhaps this war will be different?

END

Stockings, Cosmetics and You

(*Continued from page* 38)

metal case, but these are becoming as rare as jewels, and are as jealously guarded as jewels by their owners. No need to worry if you have not got a metal container for your refills, however. The new galalith and plastic cases are wonderful.

Helena Rubinstein uses plastic with stunning effect. A flash of scarlet and white stripes in the hand, the case is funnel shaped, sleek, fat and opulent looking, despite the fact that it is half an inch shorter than its opposite number of pre-war days.

The plastic will not chip or scratch; smudges can be wiped off its surface in a second, and, more important than any of these items, the only metal used is the tiny scrap which forms the cup and base.

Mostly salon treatment prices are the same as before the war, the firm standing the tax on ingredients, and doing it gladly as a contribution to the winning of the war, and as a useful aid to the women of Britain.

Taking it all in all, we have little to fear, either about the stocking or the cosmetic situation. We can still get our basics. We can still get our sweet-smelling, simple talcs, shampoos and toilet refreshers. More than this we, who are fighting side by side with our men for our very lives, cannot expect, and should not expect, to find.

END

Shoes scarcer & cost more

But SHOE BILLS ACTUALLY LESS

They walked into something good on this wartime week-end .

I'M SCARED ABOUT THIS VISIT-PEGGY'S ALWAYS SO SMART. JUST LOOK AT MY SHOES!
UH HUH! NEITHER OF US LOOK LIKE FASHION PLATES
OH PEGGY, HOW DO YOU AFFORD SUCH SMART SHOES IN WAR TIME?
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE JONES FAMILY'S SECRET WEAPON! COME WITH ME THIS MORNING...
PHILLIPS SAVE YOUR SHOES AND KEEP THEM WATERTIGHT TOO-YET THEY ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR. MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RIGHT AWAY; THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE AND HEEL NEVER GET WORN
3 MONTHS LATER
THANKS A LOT FOR THE WEEK-END. WONDERFUL TO GET AWAY FROM THE RAIDS AGAIN
THINKS: AND WONDERFUL FOR US NOT TO BE LOOKING LIKE POOR RELATIONS— THANKS FOR THAT MONEY-AND-SHOE-SAVING TIP ABOUT PHILLIPS, PEGGY DEAR!

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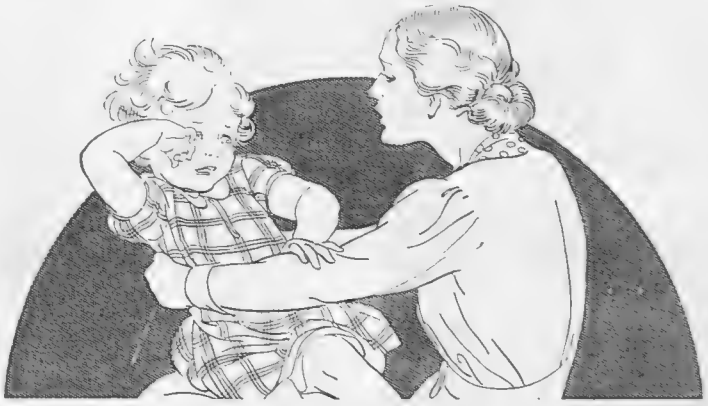
STICK-A-SOLES and PHILLIPS HEELS



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Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

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Henny Sees It Through

(*Continued from page* 19)

children and a pack of dogs won't leave either of us much time for sitting about wondering what to do with ourselves next. Drink your tea while it's nice and hot and I'll just pop the bottle into your bed."

Henny had a knack of being a particularly accurate prophet. In the morning the sun was shining brilliantly across empty, glowing miles of purple heather and azure-blue hills, and the children's spirits overflowed wildly as they consumed their porridge and cocoa. Henny could only get them to sit still and eat by recounting one of her numerous adventures, this time a happy, Christmassy one in a setting of Austrian snows and church bells and tinkling sleigh bells.

"Were you governess to little German boys and girls?" Susan inquired, interested. "What were they like, Henny? Very horrid?"

"No, they were no more horrid than you are," Henny answered firmly. She was no believer in a doctrine of hatred and animosity for nine-year-olds in whose hands the world's future and state of mind lay. "But they were much fatter and the girls had fair pig-tails and turned-up noses, and the little boys wore leather shorts and knew how to ski before they knew how to walk. Now then, eat up because we want to go for a long walk to breathe out all the train smuts we swallowed yesterday."

HEINRICH VON HAUSSEN sat back in his seat and felt his heavily gauntleted hands tighten a little on the controls of the great machine under him. A sort of shiver of satisfaction and triumph ran up and down his enormous, padded body and he turned his head to peer out of the cockpit window. There was nothing outside it but a blur of inky blackness and a roar of wind and thick cloud, but his full-lipped mouth twisted into a bitter smile. There was no doubt about it that they were well and truly flying over England now, though it wasn't visible yet beneath the pitchy darkness.

It was good to be flying over England with one's hand gripping the controls of a powerful bomber and one's crew waiting breathlessly with their fingers itching to touch the switches that would release a cargo of fire and death upon whoever slept unknowingly below. It didn't matter at all who or what they were, soldiers, airmen, factory workers, farmers, citizens—they were all English, and Heinrich von Haussen hated them with a passion that was like something white hot and tight in his chest.

Not because they had done him any harm but because they had laughed at him and against their laughter he had never found any satisfactory weapon until this moment. Bombs would silence their laughter—but still he didn't understand them and their light mockery.

He remembered how at Oxford years ago he had started a discussion on patriotism, the glory of fighting and dying for one's fatherland, and he remembered how the circle of rather long-haired, lounging, drawling young men had stared at him in open amusement.

"Die for one's country?" they had drawled between deep puffs at smelly old pipes. "You're behind the times, old man, that's gone out of fashion some time ago. Why should there be any glory in dying for a country that hasn't done anything for us? Why should any of us want to go out and die because politicians and bald-headed old trouts sitting round Whitehall tables order us to?"

He had gone back to Germany triumphantly, bursting with the importance of his news, and had a private interview with a portly, much be-medalled and immensely important personage.

"There is nothing to fear from England," he had cried eagerly. "The young men are all soft, decadent, nothing will induce them to fight for their country."

And now these same elegant and languid young men were hurling themselves about the skies with a strangely inconsistent disregard for death, a bewildering courage and skill . . . they had been making a fool of him, laughing at him.

But it went even farther back than that. His fingers clenched themselves again on the wheel as he remembered that day when he had strained out his ten-year-old chest until it felt as though it must burst, had felt the blood rushing crimson into his face, had stamped his feet and screamed—and had heard a cool, precise English voice saying casually:

"If you try to make yourself look more important, Heinrich, you'll burst the seams of your new riding coat."

She had laughed at him too, that shrivelled up, acid-tongued little English governess his father had insisted on having in the Schloss to teach them English and so he hadn't been able to complain about her. If she had beaten him or punished him it would have been different, he could have taken his grievances to his father, but she had only laughed at him and for that he had hated her.

A voice spoke through the communication ear-phone and he turned his head and peered again out of the smeared windows, and saw the blackness shift and waver. The sharp report came into his ears and was sweeter than music—their bearings had been accurate, they were over their target and in confirmation the beam of a searchlight came nosing through the vapour and an anti-aircraft gun spat viciously. They weren't laughing down there now, and this was his sweet revenge. He made a gesture with his thumb and put the bomber into a dive through the low-hanging black clouds, away from the groping searchlight beam, towards the flash of the guns.

HENNY was wakened by the drone of planes going over and she lay for a moment in the darkness listening carefully without her heart hurrying a whit in its calm beating. German planes surely, that ugly, throbbing stammer had a familiar note in it, but there didn't seem to be any need to do anything yet. They were obviously flying over in search of some more interesting target than one isolated cottage and leagues of empty moorland.

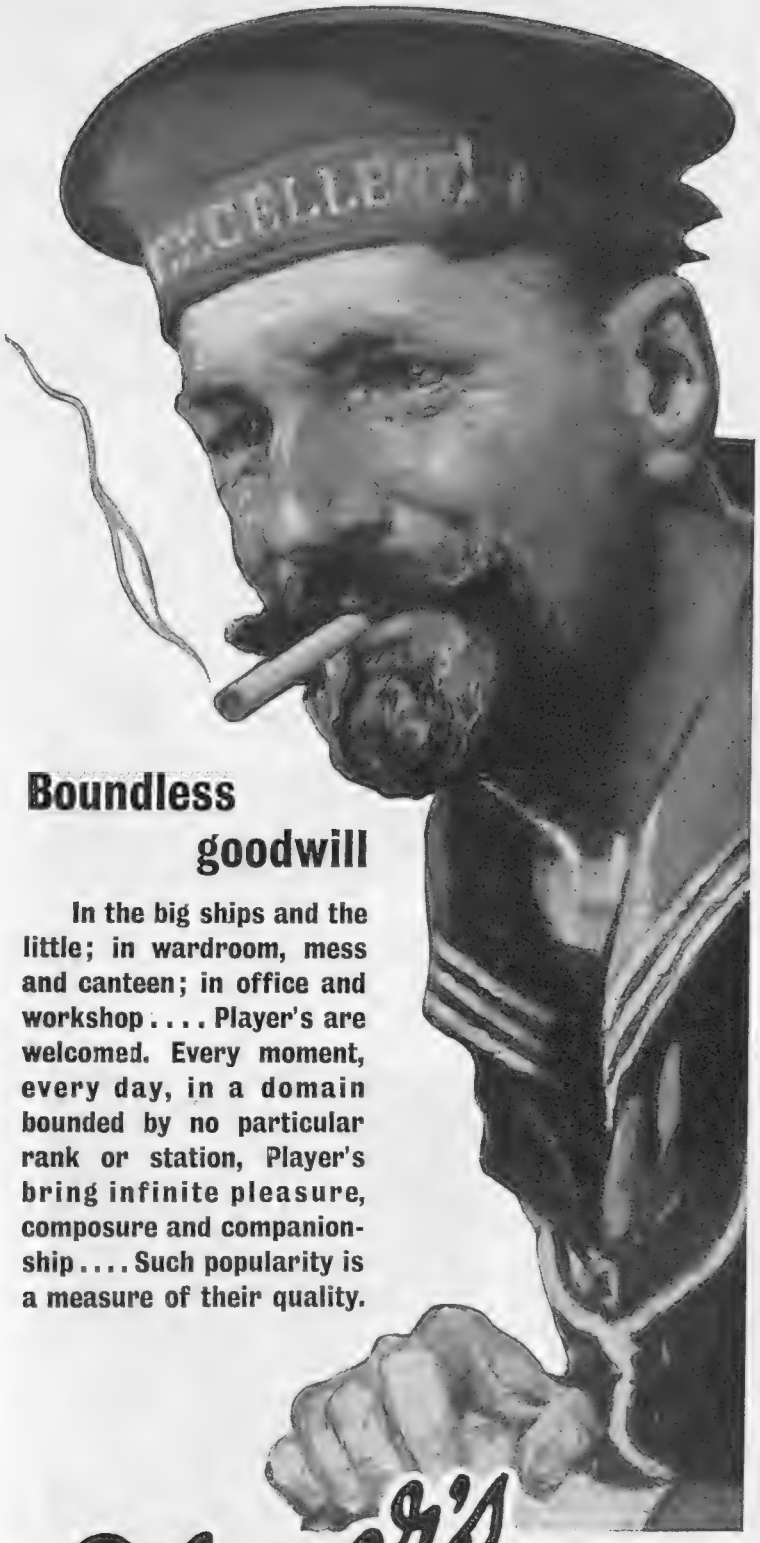
In the next room Joan lay tense and stiff in the darkness, forcing herself to control the unreasoning panic that was rising in her throat. It wasn't that she was afraid of possible bombs, of the menacing drone of those machines going over, she was afraid of something much more obscure and nameless than that and she was ashamed of herself.

There was a soft tap on her door and Henny's shadow danced in candle-light across her white bedroom wall—even Henny's shadow was neat and compact and didn't dissolve itself into the straggling, sprawling shapes that other people's shadows went into.

"I think those are Germans, Mrs. Rigby but I don't think it's necessary to bother about them, do you? The children are fast asleep and if I hear any bombs falling near I can get them up in a moment and down to the kitchen."

"Of course, Henny, we certainly won't wake them. Can you see anything?" she asked.

Henny had quenched the candle and drawn back the thick curtains. Beyond the windows the darkness was impenetrable and somehow comforting, like a shield thrown around one small cottage full of helpless children. In the distance searchlights were beating against the low clouds, spreading smears of sharp light and from very far away there was a dull mutter of gunfire. Henny drew the curtain across firmly and relighted her candle again. (*Continued on page* 68)



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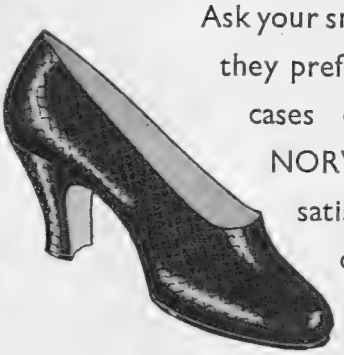

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Henny Sees It Through

"They're miles away by now and I'll hear if anything comes nearer; don't you bother. I'll just peep in at the children."

HEINRICH VON HAUSSEN rubbed a hand across his eyes and forehead and knew that it was wet. That hadn't been a very pleasant ten minutes, those unspeakable English fired their anti-aircraft guns with too much accuracy and the mouth of the night had spat fire and peril at him until his head swam and his mouth went dry. The bomber had been forced up so high that accurate aiming at the objectives below was impossible, but that hadn't troubled him very much. The bombs had been released and had gone crashing down on to England and English people and that was satisfying enough. Now it was time to swing the machine away and head for home. The report that he handed in a few hours later would read very impressively: "All bombs released on target . . . immense fires seen to be blazing and many explosions heard . . . docks and shipping turned into an inferno . . . casualties must have been extremely heavy. . . ."

All the same he wouldn't mind if they took him off this night bombing for a brief spell—one always had the uncomfortable feeling that in spite of everything, in spite of one's bombs and one's seat of power up here in the clouds, those cursed people down below were still laughing, still thinking up ways of making a fool of one.

And in that second the glare of an unexpected searchlight caught him full in the eyes, blinding him completely, sickeningly, and hidden guns crashed out. The bomber lurched and swerved hideously and he clung to the controls with frenzied hands, hearing panic-stricken voices shouting behind him, feeling a blast of heat strike the back of his neck. A man screamed, and the plane lurched again like a mortally wounded thing, seemed to pivot on its nose and began to fall, fall. . . .

When Heinrich von Haussen opened his eyes again he saw at first nothing but purple and crimson stars and was conscious of nothing but a hideous smell of fire, of heat licking hungrily at his boots. He dragged himself upright and out of reach of the flames, and saw that his machine was a roaring furnace and that the rest of his crew were dead beside the wreckage but he miraculously was unhurt though his head still spun.

So this was the final joke those thrice-cursed English had played on him, hiding searchlights and anti-aircraft guns where one least expected them, in the middle of a barren moor—but he hadn't finished with them yet, so far as he was concerned the war was still on.

He rose dizzily to his feet, a great, hulking figure in sinister field grey, his eyes bloodshot, his brutishly handsome face streaked with blood and grime, and from his holster he unstrapped his revolver. It felt better to have that in his hand and now he was glad of his father's insistence on those hated visits to England. At least he knew where he was and what he must head for—the sea. It was a crazy chance but if he could get English clothes and work his way down to the coast he might be able to steal a boat and pull out to sea and attract the attention of one of the German planes. The point was, where were the clothes coming from? His head was clearer now and the darkness was thinning to the chill silveriness of dawn. He moved cautiously up the side of the little hollow in which his machine had fallen and looked about him, and saw not a quarter of a mile away a single, solitary white cottage with closely drawn curtains and a thin wisp of smoke rising from its chimney. His big hand tightened on the revolver and the blood pounded in his head. No sign of soldiers, of those accursed, stupid Englishmen who called themselves the Home Guard and rushed about pretending they were soldiers too. And lonely cottages were generally inhabited by old people—they wouldn't give him any trouble and if they

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did—his finger curled round the revolver trigger and he began to creep forward, bent double, a furtive grey shape sneaking through the bleak dawn.

THE distant crash of the falling plane woke Joan with a painful jerk from sleep and brought dryness into her mouth again. She lay with pounding heart listening, but the night was utterly quiet again and Henny was tiptoeing down the passage to her door. She pulled on a dressing-gown and opened it.

"I'm awake—what was that, Henny? It didn't sound like a bomb."

"No, it wasn't a bomb," Henny said, and crept to the window. When she drew the curtain aside they both saw that the pale greyness of dawn was stained not far away with a rosy-red glow. "It's something burning. I think," Henny said calmly, "that a German plane or perhaps one of our own, though that isn't likely, has crashed."

"Oh!" Joan said, and caught her breath. "Ought we to—to do anything about it, Henny? I don't want the children to see or know—nobody can be alive in it."

She shuddered at the thought of bodies lying in that blazing aeroplane, of Susan's too vivid imagination fastening itself on the ghastliness. Henny patted her arm.

"I doubt it, but we ought to see. At least I will; you stay here with the children. I'm afraid they're awake."

Susan's bare feet came pattering down the tiny passage and her brown plaits flew as she ran to Joan.

"Mummy—what was it? We aren't frightened, only it woke Jennifer sort of suddenly and she's crying. Was it a bomb?"

"No, darling, of course it wasn't," Joan said steadily. "We think an aeroplane has been hit by our gunners and a bit of it—perhaps a wing—fell off and landed just over the hill. I'll come to Jennifer." She laid a quick hand on Henny's arm. "Please," she said under her breath, "don't go outside, Henny, don't open the front door just yet, not till it's lighter. We—we can't do anything."

"All right, Mrs. Rigby," Henny said. "But I'll just pop down and make you some tea and the children can have some too to warm them up after all this running about in their nighties."

"Come along, darling," Joan said and led Susan back to their bedroom; mercifully it was on the other side of the cottage and they couldn't see that ugly red glow from it. But before anything else she and Henny must go out and see what lay beyond the hill.

Henny went down into the kitchen with a candle and put the kettle on and then put the light out and opened the curtains a slit to look out. The hollow was full of fine, silver pale dawn mist, though the stars were still shining, the whole world looked utterly empty. And then she saw that it wasn't quite empty, that one person occupied the moor. A bulky, stealthy dark shape was coming steadily down the road towards the cottage, and the children, pleased and excited at this nocturnal adventure, came bursting into the kitchen. Henny jerked the curtains swiftly back and relit the candle.

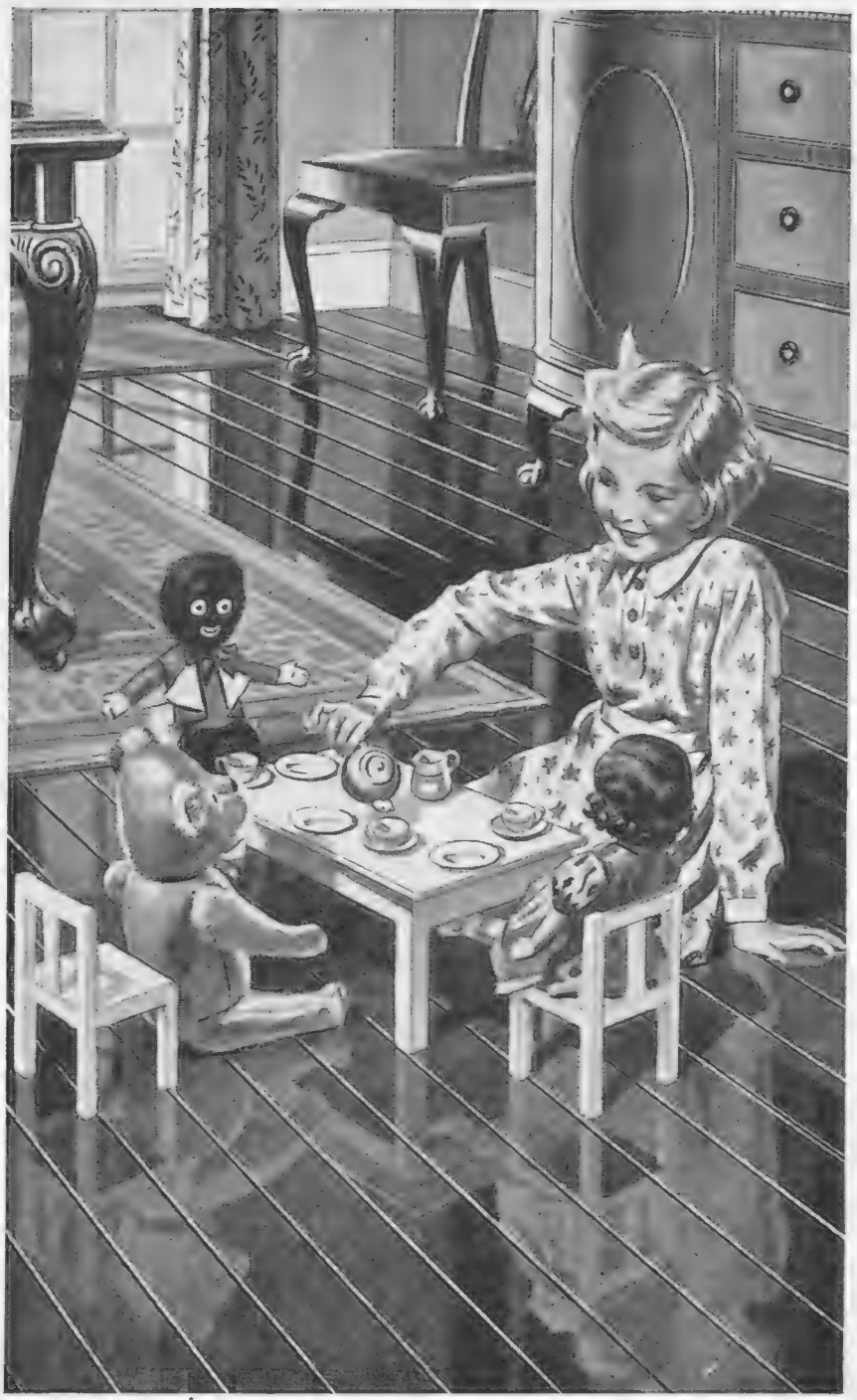
"Mind the kettle, Roger. You can pour out the milk, Susan, and mind you put plenty in your cups, it's only going to be pretend tea for you. . . . Mrs. Rigby, there's a man coming down the road towards the cottage; I think he's a German airman from the crashed plane."

"What!" Joan whispered, and her lips went white as chalk. "Henny, what can we do? Oh, why didn't we insist on the telephone being put in before we moved down! The children——"

"Keep them in here and the curtains drawn," Henny said. "He can't get in, and, anyway, I expect he's too dazed and hurt to want to do any one any harm. Just a moment."

She went out into the tiny hall and stood listening, her head cocked on one side like a bird's, her eyes clear and bright behind the pince-nez. Yes, the heavy, booted feet were coming up the garden path and one of them kicked at the door.

"Who is there?" (*Continued on page 70*)



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Henny Sees It Through

a man's voice shouted hoarsely. "Open the door or I will break it down. I am armed."

In the kitchen there was dead silence and Joan's arms went round the children. "Henny—give him whatever he wants—we can't help it, we can't help it—it's because of the children: you can hear the man's desperate and he's probably got a Bren gun in his hands." She didn't say the words aloud, though it seemed to her that she was screaming them. Susan was shivering and Roger's cold fingers dug into hers.

"All right," Henny said, raising her voice calmly. "There's no need to make such a noise with those great boots of yours. I'm coming."

Outside the front door Heinrich's fingers tightened on the revolver, this was to be the end of jokes played on him. There were only women inside and children, he could hear one of them whimpering a little. That was good, they would give him anything to protect the children. Perhaps he could get hold of one of them, that would make it easier still.

"Well?" Henny said, "who is it?" and she flung the front door open and stood there, barring it with her guttering candle lifted above her head and her two rather thin, silver-gold plaits lying neatly, one over each shoulder, tied up with tiny bows of pale pink ribbon. Her plum-coloured woollen dressing-gown was muffled modestly about her throat and the hand that held the candle didn't waver by so much as a hair's breadth—and the man caught in his breath in a sort of a suffocated choke.

It couldn't be—he had gone mad—he was delirious from the effects of that crash—perhaps he was dead and this was some sort of queer after-life experience, to go backwards through the years to the Schloss and the firelit bedroom and the communicating door opening to reveal the same neat, small figure holding a candle aloft and peering through slightly crooked, glittering pince-nez.

"Miss—Miss—Henshaw!" he stammered, and Henny moved the candle an inch nearer to his face and drew herself up straighter. Her voice came, brisk and precise, and angry.

"So it's you, Heinrich. Yes, of course I know you, I'd know you anywhere. So this is what you've come to, dropping bombs on helpless children and old women. I always knew you were a great, bullying, mannerless lout, Heinrich, who would come to a bad end, though I never told your poor father so. It's a good thing he's dead; he tried so hard to find something to be proud of in you, but this would have been too much for him. If he'd beaten you well instead of spoiling you so and letting you believe you were a kind of prince of the blood. What's that thing you've got in your hand? Isn't it a revolver? You'd better put it away, we don't like prisoners who flourish revolvers in our faces. Are you hurt?"

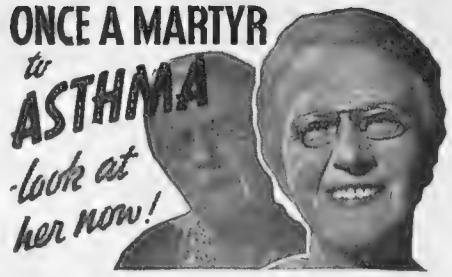
Just so she had come into his room when he set fire to his bed, covertly smoking one of his father's cigars under the bedclothes—she had even worn a plum-coloured dressing-gown and pink bows on her hair then and she hadn't punished him, she had simply stood by laughing while he was horribly sick from the cigar smoke and fright.

"Here, give it to me!" she said and pulled the revolver out of his clammy, unresisting hand. "You always thought yourself so clever too, Heinrich, but you don't seem to have got any cleverer or better mannered. I wish I hadn't sent you all those Christmas cards, they couldn't have meant much to you, but somehow I didn't like to leave you out of my list. Is there any one with you out there?"

"They're all—dead," Heinrich said and she sniffed.

"I don't suppose you made much effort to save any of them, even if they weren't. You were always a bit of a coward too. No, it isn't a bit brave to come over and drop bombs on helpless villages. If you think you're impressing me by the hero you've grown into, you don't at all. You'd better come inside and sit down somewhere and

ONCE A MARTYR to ASTHMA -look at her now!



They told her she would have to put up with Asthma all her life—have to keep dreading nightfall with its spasms . . . the fighting for breath that was straining her heart . . . making life miserable.

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don't try anything German on me, Heinrich, because you know it never came off."

No, it never had because he had always been afraid of her, afraid of her sarcasm and her mockery, and those bright, piercing eyes of hers that never left his face. He had made her apple-pie beds and booby traps, and she had merely smiled and said placidly: "I don't know whether you're trying to be funny or unkind, Heinrich, but I'm afraid you aren't either, you're just very stupid. My business is to teach you English and I'm going to do it whether you like it or not."

"Come inside, and hurry up," she said, and waved the revolver in one hand and the candle in the other.

Joan and the children, opening the kitchen door to take an alarmed look, saw an enormous, rather shambling, grey-clad figure moving limply towards the sitting-room with Henny at its heels, her cheeks faintly flushed, her eyes very bright and contemptuous. She spoke over her shoulder.

"It's only Heinrich von Haussen, who used to be one of my pupils. Mrs. Rigby, take the children and go down to the farm, it won't take you more than ten minutes—and somebody take the kettle off the stove, it's boiling over."

Half an hour later two stalwart farmers, armed with pitch-forks arrived on bicycles and took charge of the proceedings, and when Joan and the chattering children followed ten minutes later, Henny had boiled another kettle and was making toast. They rushed upon her with shrieks of excitement.

"Henny, you're a heroine! You've captured a dangerous, armed German——"

"Nonsense!" Henny said briskly. "It was only Heinrich and he was always scared to death of me. If it turns out fine I think we might take a picnic lunch out with us on our walk and see if we can't buy some eggs at the farm."

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 30)

makes "The Land of Spices" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) into a novel of entertaining flavour. It deals with a Roman Catholic foundation in Ireland, the problems of its reverend mother and the schoolgirls she controls, more especially one Anna Murphy, from her earliest schooldays to her entry to the university. This is a serious book, carefully studied and beautifully written. The descriptions, whether of ceremonies, concerts or countryside, are perfect, and the characters of the children are in such contrast to those of the nuns. I recommend this as a book to buy, read and enjoy.

CONTRAST in matter again is in "The Balcony" (Robert Hale, 8s.) by Dorothy Cameron Disney—a thriller set in an old mansion, but with a different atmosphere. You could look far for characters like Aunts Patience and Amanda, Uncle Richard, Uncle Hoy, Amos, or Dan Ayres, by whom young Anne found herself surrounded in this grim old mansion. Add two murders and a search for buried gold and you have all the ingredients. When I say they are very skilfully handled I need say no more.

IT is difficult to assess "The Family" (Collins, 8s. 6d.) by Nina Fedorova. Is it brilliant or merely extremely good? I know very little about White Russians in Tientsin, or the types they would be likely to collect round them in a "family" hotel during the days of Japanese-Chinese struggle. I do know that I found it all credible, even the drunken English woman. Granny is a grand person, grand too, in her death, and so is mother. Peter, the lonely young man without a nationality; Lida, romantic daughter; Diana, the boy, and Dog—all are so true to what you might expect that they live pulsatingly. And the chapters themselves might almost be separated into classic essays. Is there anything to compare with the captivation of (*Continued on page* 72)

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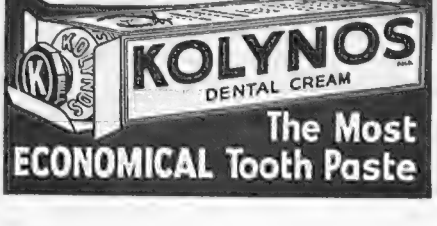

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Dog, stolid British bulldog, by eight-year-old Diana, and its willing and loving subjugation? Or the character of the mad professor and his wife, or of the mother abbess who could not keep serious?

This book won a £2,500 prize in America. It well deserved it.

LET me interrupt the flow of novels by advising you to read Noel Pemberton-Billing's book "Defence Against the Night Bomber" (Robert Hale) which will cost you only 2s. 6d. Pemberton-Billing has led an exciting life. But no one has ever denied that he is an expert on air matters and has been from the earliest days. Nor that he has ever been afraid to speak out.

He dislikes the barrage and the blackout. He wants lights-up (200,000 of them all over the country), tow-fighters, slip-wing fighters and slip-wing bombers. The barrage, he decides, is a waste of money considering its effect. The blackout is a complete failure. By installing lights, four to the square mile over the 50,000 square miles, blazing like miniature searchlights, everything could be blotted out and the aeroplanes left blinded. The claims, baldly put, sound fantastic, but read his arguments and they'll make you think, even if you shudder at two clumsy split infinitives in one sentence (page 78).

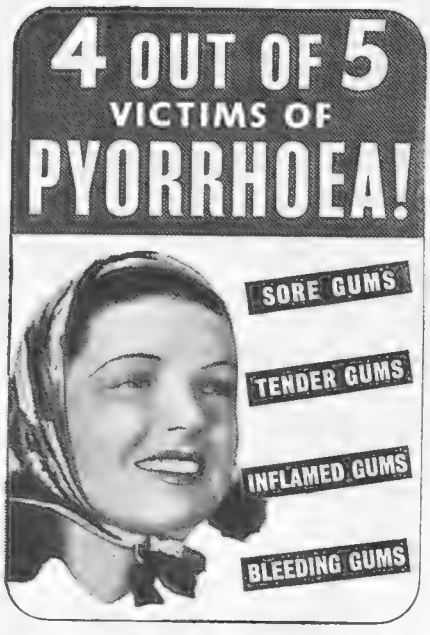
AND for those who knew and admired Nelson Keys, I recommend "Bunch" (Hurst & Blackett, 15s.) which is a biography by his son, John Paddy Carstairs. "Bunch" himself prepared some of the ground, and doubtless would have added to the anecdotes, but we should not have got such a clear-sighted perspective of the best revue actor the British stage has ever produced and the greatest mimic. There is no baulking of facts over his difficulties with managements he did not like, as there is no minimising of his successes. The composite picture fits together well, even if he had as many sides to his character as he could himself represent characters and no one could have done him better justice than "one of the bunch." The tragedy is that he died so suddenly just when his luck had turned; and that we shall never see that dapper figure at the table by the stairs at the Café de Paris. But this book will help to keep his memory where it should be.

WHEN I put down "The Spy Who Died in Bed" by George Wolfenden (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.) I said to myself, "That's a grand book for young people" probably because Punch and Margot are such a young hero and heroine for an exciting spy story. But then I realised that the missing report from the Ministry of Armaments during September 1, 2, and 3, 1939, must surely interest every one; and the spy organisation is exceedingly cleverly thought out. There is action on every page, as the saying goes. And it is a (probably unconscious) warning against careless talk.

TAKE a desolate railway station, cut off in deep snow. Put in a small waiting-room an honest, slow farmer and a glamorous young actress, with a few cheese sandwiches and three bananas. Leave them there, half frozen, for forty-eight hours, waiting to be rescued. That is "The Lady in a Fur Coat" by Frank Tilsley (Collins, 7s. 6d.). Their struggle to keep warm, and finally to keep alive, is enthralling. And hunger brings out the truth. One by one the lies they told each other at first are revealed; the artificiality of stage life with all its fake glamour and imagination descends to the level of the unimaginative farmer, who is so much more useful in the predicament they are in than any juvenile lead would be. Finally, she falls in love, Greta with Tom, actress with farmer, and they plan their lives, in case they are rescued.

Comes the rescue and two chapters of a sequel which I will not spoil, but it's an unusual book, and it never flags.

END



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The Woman You Could Be

(*Continued from page* 33)

Don't tolerate scrubby eyelashes when a streak of vaseline along the roots will grow them, and an oil-base mascara will carry on the good work.

Use an eau de cologne wash for your mouth, it makes the breath smell and taste good, and firms the gums. And use it every time after meals, just to be certain that no stopping will ever disfigure your smile.

A camelia-white wax balm is necessary for the hands to help counteract frequent washings, and keep them ever-smooth. Loving care should be bestowed on the neck, in up-caressing hot oil massages, alternating with hot oil massages.

No, this is not a page to tell you of a magic cure-all in five minutes, welcome as that always is, it is one to tell you how to look well the whole time. It does not advise you how to find your type and point your personality, because if you will only draw up a beauty routine embracing the rules outlined, your personality will proclaim itself in vitality to all.

Make-up will either shriek away from your face or fall into place according to whether it suits or the colour is wrong. You will be definite because you will be alive, your charm will accumulate with the years because you will be practising poise and control; you will never become passé, which so many women are before they have even begun.

END

Fighting Fat

(*Continued from page* 32)

been shapeless since the days of the ark.

Friends took her to specialists who tried gland correctives, which adjusted the condition in part. (Remember that any overweight friends of yours may be cured by having the balance, or unbalance, of their glands corrected.) But it remained for a masseuse to discover that the last three vertebræ of her spine were not in proper alignment, and did not join her spine correctly to her head. This altered the entire supply of vitality and nerve force from the spinal cord. It was remedied by manipulation. Superfluous weight fell away in three months. Energy was abundant.

The best way to reduce is, of course, by a fast. Nor is a fast, as might be conceived, in any way weakening. Patients do not feel weak even during the period of fasting, which eliminates all poisons, even those that have led to the formation of over-weight. It is the short cut to strength and rejuvenation. But to ensure success, a fast must be well directed, so it is best to go to a Nature Clinic and take it under a doctor's supervision. Emaciation will ensue, it is true, but you can build up new tissues on milk, the all-balancing food, in a week and emerge renewed.

Never be self-conscious about consulting a doctor over any increase in weight that puzzles you. No physician these days is going to laugh at you. Fat is recognised as a sign of poison and of something that is wrong. So many people go flabby before they have their appendix removed. The lean live longest and have least to lose. To be fighting fit a nation must fight fat.

HIP-SPREAD is invariably due to too much sitting, whether this is horse riding, working at a desk or driving a car.

Take every opportunity of standing and walking. Do this exercise.

Lie flat on the floor with your arms extended at the sides at right angles to your body. Bring your right leg up slowly and swing it up and over until the toe of your foot touches your left hand. Swing your right leg back to its original position on the floor and repeat with other leg so that the left toe touches the right hand. Repeat to each side several times. (*Continued on page* 74)

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Fighting Fat

ANKLE-BULGE. Fatigue acids fly to the weakest spot. The rolls they form should be swiftly attended or these are apt to become permanent. Take every opportunity of lifting the feet and resting them on a chair. Here is a good exercise for legs and ankles.

Standing on tip-toe on the right foot bend the left knee up as near your chest as possible and make a circle with the left foot, hopping on the right foot all the while. Repeat with alternating feet. Do this for three or four minutes when you are able.

WRIST-BULGE. Exercise wrists vigorously by twisting them round on themselves, first in one, then in the other direction. If the swelling is due to sudden manual exertion, rest each hand in a sling for twenty minutes. The improvement will be astonishing.

BACK-OF-THE-NECK BUMP. Lift the shoulders up and back and round in strenuous shrugging movements.

WAIST-ROLL. Observe posture and diet.

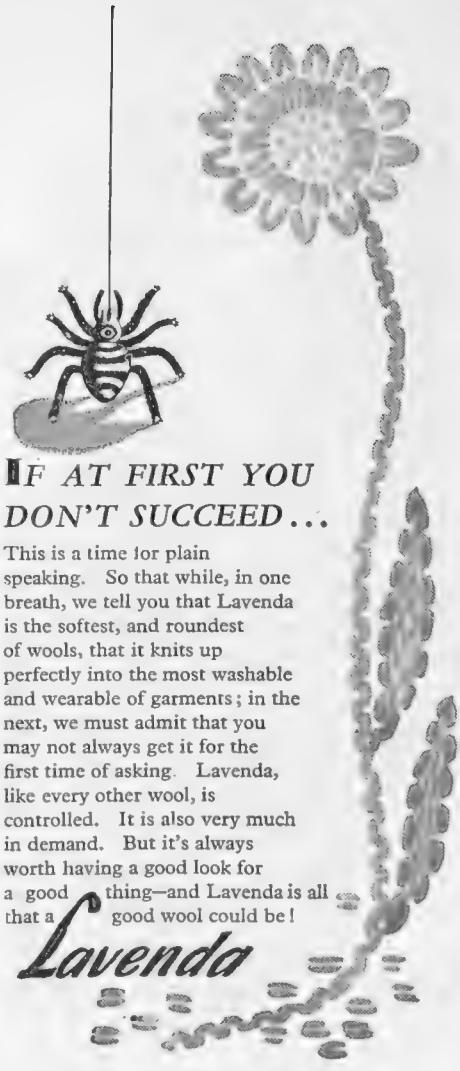
Cut out drinking with meals. Take a pint of hot water on rising. Pull in your stomach, without raising your shoulders.

Standing erect, legs slightly apart, stretch your body upwards and stretch your arms straight above your head. Keeping your head between your arms swing your trunk downwards until your hands go through your leg arch and touch the floor behind you. At first you will not be able to bend this far, but eventually you may succeed. You can alternate between touching your toes and the ground. Do this several times with muscle action tense, and then with muscles relaxed.

STOMACH-SPREAD. Observe the waist-roll rules. This exercise is very helpful.

Lie flat on the floor, hands on hips. Raise the legs about nine inches from the ground, swing them apart, holding them apart for a count of ten. Lower them slowly to the floor. Repeat twelve times.

END


IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED...
This is a time for plain speaking. So that while, in one breath, we tell you that Lavenda is the softest, and roundest of wools, that it knits up perfectly into the most washable and wearable of garments; in the next, we must admit that you may not always get it for the first time of asking. Lavenda, like every other wool, is controlled. It is also very much in demand. But it's always worth having a good look for a good thing—and Lavenda is all that a good wool could be!
Lavenda

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CHESTER: 23 Bridge Street Row
OXFORD: 133/134 High Street
CHELTENHAM: 25 Promenade
and get MAGNA PRINTS

Linen for Ever

(*Continued from page* 39)

fine hem. Holes and thinned spots in towels are easy to mend. You can gather them in a swift darn (especially if you use a sewing machine). But suppose the damage is real raggle-taggle? This happens mostly with roller-towels. Surgery is the thing again; cut the diseased spot right out and join. You will have a shorter towel with a longer life.

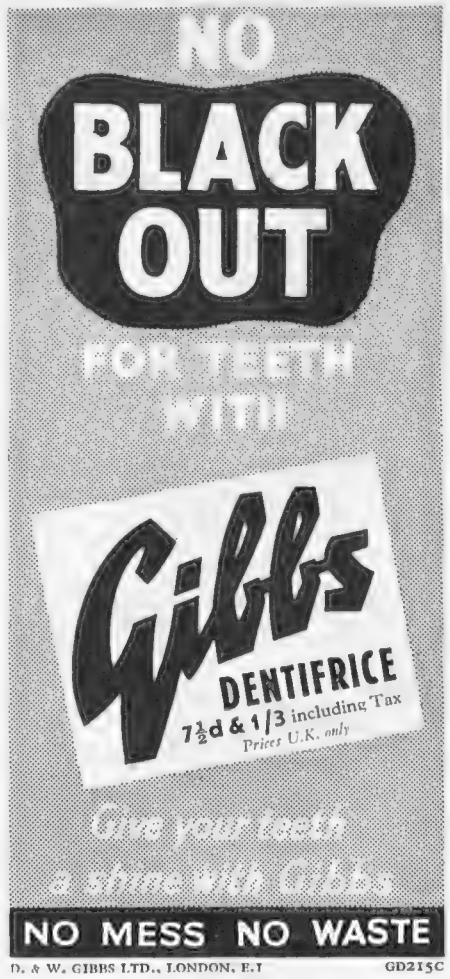
What is to be done with burns in table linen generally? Perhaps it was the point of a careless cigarette that caused the trouble. Snip out the browned-off portion and darn, using a machine; otherwise patch with a delicate hand.

Sometimes you are confronted with a ring burn, where somebody has laid down an overhot spirit lamp or what-not which leaves its outline marked in a thin circle. Don't be appalled. Just run through the outline with fine, sharp scissors and darn the cut-out piece of self-linen back again, using an overstraddle type of stitch to cover the vestiges of discoloration. The wash-tub, iron and starch will camouflage any remaining hints of it away.

Practically all linen-saving can be done by hand. But perfect results are achieved by the sewing machine. A mechanical darn comes up like a bit of weaving and can hardly be discerned after washing. A tear in lace can be repaired without losing its original cobwebby fretting—only you've got to use a very loose stitch.

If you have one of ye olde-fashioned treadle machines you can easily conscript it for linen-saving. You have nothing to do but buy a few shillings' (less than ten) worth of fitments, a darning hoop, darning plate, and darning foot. The method then is to centre the section of frayed cloth in the hoop, lift the ordinary foot off the machine, fit cloth and hoop into position, clamp on the

A TREAT for lovers of REAL COFFEE
Vacuum Packed—Always Fresh
contains no chicory
½ lb. 1/3 — 1 lb. 2/6
PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.



darning foot, and *while repairing, keep your ten fingers inside the hoop to control the fabric under the needle.* The treadle frees your hands.

Before you start off, though, remember to turn the stitch regulator until you have no stitch at all. It is your business to decide the tension of the stitch with those guiding fingers. The needle you will need is No. 11 and the cotton "50 Embroidery Silk."

Suppose you have been nicely up-to-date and possess a hand-driven machine. That, madam, provides a curious situation where, through modernity, you are left behind, because almost the only thing you can do is to spend more money and supply yourself with an electric motor (£5 17s., plus purchase tax, £1 6s.), which can be fitted in thirty minutes and will yield seventeen hours' work for one unit of electricity.

"Why all this harping on sewing machines?" you may wonder. Well, because, apart from the excellent results, you will *enjoy* mending on them. The whole thing resembles a conjurer's trick of neatness and speed. When cards and knitting pall, cobbling the linen by such means can provide an enthralling evening divertissement.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

What he ultimately succeeded in doing was to recall the Ambassador from London in order to appoint in his place a man who belonged to his own party. This was quite a lawful step, and neither Conti nor the King could rightfully oppose it. All that they could do was to warn d'Éon to be on his guard, and if he could not save his life, he was at all costs to save his papers.

D'Éon himself received a courteous letter of recall; but, knowing his enemy all too well, he did not move. Choiseul stopped his pay. Still d'Éon did not move. A spy was sent from France to try to trap him into some indiscretion; but the chevalier's sharp eyes soon found him out.

When the new Ambassador arrived, d'Éon had the supreme audacity to resume his original place as secretary. The Ambassador, thankful to have this opportunity for keeping him under surveillance, received him gladly. After this King Louis began to fear more than ever for the life of his protégé. He wrote him frantic letters, advising him to leave his hotel at once and hide somewhere in the city in his woman's disguise. D'Éon, however, was a born fighter. He had accepted the challenge, and he stood his ground.

Suspicious new faces and mysterious newcomers with French accents began to be seen prowling about d'Éon's residence in London. The London police reacted immediately by protecting the agreeable chevalier who had become the darling of the town.

Simultaneously d'Éon started the work of making his house a fortress. His faithful friends gathered there every night with swords and pistols. Every window was an observation post with loop holes, and ammunition at hand ready for any emergency.

Choiseul made an official request to the British Government for the extradition of the disobedient chevalier. The reply he received staggered him, for in all his expectations he had certainly not foreseen anything like this. The reply stated that the British Government could not grant the extradition in view of the fact that this seemed to be a case of mistaken identity. The person in question was not a man, but a *woman*. Again d'Éon had escaped his enemies.

Meanwhile the charming Mademoiselle de Beaumont did not neglect her daily appearances in society. Nobody guessed that under her frills and panniers she carried a very sharp rapier—a weapon which, once in the grasp of that white-mittened hand, was capable of performing miracles of swordsmanship.

There was no course now left open to Choiseul but murder. D'Éon was swift to realise this, and kept unceasing guard.

One evening His Excellency invited d'Éon to dine with him. The chevalier accepted, but refused to drink (*Continued on page 76*)

Heavenly Walking
It's just like being cushioned on a soft, billowy zephyr when you walk in Vani-tred shoes. You simply can't come down to earth with a bump; the hidden feature in Vani-tred construction distributes the weight evenly, and makes light of the hardest going.
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The specialised VANI-TRED Fitting Service is available at high-class shoe shops. Upon request we will send you an illustrated brochure and the name of your nearest agent.
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LESS POLISH
✲
BETTER POLISHING

You *must* use less Meltonian. Supplies are getting scarce, as with so many good things. But your shoes needn't suffer. Apply just a smear of Meltonian Cream with a rag, and then rub well in. Off comes the dirt, in goes the cream, deep into the leather to preserve it. And up comes a lovely, lasting shine.

Meltonian Cream

There is a MELTONIAN *dressing for every type of shoe.*

Try this pleasant way of getting MUCH NEEDED SLEEP...

Keep cosy, warm and worry-free by wearing a 'HALO' P.3 Sleeping Cap. The patent wig fitting means no disturbing chin strap or knotted ribbons, and gives you the pleasant assurance that your hair will be kept in perfect order the WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH. Made in six pastel shades and all Force's colours, 1/11. From Hairdressers, Chemists, Boots, Drapers and Stores.

BEST AND LAST LONGEST HALO 774 & TANGO HAIR NETS Ask for them by Brand Name

HALO P.3. NON CHIN-STRAP SLEEPING CAPS MADE IN ENGLAND

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.* — *even bugs*

Cartons: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

Old Tales Re-told

the wine proffered by the equerry. As he guessed, it was poisoned, being full of opium. The plot failed, and d'Éon left the house with outward calm and every sign of friendliness.

Choiseul had been beaten again. But still, he did not give up.

He hired an assassin. The assassin, instead of carrying out his task, betrayed his master to d'Éon. It was then that the chevalier sprang one of his biggest surprises upon London society. He denounced the French Ambassador to the Courts of London for attempted poisoning.

The case came to trial and proved most sensational. The ambassador appeared, but on the grounds of his status, he refused to be tried by a judge and jury. The equerry, who had been searched and found to be in possession of opium, failed to appear in court. The hired assassin made a complete confession of the part he had been ordered to play.

The King's Bench tried to suppress the affair for obvious reasons; but the French Ambassador was not exonerated from guilt.

This meant the complete dèbâcle of Choiseul, his sister and all their confederates. But the final blow, both for them and for the parliament that supported them, was yet to come. The King suddenly dropped his submissive attitude and demanded Choiseul's resignation. Later in January of the year 1771, the whole assembly of the members of Parliament were seized in their beds and carried off into exile. It might be asked where Louis had found the initiative for so drastic a course? *Cherchez la femme.* . . . The answer lies, of course, in the scheming ex-mistress of an obscure gambler, now the favourite of the King of France, Comtesse du Barry.

Du Barry had cleared the way for d'Éon to return to France. That he did not do so seems to point to the fact that with his customary astuteness he had foreseen the greater storms arising which were to engulf the monarchy. He, therefore, remained in England, occupying himself with writing and giving exhibitions of fencing—to say nothing of keeping up his dual role and mystifying London society.

When the French Revolution shook the world, he offered his services to the army; but his offer was declined. He re-crossed the Channel, embarking as the Chevalier d'Éon and landing as Madame d'Éon—never again to leave the country of his adoption.

For thirty years he kept London guessing as to his real sex; and it was only when, at the age of eighty-four Madame d'Éon passed away, that the mystery was finally solved.

Many ladies of high rank who had befriended the charming Mademoiselle de Beaumont could, perhaps, have enlightened the world on this matter long ago.

END

British History in Stone

(*Continued from page* 3)

her toilette. It was the fashionable thing for every well-born young visitor to do.

It was not until his thirty-first year that he began the most important phase of his career. Pitt had chosen him as one of the men to conduct the North American campaign against the French. Wolfe was to be one of Amherst's three brigadiers.

He set sail for Nova Scotia, a voyage of three months, the rigours of which would have damped the enthusiasm of most men; and Wolfe himself was a pitiable sufferer from *mal der mer.*

But not the eager young brigadier, who faced the siege of Louisburg with confidence and a clear knowledge of exactly how best the job was done.

Louisburg was the greatest fortress in North America. It was situated on Cape Breton Island, had cost the French a million pounds and boasted walls over a mile in circumference. But it eventually fell to the British, and Wolfe found himself launched on a further campaign to harry the men fighting under the fleur-de-lis.

"Pains I used to dread"

'I was keen to join one of the services but feared they wouldn't accept me. You see I knew I was subject to periodical pains which made me helpless while they lasted and I was afraid that even if I got in I should soon be turned out again as a 'wash-out.' I explained my trouble to a friend and she said at once 'those pains needn't stop you — simply get a box of A-K Tablets and take one or two in time. You'll be able to carry on without interruption. No depressing pain, no headache, no prostration.' I followed her advice and A-K are positively amazing." Get A-K Tablets to-day!

NOTE.—A-K is how thousands of women ask for Anti-Kamnia brand Analgesic Tablets. If you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 *a box (Including Tax)*

Let "Ranee" read your Character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send a typewritten delineation of your character.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 1 to 6 inches!
Increased my own Height to 6ft. 3½ins.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
Fee £2 2s. Complete. Details 6d. stamp
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Safe Way Found to Whiten Teeth Within 7 Days

Dental scientists have at last discovered a way for every man and woman to transform even dingiest teeth to dazzling, perfect brilliance. A way that is fast, that is safe, yet costs only a few pence.

This way is based on the simple discovery that the thing which causes stains and tarnish on teeth, the thing that brings on decay and gum troubles is *acid in the mouth*. So all you have to do is fight this acid with the fastest, safest antacid known to doctors and dentists . . . 'Milk of Magnesia.' Nothing whitens and polishes teeth like 'Milk of Magnesia' does, because it destroys and makes harmless the very acids that cause dingy teeth.

And now 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid has been put into a toothpaste, which is known as Phillips' Dental Magnesia and contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' All-important, it is the *only* toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.'

So if you are afraid to smile because of dingy or stained teeth, try this amazing discovery. Try it because already it is the choice of highly paid beauty experts. Try it because it is the way famous film stars use to whiten teeth before they step in front of the camera. See the amazing thing it will do for your teeth, safely, in just 7 short days. Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. the tube (including Purchase Tax).

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

We Simply Must Have Money!

Why? Because we're terribly hard up!

Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3

Back in England again he was taking the waters at Bath, for the rheumatism he had contracted, when Pitt sent for him; indeed, Pitt had never meant him to leave America. "He may dispose of my slight carcase as he pleases," wrote Wolfe with grim whimsicality.

Every schoolboy knows the story of his capture of Quebec. Of how on September 13, 1759, he took his boats silently round to the supposedly unscalable cliffs below the Heights of Abraham.

Wolfe had in his pocket a volume containing the new Elegy by Mr. Gray. "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec," he said. Soon his troops were being challenged by the French outposts. "*Qui vive?*" asked a sentry. A Highland officer replied: "*La France!*" Then: "*A quel regiment?*" to which the answer came: "*De la Reine!*" And by dawn Wolfe's troops were facing the white-coated lines of the surprised Montcalm regiments.

Wolfe's whole character led him to be careless of danger to the point of foolhardiness. First a bullet shattered his wrist, then another pierced his groin. But he continued to rush onwards in the direction of the battle. Then another bullet pierced his lungs. He staggered and fell.

"It's all over," he whispered to the officers who saw him fall.

In a minute came a cry: "They run! See how they run!" The dying Wolfe roused himself: "Who run?"

"The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere!"

"Go, one of you," said Wolfe. "Tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment to cut them off at the St. Charles's Bridge. "God be praised, I die in peace!"

END

Cook's Secrets

(*Continued from page* 46)

The Joint.—When rules for roasting—"fifteen minutes to the pound and fifteen over"; "twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes over"—were framed, in the plenteous days of Mrs. Beeton, no one thought of the curiously shaped little 3-lb. joints with which we are familiar now.

With the result that many of us are roasting our beef to a frazzle. If you *must* roast a small joint, cut out those extra minutes. And, if you can, get accustomed to underdone beef. It's better for you, and it wastes less.

More economical, however, is "pot-roasting" for a small joint, and the cheaper cuts are particularly responsive to this treatment. Use an iron pot with a tight-fitting lid. Melt a little dripping in it, brown the meat on both sides, and then put the lid on and leave to roast. No basting is needed. Slow cooking is essential; use the merest bead of gas. A 3-lb. joint will take around two hours to cook this way.

Flashes in the Pan.—Sprinkle a little salt in the bottom of the frying pan; this prevents the fat from splashing the stove when you fry sausages or fish. . . . Most amateurs forget the easiest way to prevent an omelette from sticking to the pan—just go on shaking it. Somehow an omelette finds it difficult to adhere to a violently shaken pan. The same goes for pancakes. . . . Sausages will be less liable to burst if you dip them in boiling water before frying. . . . Milk won't spread itself over the stove when it comes to the boil if you put a spoon in the pan.

END

Solid Salads

(*Continued from page* 47)

Mix rice with a little of the mayonnaise, adding salt and pepper. Mix in the fish, and let stand for an hour. Line a dish with lettuce leaves and arrange fish in centre. Garnish with lettuce heart and watercress. Cover fish with mayonnaise.

French Dressing.—4 tablespoonfuls olive or salad oil, or oil (*Continued on page* 78)

Smee's

SHREDDED WHEAT HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Children love it

—TRUST A NURSE TO KNOW!

"I am a qualified children's nurse and ever since I first took a job, I've always ordered Shredded Wheat for the nursery cereal. **The children love it either with hot or cold milk, cream, or as a great treat with fruit.**

More than that, the elder children find the perfect supper dish in it; something light yet nourishing had to be thought of, and something that was a favourite. I can't speak too highly of your product; I remember having it myself since I was eight or nine years old, so can join in the opinion of the children I now look after."

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD. WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS

from tinned fish; 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar; ½ teaspoonful salt; pepper (preferably ground from a pepper mill).

Put salt and pepper in the salad bowl or small jug. Add vinegar, and mix well. A little sugar can be added if liked. Add the oil gradually, mixing well. To vary, add also a little chopped onion, orchervil, or tarragon, or radish.

Tartare Dressing.—This is good with fish salads.

To 1 pint mayonnaise add 2 tablespoonfuls chopped pickles, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful chopped chives or spring onion, 1 tablespoonful chopped capers.

Cooked Salad Dressing.—2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. flour, ½ oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoonful dry mustard, salt and pepper, 1 pint hot milk, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 1 egg, a little vinegar.

Put margarine, flour, cornflour and mustard in a double saucepan. Stir until well mixed. Add milk, stirring, and sugar and seasonings. Boil gently, still stirring, until smooth. Cool, and stir in the egg, well beaten. Heat up again and cook a few minutes, without boiling. Allow to get quite cold, add a dash of vinegar, beat all together, bottle and cork tightly. The dressing should keep for many weeks.

Special Potato Salad.—4 cupfuls diced cooked potatoes; 1 small tin sardines or anchovies; 1 small beetroot, cut in matchsticks; 8 prunes, stoned and chopped; 1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, chervil or fennel; 4 spring onions, finely chopped; outside leaves of lettuce; salt and pepper; french dressing made with the sardine oil.

Line salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Flake the sardines and mix them with the potatoes, prunes, onions. Add salt and pepper and dressing, and mix thoroughly. Put in salad bowl. Decorate with beetroot and scatter chopped herbs over.

Cole Slaw Salad.—1 cupful diced cooked meat or poultry, 1 cupful finely shredded raw spring cabbage, 1 large carrot grated, inside leaves of dandelion, Heinz mayonnaise or french dressing, chopped parsley.

Mix meat and cabbage, sprinkle parsley over and blend with the dressing. Pile in the centre of individual dishes. Break dandelion leaves into convenient pieces and arrange little bunches of them round the meat mixture. Alternate with small heaps of grated carrot. Sprinkle more parsley over as decoration.

Vegetable Platter.—½ lb. cold cooked sausages; 2 cupfuls each of diced raw carrot, diced cooked turnip, Smedley's peas, cooked cauliflower sprigs, shredded raw spinach; a few chives or spring onions, chopped; chopped parsley; french dressing.

Mix together the sausages, cut in ¼-in. slices, the onions and the dressing. Take a large plate for each person and in the centre put a pile of sausage. Round this, in nicely contrasted colours, put portions of the five vegetables, arranged like a wheel. Scatter chopped parsley over all.

Macaroni Cheese Salad.—¼ lb. cold cooked macaroni; 1 lettuce; 1 cupful cold peas; 1 beetroot, cut in small cubes; a little grated cheese; french dressing; 1 egg; chopped chervil or parsley.

Line the salad bowl with the larger leaves of the lettuce. Heap in the centre the macaroni, cut in short pieces. Arrange the inside leaves of the lettuce round. Border the macaroni with peas. Garnish with quartered egg and beetroot. Dress with french dressing. Scatter grated cheese over the top of the macaroni and sprinkle with the chopped chervil or parsley.

END

HEALTHY GAINS for

YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia'. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother.

Doctors and Nurses everywhere recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe, ideal antacid and gentle laxative for babies. Be careful, Mother, remember to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices, 1/5 and 2/10, (*including Purchase Tax*). You can get it everywhere

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Look for the woven GRIPKNIT label

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Of all Stationers, Stores and Chemists or 1/- Bottle including Metallic Pen and Nickel Linen Stretcher sent post free for 1/3 direct from COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Cardigan Comfort

(*Continued from page* 44)

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 9 needles cast on 47 sts. in grey. Work the rib patt. for 2½ ins., m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after until there are 95 sts. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 115 sts., k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 41 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (two alike)

With grey wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 22 sts. Work in the rib patt. for 3 ins., k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 9 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS

With royal blue and No. 11 needles, cast on 8 sts. Work all k. for 7 in.

POCKET EDGES

As cuffs for 5 ins. each.

FRONT EDGES

Work one piece as cuffs for 17 in. Then work buttonhole strip as follows: As cuffs for ½ in. Then work 3, cast off 2, work 3. **Next row.**—Work 3, turn, cast on 2, turn, work 3. Rep. buttonhole every 1½ in. for 10 holes. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

BELT

As cuffs only with 12 sts. for 9 in.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on edges and buttons. Sew in sleeves. Press pockets out wide, also the back above the increasing line. Sew belt across back, stretching it, and putting top to increasing line.

END

True Blues

(*Continued from page* 45)

10th and every alternate row.—P. 2 tog., p. until 2 remain, p. 2 tog. **11th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 4, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5; rep. from * until 6 remain, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog.

13th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5; rep. from * until 4 remain, k. 2, k. 2 tog. **15th row.**—K. 2 tog.; rep. from * in 7th patt. row until 2 remain, k. 2 tog. **16th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. until 2 remain, p. 2 tog.; rep. the last 8 rows until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE NECK

With dark wool and No. 11 needles pick up 88 sts. round front of neck and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 1½ ins. Pick up 48 sts. round back of neck and do the same.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Sew in sleeves, sew press studs to fasten shoulder.

END

A New Knitting Book

Messrs. Lister have recently published their first sixpenny knitting book under the title of "Lavenda Baby Book." It is of thirty-six pages and covers, and gives instructions for knitting garments for baby from first size to six months. These knitting patterns are simple and practical and have been designed with war conditions well in mind. The photographs of the garments are excellently reproduced and the type is bold and clear.

Family in council

Father: Well, Mother! Balanced the budget yet?

Mother: Balanced it? Just take a look at the figures. See what I've *saved* last month.

Son: You're marvellous, Mum! How do you manage it?

Mother: Oh, I've made it my duty—saving a bit here, a bit there, giving up all sorts of things I find we can do without.

Father: That's the spirit. Every little helps. Whenever we resist the temptation to buy something we can do without, we release material and labour which is needed in the munition factories.

Mother: Exactly! We've all got to save, and in my little way, I'm doing my share.

Son: I'm afraid *I'm* not doing much . . .

Father: You ought to, my boy! When your Mother's savings reach 15s. she goes off to the Post Office to get another Savings Certificate.

Mother: Yes, I pay 15s. but in 10 years' time it will be worth 20s. 6d. That's the point!

Father: I've bought them for years now—and I've got my full ration. *Now*, my savings go into Defence Bonds.

Son: It's about time *I* got started! I'll join our Office Savings Group to-day.

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into* 3% *Savings Bonds* 1955-1965, 2½% *National War Bonds* 1946-1948, *or* 3% *Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Economy in the use of your Beauty Preparations is just one more sacrifice you must make for our War Effort. Most of those little essentials to Beauty you know and love so well are going, in support of our Nation's Great Export Drive, to your sisters overseas, who more than ever now, cherish them for their exquisite fineness and quality.

Every effort is being made to supply sufficient for your needs to your favourite Chemist or Store, and there should be enough to go round, IF you economise.

Yardley has been dedicated to the Service of Beauty for many generations through Wars and Crises, and the Yardley Perfumes, superfine Powders, essential Beauty Creams, Lipsticks and exquisite Toilet Soaps, are still the world's finest.

Use carefully those little refinements you still can enjoy; choose well when you must replace, and remember — Quality IS Economy.

Yardley

33 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON

AERTEX
FOR FREEDOM
HEALTH
& COMFORT

Mainly Off Duty

(*Continued from page 31*)

tummy. Then your knee is pulled up and pressed down against the pressure of the masseuse's hand and your foot.

The breathing is done with the tummy instead of the normal chest movements. You try and breathe in so as to raise the bandage, making your tummy into a kind of balloon and then you contract the muscles. Later on learn to do the pelvic tilt (it may sound like a new kind of dance but it isn't); that is, your tummy muscles are contracted and at the same time you tilt your pelvic bone up towards the ceiling. This is a little complicated and I think you would have to be shown how to do it by an expert. If like me you are lucky enough to be able to lift yourself up by your hands clutching the bar at the top of the bed and in this way save the nurses from lifting you when they are drawing sheets and making beds, you'd go a long way towards helping your own tummy muscles.

The reward of all this is that when they let you out of bed you learn to walk almost at once. I was neither dizzy nor did my legs give way. True, the stomach said that it was going to fall outwards and frontwards, but to my astonishment it remained with me and in a day learnt to control its muscles.

My nurse told me that she had done a tremendous amount of "gynie" work and she herself was absolutely convinced that if the hospital mothers, even those who have large families, would only take the trouble to exercise their tummy muscles there would not be so many figures lost and strayed.

A GREAT many people in these days are suffering from A.R.P. feet. Concrete floors in shelters and dampness and working your feet harder than ever before are all responsible for this trouble. Aero-Ped Balm and Foot Lotion are both worth knowing about. The Foot Lotion acts as a tonic and the Balm soothes away aches and pains. There are one or two foot exercises which will guard you from the danger of flat feet caused by sheer fatigue. While you are relaxing in your bath practise a little toe flexion and extension. Another simple exercise while sitting in the bath is to keep your heels and calves pressed well down against the bath and at the same time flex the toes of both feet. Try picking up a small ball of wool or a golf ball with your toes. This keeps the arches of your feet good and strong. Or even tip-toe round the room once or twice. There are five kinds of flat feet, but it is the mobile or acquired flat feet which will trouble A.R.P. workers.

Told on a White Piano

(*Continued from page 27*)

and said: "I certainly shan't want *that*."

The man ruffled her crisp peroxide curls as if she had been a favourite dog; his hand had a patronage a certain type gives to an animal.

"Everything new for the bride," he said.

"You're ever so good to me, Charles."

"You wait till you get to America. The Germans can have Paris. If you want to hang a whole town round a pretty woman's neck, give me New York. Take the quotes off that, baby." (It was his latest expression, but the woman had not the faintest idea what it meant.) "And no regrets, baby?"

"I wasn't cut out for this dim life," said the woman passionately. "He shouldn't have married me. He's not a bad fellow, but he's got no go. No ambition."

"Sure," said the man easily.

"Charlie. When we get to New York, wouldn't it be possible for you and me——"

"Sweet," said Charles positively loudly, "I'm married to an R.C."

"But, Charlie, R.C.'s die sometimes."

"R.C. wives and husbands *never* die. Listen, baby, uncan that marriage idea and throw it out of the window before we start. It stinks. I'm offering you a marvellous time and a getaway. I'm mad about you. And —I accept my liabilities. I may travel in liquor, but I am the kind of man who stays on dry land on shore with the right partner. Take it or leave it."

Through the open window of the passage the man with the revolver heard "Tipperary." The marching feet of decent men in a world of men. No women there. A bare world. Work. Weariness. Comradeship. No complications. A simple, wide, sparse, arid life; but health in it, and something to build and cling to.

"TIPPERARY."

He pocketed his revolver and went downstairs.

The woman said nervously: "There; I think we might be going. I'd be scared if he came back."

"Him!"

"I don't know," said the woman uneasily. "He's a good man, and you never know what good men will do."

A man stopped by the white piano.

"It's funny," he said, "seeing a white piano."

"I used to play on the music halls on it. Only things are jolly bad right now."

"Yes," said the man, "but there are men working together. Fighting fires. Rescuing people. I was in it 1914-1918. They say I am too old, but there are men working, and one can find 'em and join 'em.

"He gave me ten shillings," said Toni, "but he never said a word about my music; only the white piano. I don't think he knew what I was playing."

SHE looked at the illustration. Glamorous. Delicately lewd. The "Waterloo Cup" nightie. Empire, of course; lower than was compatible with even modern decency. In the background a hazy army of Napoleonic and 1940 military uniforms. And of course, the inevitable quotation: "Cupped in all delights."

The telephone rang.

It was the artist speaking, with the crisp assurance of one who makes £5,000 a year in the commercial market.

"What do you think of the cup that overflows, lady?"

"Delicious, my dear." One had to "handle" them. One might hate them, but one had to handle them.

"A hundred guineas?"

"All right."

What did they hang in the trenches in the last war? Kirschner, wasn't it? Well; they would cut out the "Waterloo Cup" and carry it in their pocket books in this war.

She thought: It's a funny world I've come to live in. Sheer spun glass. No reality anywhere. There's only one thing to do; spin faster and faster; and glassier and glassier."

She thought a minute about her Harlequinade of a life, and told herself she "adored" it! It was "divine"! Anyway, if she accepted Robert Ember to-night she had signed up with that world for ever.

As she thought of him the door bell rang, and she knew a moment of panic and indecision.

He came sauntering in, looking like Rex Harrison. Faun-like. Incredibly debonair.

"Hullo, beautiful. D'you know; I like this place of yours. It's fun in a big way." Grey walls. Grey furniture, and cardinal-red curtains and carpets. Against it, clever touches of violent Byzantine purple. He looked at the white glass-covered table;

Byzantine purple table mats and table napkins she had had specially dyed, and a centre piece of the first small sedate scarlet tulips.

"You love handling clothes, don't you? In the way you do? Designing them? It must be fun."

"It's hard work too. Not many women handle the designing side and the manufacturing side as I do."

"Yes. But old Shelman gives you your head, doesn't he? What you say goes every time. I mean, if you were to design a brassière for elephants, he would find you the elephants."

"It's the one thing I've never put up to him," she said. "I must think about it. A sandbag for ostriches' heads would be a better proposition for this country in wartime."

"Hey, Bitter-Sweet!"

They laughed.

"Well," he said, lighting a cigarette, "I was a riot. My dear, I knocked 'em. I faced rows of heart palpitation. That song of Nelson's—"Grab At My Heart Again"—is a hormone honeymoon. It's just about as near the line sung properly as anything since the bits they cut out of Shakespeare. Did you see my notices?"

"Yes. They were fine."

"'Mr. Ember is audacious with genius. He leaves good taste and decency behind, and yet there is a Rabelaisian splendour in his flight from them.' Pretty good, what?"

YET underneath he made her squirm sometimes. He made her inner sensitivity draw back like a sea anemone touched by a human toe. It was an involuntary gesture rooted in her own decent country upbringing; her background of fair, clean thinking and decent talking. Her companion outraged both, and yet he was the peacock king of her little world—her *chosen* world. Yes. Of *course*; her *chosen* world.

He picked up an order off her desk.

"'500 "Kiss in the Night" style nightgowns in midnight blue georgette, threaded with flame at 79s. 6d. each wholesale.' Wuff!" he said. "Who cares about raids!"

Again she knew that faint crawling distaste for him and his world.

"Are you going to marry me?" she said.

"What! Before a drink?"

Yet that jangled. It fell on the secret places of her heart like broken glass. He was a king in her chosen world; the world of dress, and the theatre, and contemporary journalism, and popular art, and the movie industry. With him she could jump on the merry-go-round of London life, and go whirling round for ever to the gayest music there was. Until she fell off from old age. She could keep her job as dress designer. He would add prestige to that. She could be as bizarre in her designs; as outré as she liked, and his friends and his followers would be her eternal market—until they too fell off from old age.

"We'd have such fun, my wisp of chiffon; my clever bit of tortured lamé; my velvet lady."

The door bell rang.

"You haven't asked anybody else?" He looked quickly at the white table.

"No."

"All right. Give whoever it is sixpence and send them away."

She opened the door, and saw Magnus standing there. He was in Air Force blue.

He said: "Hullo! Can I come in?" quietly and softly.

There was no one she desired to see less. He was so part of her rooting; her original life. They had grown up together. Everybody had expected them to get married. She had expected it herself.

Then out of the blue, and a bundle of designs she sent up on chance, had come this job at £700 a year, and a London life, and a sudden violent introduction to pseudo-intelligentsia London.

"You're thin," he said.

"Darling; you don't wear things on your bones any more."

She knew, as soon as she said it, the complete foreignness of that "Darling." It sounded almost like an insult to his reality and quietness, and the sound old days of their childhood and youth.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Of course. Where are you stationed?"

"Down in Dorset. I imagine for the duration. I'm on ground duty since my crash. It's a shame. I'm fighting fit, really, but I can't use my right hand at all."

A little knife went through her heart. She remembered that hand, angling; shooting; tickling trout; bowling balls; holding a tennis racket, almost with genius; holding a golf club; a horse's bridle; the handlebars of a bicycle. She saw that hand with an individual, isolated life of its own in a panorama of activity. She was surprised at the pain it gave her. It took her off-guard. It flustered and frightened her.

He stood a minute on the threshold of the room.

"It's pretty," he said. "Unusual."

She thought of the old furniture in his home. Dark, lovingly polished pieces; shining with the brilliant burnish of horse's hides. Groomed furniture. She thought of the pewter; the chilly, almost fairylike wink of it. The warm welcome of brass and copper with the fire on it.

"I sold the Manor, and moved my bits and pieces down to a cottage I have bought in Dorset. It's an old place with five acres. A heavenly garden. Well; not a cottage, really; a little dower house with four bedrooms."

She said: "You two don't know each other—do you? This is my old friend Magnus Heath. This is Mr. Robert Ember."

"I saw you last night, Mr. Ember."

"Ho! Did you? What did you think of the show?"

"Very amusing. I laughed a lot. You've got some marvellous numbers."

Suddenly Robert Ember's eyes narrowed. He looked less like a faun and more like a young satyr. The gaiety of Harlequin fell from him in glittering scales. Underneath was a disillusioned young man. Ruthless. He was up against a solidity and a simplicity he *felt*, rather than realised.

"Tell me about your little dower house, Magnus."

"I had to have something somewhere to grow things and to build. I've brought some photographs." He took them out and showed them to her. No poem of a house. Little, square. Solid. A *good* house. The steady servant of sound families. The guardian of generations.

"The garden's lovely," he said. "An old lady lived there who really cared for it."

"Hm! And I suppose it's plastered with cabbages and lousy with leeks?" Ember put in offensively.

"No. There's five acres. We have no need to touch the flower garden. I have left that intact. There are two fellows, invalided out, pretty bad cases. They're running the market garden for me, and we're making it pay. I run it on the co-operative system; we all have shares."

He was letting fresh air into a fœtid atmosphere. He was opening windows where there had only been imitation windows lit with synthetic sunlight.

"You will stay and have some dinner with us, Magnus?"

"If I'm not butting in. It's so long since I have seen her," he explained to the other man. "We grew up together."

As she dished up the made-up bits and pieces that Ember delighted in, her hands trembled. Why did Magnus choose this night to come trampling back, shod with reality, into her spun glass world? She had agreed with herself on a plan of action and a mode of life. She had set her course. Why, then, need he bring this sudden, wild, unexpected indecision; this cloud of deep, subconscious doubts? It was as if he had whipped away by his coming a picture of herself before which she had stood satisfied, and substituted a living mirror. In it she saw a blurred image.

Ember was aware of diminution. He knew he had lost prestige. He did not know why or how. It made him angry. He was a pitiless egotist; an artist; and still an adolescent. He began disastrously, and with incredible brilliance, like a fractious child to "show off." He clothed, without meaning to, the other man in natural dignity. Every moment he became more fantastic and less real, until his very gaiety had a note of hysteria.

It was a quite incredible atmosphere in which the three sat down to dinner. Then Ember began to talk about the war.

"It will end in stalemate. In a delightful, scented, coloured orgy of despair, in which all excesses, all vices, all extravagances and fantasies will be encouraged."

"I don't think so," said Magnus; but quietly, and with a charming courtesy. "The world will settle down to an older, simpler pattern. Each man will have to create out of himself and his family his own small pattern of peace and contentment. We shall probably go back to handicrafts; to the solace of gardens; to agriculture; to the rearing and breeding of fine animals."

"Sounds like an animated dung heap to me," said Ember rudely.

But in the girl listening to the two men it aroused a sudden fierce nostalgia; a conception of life that was not new, but that had been with her all her days, and lost but recently under a mass of rubble. The rubble had been money; and tearing round in bright, noisy circles; and yards of chiffon and velvet; and people with quick, rapier tongues.

Outside in the street Toni Lesco began to play.

Robert Ember was throwing back whiskies. She knew he drank a little too much. When he drank too much he was the double of a dancing, leaping, singing faun. But to-night it made him savage. A little cruel, as an angry, jealous woman is cruel, not as a man is cruel. It was a new aspect of the man she had arranged in her own mind to marry.

Toni Lesco played Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Ember sprang to his feet. He danced round the room with incredible, angry grace. He danced with years of training behind him. Then he leant out of the window.

"My God!" he said. "A white piano on a trolley."

"White?"

"He can play too, that fellow. Very workmanlike."

Magnus looked at the girl; it was a quiet look. Appraising. In it was all that peaceful, quiet childhood. The flavour and shape of their growing up together.

His eyes said to the girl: "Is this your world? Is that your man?"

THE music beat on them like a hot wind from the world in which he stood a complete stranger, and she, apparently, already a native. And suddenly, quite suddenly, Toni Lesco played "Summer Time on Bredon."

"Milk and molasses!" said Ember suddenly furious. This was the voice of the world he ignored and repudiated. The great world in which his own little art was only a temporary booth set up at an immortal fair.

Suddenly and brilliantly he improvised a bawdy rendering of the song. It had a sharp, pungent indecency and, as an extemporary effort, it had genius.

"I will give him a quid to cut off that lousy muck," said Ember furiously. He knew he had made a false move. It was not that they were smug. Nothing in the world could be less smug, or more real, than the man in Air Force blue. It was that he was capering outside their world; a world to which he had suddenly restored the girl.

He dashed downstairs.

Magnus said: "Are you going to marry him?"

"No," she said.

Had she known it always, or had she suddenly found it out? It came with the finality of utter truth that flat, uncompromising "No."

"Do you like your life in London?"

"No."

He said: "I came here to ask you to marry me. I haven't very much money left. I've bought the Dower House. I thought that after the war we could make a go of the gardens. I don't agree with that fellow that it will be his kind of world. There's a lot of stuff being cleared away. Injustice. Vested interests. You can't quite see what

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will be underneath, but it will be better when this is over."

She said: "I'll marry you, Magnus." Quite suddenly, like that. Quite sure, like that.

Down in the street Toni Lesco swung into a new number—"The Lightning Never Strikes Twice."

Leaning on the piano, angry, Robert Ember said:

"D'you want a job?"

"And how, sir!"

"Enco. They want a good pianist. £6 a week; it'll be a start. Here's my card. This'll get you in. Go on playing."

"Right. What will you have?"

"Swing. Nothing but swing."

He went back to the room upstairs. They were quiet. He came in like a stranger to strangers. He walked over to the bureau.

"D'you want to see her war work?" he said to Magnus. He handed him the order for the midnight blue "Waterloo Cup" nightdresses; the little sketch.

Magnus took the sketch. His voice was quiet and even. The sketch neither intrigued nor titillated him.

"It's—pretty," he said, quite quietly, accepting it on its face value only, seeing exactly what was there. The colour died out of the girl's face.

"Yes," she said steadily. "It's Empire. You know; Napoleonic."

"It's charming," said Magnus.

They were waiting for him to go. Ember knew that quite well. He knew it without words. They were just waiting for him to go. *Longing* for him to go.

Down below Toni obediently played his swing. It came in like foreign music; alien.

"I GOT the job," said Toni Lesco, "but the piano is to be painted pink. They're known as the 'Pink Poppets.'"

"It's wonderful, dear," said Dorothy Lesco.

Toni sat on the edge of the bed. He stroked her hands with his sensitive fingers.

"People will listen to a thing if they pay to listen, but when it's free they won't. That's odd. It's as if you had to pay for things before you could appreciate them. No one heard my music, you know. I don't suppose

Told on a White Piano

one of the people who gave me money knew what I played."

"Oh, I don't know," said Dorothy. "You're ever so good at it. You're wonderful, Toni. If you hadn't married me you might have gone a long way."

He looked down at her. So stupid. So good. So sweet. So kind. He had the warm affection that clever men often have for stupid, loving little women.

"I wouldn't have missed you," he said, "not for all the top lines in the world. I read a Russian book once. *Tales Told by an Idiot.* It had a quotation: 'Full of sound and fury, and meaning nothing.' I think my white piano in the streets was a bit like that."

She looked up at him, and her big eyes were full of tears.

"I wish I had been educated, Toni," she said. "You're wonderful! If you hadn't been a genius with music, you might have been Prime Minister, like Winston Churchill."

"And worn a square hat?"

"You would have looked wonderful in *anything*."

He walked across the room and patted the white piano. His face was still puzzled; muddled.

"I think it has done me good," he said, "not being listened to."

He turned to her. "You know; if nobody listened to Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin the war would be over."

"You ought to write to the papers about that, darling," said Dorothy vaguely. "It's a real idea."

She could only think of the £6 a week. She would be able to buy him good food. He could have new boots. They could move into a little flat. Flats were cheap in London since the blitz. She began to plan around him little comforts; lovingly and cosily.

But Toni stroked the piano with a thoughtful finger. He wished he understood why no one had listened to his music. He felt that if he could he would get close to some secret in human nature. He would understand better about many things.

END

Housekeeping Now (*Continued from page* 48)

should be allowed to prevent us carrying out repairs is something that each of us must decide for ourselves. Also in most cases some sort of standard should be maintained.

One may argue that repairs and decorations can be left until after the war, but if you have come to this decision yourself, bear in mind that as time goes on materials may become more difficult to obtain and anything you can do now towards the improvement of your property is good policy.

Purely decorative work can, of course, be dispensed with, unless you are hardy enough to take on the job yourself and to dispense with professional workmanship, but such matters as outside painting, the overhaul of gutters, roofs and drainage systems will only lead to heavy expense and unwelcome complications if left unattended to.

Paint is protective and while white lead paint is still obtainable it is wise to repaint outdoor surfaces so that they may be in good trim for the time when this more protective form of paint is unobtainable.

On the whole it is a much wiser policy to hold major repairs at bay by keeping a watchful eye upon the initial stages. A little ingenuity and some experimental work on your own behalf may save you time and expense at a later date. As to the wisdom of expending time and money on property that may be destroyed at any time by enemy action, one might argue, with equally good reason, that there is no point in endeavouring to recover your health when a bomb might put an end to you at any moment.

Money The cost of living has risen alarmingly and a lot of us are rubbing along on depleted incomes, but this is a curious war and many of its problems are double-sided, even the money problem.

We have less money to spend, and less to spend it on. At least, this is so in many instances. Life is very much simplified.

Take the housekeeping budget. Now is a time when it is more than ever essential to keep tabs on everything. To balance what comes in with what goes out and to apportion the money so as to avoid some items taking a disproportionate share of the whole.

Food costs more but you buy less of it. You spend less on entertainment and entertaining. If you are living quietly in the country, clothes and travelling are probably costing you less and helping to make up for expenses incurred in living away from home. But to make the budget balance these considerations should be carefully weighed. It might be helpful to keep a sort of ledger. Balance expenses down to the last shilling. Take the money you save on one item and add to the increased cost of another. Find out how you stand and work to a schedule.

A clear head goes a long way towards a balanced budget. Finance in the home is complicated and can only be kept within bounds with skilful and methodical accountancy. With things as they are it is folly to carry bills over. In straightened finances you have to avoid carrying one week's expenses over to the next. Economy is probably easier to practice at this moment than formerly, because *everybody* is doing it.

1.4.41

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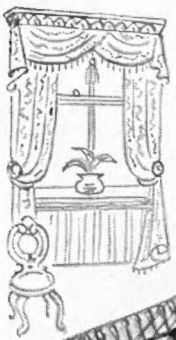

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TODAY

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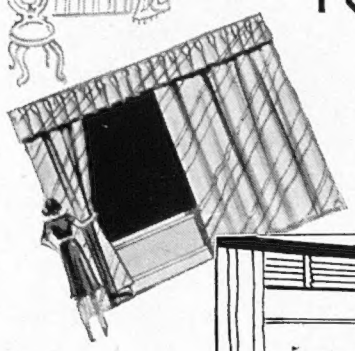

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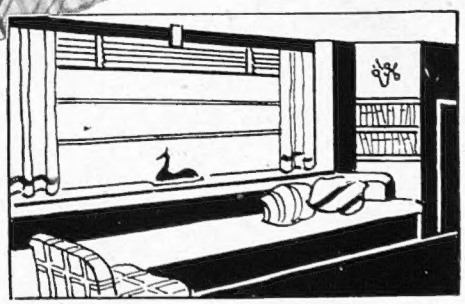

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